

THE  
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER  
AND  
RELIGIOUS MISCELLANY.

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ART. I.—THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.\*

THE progress of conquest has, within the last few years, brought the English into conflict with a people remarkable alike for its religious, social, and political history,—the Sikhs of Northern India. This nation is, comparatively, of recent origin. It dates back to the close of the fifteenth century. It traces its foundation to a Gooroo, or priest, named Nânuk, who, becoming dissatisfied both with the Hindoo and Mahometan beliefs and usages, rejected them all as unauthoritative, drew from Braminism, Buddhism, and Mahometanism whatever seemed to him of value, and elaborated the materials thus collected into an eclectic system of his own. He was a moral and religious reformer. He taught a pure theism, inculcated universal toleration, rejected all forms as immaterial, and taught that the Hindoo and the Mahometan worship were equally acceptable to God. He discouraged asceticism, and the Hindoo system of caste.

“God will not ask man of his birth,  
He will ask him what he has done.”

“Of the impure among the noblest,  
Heed not the injunction;  
Of one pure among the most despised,  
Nânuk will become the footstool.”

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\* *A History of the Sikhs, from the Origin of the Nation to the Battles of the Sutlej.* By JOSEPH DAVEY CUNNINGHAM, Lieut. of Engineers and Captain in the Army of India. London: John Murray. 1849. 8vo.

He enjoined on his followers the practice of devotion, charity, and good works. His system was a kind of Oriental Quakerism, and it seemed as if its votaries must live at peace with all mankind.

His followers, called Sikhs, which word means *disciples*, were at first few in number, and constituted a religious body. It increased slowly, by the addition of converts, for a century, when it began to excite the jealousy of the Mahometan sovereigns at Delhi, and in attempts made by the latter to suppress them, the spiritual head of the Sikhs was put to death. This act of tyranny kindled the passion for revenge, and converted those who had been almost religious quietists into fanatical soldiers. The first step in the changes through which they passed led to the universal use of arms, and the adoption of a military system. The tenth and last Gooroo, Govind Singh, organized them into a political society, inspired them with the idea of social freedom and equality, and with the desire for a national existence and independence. This took place at the conclusion of the seventeenth century.

Under Govind Singh, the Sikhs became organized into a political and military commonwealth. The system of caste was entirely abolished, and converts from every faith were admitted on equal terms. Socially, all were regarded as standing on the same level. The usual forms of worship were laid aside, and, with the exception of the prohibition of the cow and of swine, all distinctions relating to food and liquors were removed. To give unity to the state, their leader adopted new modes of salutation, and introduced peculiar customs, by which his followers should be separated from the rest of the world. They were to be dressed in blue garments; a peculiar form of initiation was invented; the faithful were to worship the one invisible God, to hold in honor the memory of Nânuk and his successors, but to revere nothing visible except their sacred book. They were all to be called Singhs, or soldiers. Each one was a soldier "devoted to steel" from his birth or initiation. He was always to carry steel in some form about his person, should be ever waging war, while he should be held in special honor who fought in the van, and who, even when overcome, did not despair.



This commonwealth was of such a kind as to draw into it large numbers of the boldest and most adventurous spirits of the neighbouring states. After the death of Govind, there was no longer a visible, priestly head, but in place of it was substituted the idea of the Khalsa, or church, by which term they designated their commonwealth, and in which they arrogated to themselves the exclusive title of the Faithful. This blended religious and military organization was of a kind to call into action the strongest passions of human nature. Personal freedom was a right secured by religion. Each member of the Khalsa had an equal interest and pride in its growing power, and military skill and devotion became a prominent part of their religious duty. Buddhism and Braminism had both become inert by time. Their adherents no longer thought of making converts, and rested contented in a lethargic conservatism. Mahometanism, as a religion, had almost ceased to be aggressive. In the midst of these inert systems sprang up this new commonwealth, full of youthful blood, and with institutions suited to develop in the freest manner the individual energies of its members. Its numbers were not yet large, but they constituted an important power in Central Asia. The influence of the social freedom and equality enjoyed, it is said, may be seen even in the better developed forms and features of the Sikhs; and in war, although less amenable to discipline than the Hindoo, the self-relying enterprise of the individual soldier has more than compensated for all other deficiencies. Brave, vigorous, bred to war, the military passions exalted and directed by religious enthusiasm, as may well be conceived, they soon became troublesome to their neighbours.

At the beginning of the present century their commonwealth had risen to its highest power, but had materially changed its form. Under Runjeet Singh this military democracy had become a military despotism. When Lieutenant, afterwards Sir Alexander Burnes, visited Lahore, about seventeen years ago, he found Runjeet Singh at the head of a large and disciplined army of infantry, cavalry, and artillery; and he speaks of it as a remarkable coincidence, that his dominions extended almost over the same regions as those occupied by Porus two thousand years ago, and that the troops

under his orders were, in number and comparative efficiency, very much the same as those with which Porus resisted the invasion of Alexander.

Since the death of Runjeet Singh, no one has been found competent to take his place as the head of the state. The Sikhs have been held together by a common reverence for the Khalsa, but the commonwealth has been split into factions under the leading of different chiefs, and the government and the army have looked on each other with mutual distrust. In this disordered state of things, with no central power competent to control the subordinate members of the state, the Sikhs were rapidly becoming a nation of banditti, whose incursions were the terror of all who possessed a different faith. Under these circumstances, it could scarcely fail that occasions would arise when they would come into collision with the English power.

The original seat of the Sikhs, their "mother earth," was between the Sutlej and the Ravee, in the neighbourhood of Lahore. Their sacred city was Amritsir. When the Mahometan persecution began, they were scattered abroad, and found protection along the mountains which bound the North of India. Under Runjeet Singh they had subjected to their dominion nearly the whole of the Punjab, or the country watered by the five tributary branches of the Indus. In the mean while, the English power advanced so as to touch their southern boundary. The English had conquered the Goorkhas on the east, had subdued Scinde, and their battalions, crossing the Indus, had traversed Afghanistan in the midst of alternate victory and defeat; and thus, while English conquest seemed to be fast closing upon all the borders of the Sikh empire, the political and military agents of England were constantly interfering with its internal arrangements.

The Sikhs naturally became jealous of a power which seemed destined to be the master of Asia. Individual chiefs, in their marauding expeditions, paid little attention to the engagements entered into between the central government and the English. The English, accustomed to command, were hardly disposed to treat a semi-civilized race with much delicacy, and after a series of mutual misunderstandings and aggressions, a war sprang

up, which resulted in a succession of bloody battles along the Sutlej, and the final subjugation of the Sikhs. This singular empire has thus ceased to have an independent political existence, and the Punjaub is now embraced within the ever-enlarging circle of British sovereignty. The particulars of this history are, however, so recent, and have attracted public attention to such an extent, that we shall not dwell on a story with which our readers are familiar. Instead of occupying their time with discussions respecting a single event in the history of the East, we shall endeavour to give a general view of the growth of the British empire in India, of the various causes which have opened the way to English conquests, and of the results of English supremacy.

Almost within the memory of some now living, the world has witnessed the wonderful spectacle of a small company of British merchants — persons at home destitute of any special political weight or consideration — effecting conquests, and establishing and ruling as sovereigns, on the other side of the globe, an empire with which nothing in history can be compared in extent or apparent stability, save the conquests of Alexander, or the empire of Rome.

The East India Company was a joint-stock corporation for the purpose of carrying on trade with the East. Its affairs were managed in England by a body of directors, chosen by the proprietors. The interests of the company in India were under their control, and all officers, from the governor-general to the youngest writer, were appointed, and liable to be removed, by them. As a compensation for the hazards encountered, the company was invested with a monopoly of the Indian trade, and, to secure this monopoly, was also invested with sovereign power in India. No English ship, or English subject, could enter India except with its permission. It had authority to organize armies, to establish courts of justice, raise revenues, and exercise the power of life and death. It was almost independent of the British government till 1784, when, by Mr. Pitt's India Bill, a Board of Control was established. This board was to be appointed by and to belong to the British government. It was invested with authority to superintend and control the territorial and political affairs of the company, which

was thus brought into immediate connection with the British crown, and its political operations subjected to the supervision and control of the British ministry. Various changes were made on granting the present charter, in 1833. Its commercial functions were brought to a close, and the Indian trade thrown open to all Englishmen. The English government received all its real and personal property, and assumed its debts, paying, in the mean time, ten and a half per cent. on its capital, which is redeemable by Parliament after April, 1854, when the present charter expires. The home government still continues to be carried on, under the superintendence of the Board of Control, by twenty-four directors, elected by the proprietors. As a commercial body, the company has ceased to exist. Its nature being entirely changed, its functions are now purely political. It cannot trade, but takes an important part in the government of India.

The stockholders of this company have never much exceeded two thousand; and the capital stock on which dividends have been paid, at the largest, has been but £6,000,000. It has been subject in England to the unwise management which must always attend a company whose stockholders and directors are constantly changing, and whose agents and field of operations are distant by half the circumference of the globe from the centre where measures originate; and, besides this, it has had to encounter the hostility of the whole commercial class in England, formerly shut out by its monopoly from the Indian trade, while in India it has contended for existence, on a hundred bloody battle-fields, with the Dutch and French and the native monarchies of the East. But, notwithstanding all obstacles, it has expelled the Dutch; it has annihilated the power of the French in India; it has subdued one native kingdom after another; its factories have grown into states, and these states into a vast and consolidated empire; it has maintained a standing army larger than that of any European power, except Russia, and varying, at different times, from 150,000 to 280,000 men; it has conducted sieges not less dreadful than those which drenched the cities of Spain in blood in the Peninsular war; it has stormed imperial cities and fortresses almost beyond number; so incessant have been its wars, that for a hundred years scarcely a day has passed



in which the wild beasts of the jungles, or the alarmed inhabitants of the hills, have not fled before the thunder of English cannon; its bayonets have broken the power of the wild Mahratta cavalry, of the disciplined squadrons of Mysore, and of the fanatic courage of the Sikhs; it has subdued great and warlike kingdoms, and not only subdued them, but has deposed their sovereigns, appropriated their revenues, subverted institutions old as India itself, reconstructed its laws and jurisprudence, and over vast regions changed the very tenures by which the soil is held; its history is full of vast schemes, — to-day of conquest, to-morrow of social regeneration and improvement, — of skilful diplomacy, of heroic achievement, of desperate valor, making good all deficiencies of numbers and resources, and of names world-renowned in statesmanship and war and literature and religion. This company, in England, has been composed of merchants and others, who have lived quietly as good subjects and citizens, unknown and unheard of; yet they have appointed, and at their pleasure recalled, governors-general who have exercised in India a despotic authority over the fortunes of more than one hundred millions of people which the monarch of England dares not exercise in his island domain. Before its charter expired, in 1833, it had subdued nearly the whole peninsula, from Cape Comorin to the impassable snows of the Himalaya Mountains. And since then, the career of conquest has not paused. The cannon of England have burst open the mysterious gates of China; she is trying new experiments in civilization among the savages of Borneo; she has added the Punjaub to her empire, and a thousand miles west of the Indus, reversing the course of Alexander's conquests; penetrating among the wild and warlike tribes of Afghanistan, where he met the fiercest resistance, her unwearied battalions have reached the confines of Persia, and the echoes of her advancing drums have startled the sentinels who at night keep watch at the outposts of Russian power. The whole number of English in India has never, at any one time, been 100,000, and yet they control the destinies of a country containing a population as great as that which, in the reign of Claudius, according to the estimate of Gibbon, was included in the Roman empire.

How, with such limited numbers and means, such stu-

pendous revolutions and conquests have been effected, and with what results to the conquerors and to the conquered, are questions of constantly increasing interest.

Such an empire is not built up by accident. It is obvious that the English could never have extended their sovereignty over so vast a territory and so numerous a people, unless many favoring circumstances more powerful than either their arms or diplomacy had coöperated with them. These circumstances, which have opened the way to the advance of English power and contributed to its growth, are to be found, in great part, in the condition of India itself.

Six years after Cromwell became Lord Protector of England, Aurungzebe, in 1659, ascended the throne of the Great Mogul. After a reign of forty years, he died, eight years before the commencement of the reign of George I. From a line of conquerors, he received the empire of India in its most flourishing state, and this empire he had the ability to enlarge and to rule. His sway extended over the whole Indian peninsula; he drew from its inhabitants an annual revenue of £32,000,000; and though his reign was disturbed by revolts and internal wars, no one of the principal European monarchies was less vexed by internal commotions during the same period. If China be excepted, it was the largest, richest, and apparently most powerful empire then in the world. This was the empire of the Great Mogul. During this period, the English monarchy was almost shut up within its narrow islands. Wasted by civil wars, its sovereigns deposed and reinstalled, revolution following revolution, England, Scotland, and Ireland contending, not to sustain, but to destroy each other, the population comparatively small, Britain was known in India only by a few merchants, humbling themselves before the native princes, and competing with the Dutch and French in their efforts to secure possession of a slender traffic. Placed on the opposite sides of the globe, it seemed as if these two powers could never approach each other. Since then, that vast Indian empire has been dissolved, the descendant of Aurungzebe, stripped of all power, has been reduced to the condition of a pensioner on English bounty, while a company of British merchants has gained possession of the sceptre of the Great Mogul, and with a

firmer hand than his has ruled over a larger empire than that which acknowledged his authority. No tale of Eastern magic describes a change so vast and incredible as this. It is manifest that no such revolutions could have been brought about, unless there had been in this Indian empire, notwithstanding its superficial appearance of strength, internal weakness, division, and all the elements of change.

What, then, were the circumstances in Indian society and civilization which laid that country open to the aggression and growth of English power?

The first cause is to be found in the character of the population. The inhabitants are a heterogeneous aggregation of different races and religions, shut up within the same boundaries, but never, like the Saxons and Normans in England, blended together. Since the earliest history, the Hindoos have formed the basis of the population, but they were not apparently the original inhabitants. In the mountains and forests of Southern India, as if washed up thither by some vast inundation of conquest, tribes still remain alien from the Hindoo race in language, in religion, in manners, customs, and appearance. These are apparently the relics of the primeval race; while the Hindoos, like the Europeans in America, seem to have spread themselves over the peninsula, and to have been the conquerors and sometimes exterminators of the aborigines.

But they, in turn, were conquered. The Mahometans, whose victorious cavalry, in a brief time after their prophet's death, had swum the Nile and the Niger and lighted their baleful watch-fires on all the hills of Spain, had advanced still more rapidly towards the East. Among the mountains of Afghanistan they established an empire which rivalled that of Bagdad. From Ghizni, its capital, proceeded the Mahometan conquerors of India. Their armies first crossed the Indus about the year 1000, and for four hundred years they were masters of Hindostan. Conquest opened the way, and multitudes of the Afghan tribes seized the opportunity to leave their poverty, their deserts, and their mountains, to settle in the mild and fertile valleys of the Hindoo. About 1400, there was another change. Tamerlane invaded India with the Mongols. He and his followers subverted the

Afghan power, and established at Delhi the Mogul dynasty, which, till the conquests of the English, was the head of India. The Mongols, like the Afghans, were Mahometans, and under their rule the tribes of Central Asia swarmed into India, till in some parts the Mahometan population almost equals the Hindoo, and in all parts forms an important portion of the inhabitants.

Nor were strangers led in only by conquerors; they were driven in by fear of conquest. When the mighty stream of war and rapine under Genghis Khan, beginning at the Wall of China, rolled westward towards Europe, it passed by, indeed, the peninsula of India, leaving it on the south; but tribes and nations fled before the merciless invader to find refuge in Hindostan. On the west, — an event which has furnished the theme for one of the most brilliant poems of the time, — the exterminating bigotry of the Arabs expelled almost the entire race of the ancient Fire-worshippers of Persia, the Guebres, from their native seats. Those who were not destroyed fled eastward. Many of them took refuge in India; and in all the cities of the peninsula their descendants, faithful because the children of the persecuted, with the rising and setting sun,

“at morn and even,  
Hail their Creator's dwelling-place  
Among the living lights of heaven.”

As if all nations might be represented, on the coast of Malabar Jews are found, whose existence there dates back to the times of the first dispersion and the Babylonish captivity. And when the Europeans first penetrated among the mountains of Travancore, at evening they heard the sound of bells like those in the villages of their own land, and they found there large communities of Syrian Christians, still speaking the language of Syria, and possessing the Syriac version of the Scriptures. In addition to this, differences of climate, government, and territory create the same diversities of character as among the different nations of Europe. These different races of men, to a great extent, retain their native languages, their customs, and their religions.

Thus the population has no unity. It is made up of the *débris* of successive conquests, mingling together but never uniting, an aggregation but not a growth, with no



common sympathies and common bonds. Thus thrown together, not even understanding each other's languages, like the ignorant everywhere, they look with horror and disgust on every difference of custom or faith.

It is an important consideration, that religion, which unites the nations of Christendom, divides the population of India with worse than national divisions. The sects of Christendom, whatever their creed, are still the sects of one religion. They all worship the same God, and look to him as the equal and impartial ruler and judge of all men. This great truth is a bond of union which cannot be broken. But the people of India worship different gods. The Hindoo selects the object of his special adoration from a grim pantheon of divinities; the Mahometan calls on Allah, the One and Alone; the Parsee worships the sacred fire. Their gods look on each other with immortal hate, and the mutual hate of their worshippers on earth becomes a sacred and religious duty. Buddhists, Jains, Sikhs, Hindoos, Mahometans, — they are separated by barriers, to pass over which draws on them the vengeance of Heaven.

And the evil has been exasperated by the nature of the government. The Indian governments have not only been despotisms, but the despotisms of conquerors over a conquered race. The Hindoo was excluded as far as might be from all offices of power and profit. Mahometan princes sat in the thrones of India, Mahometans filled the courts, Mahometan generals led the armies. The Hindoo saw in the Mahometan a conqueror, the Mahometan saw in the Hindoo a slave; and the only bond between the two was that of fear and power.

Then for ages the great mass of the people knew the government only in its oppressions. India furnished the constant example of a magnificent and luxurious court and a starving people. The taxes have been raised chiefly from land, and, under the Mahometan rulers, the tax amounted, according to circumstances, from one fourth to more than one half of the whole annual products of the soil. This has kept the people on the brink of starvation, hopeless of rising above penury, and perishing of famine, when harvests were unfavorable, sometimes by millions in single years. The question between the rulers and the ruled has been, how much the first could

extort by means of the armed tax-gatherer, and how much the second could conceal from his practised eye. The relation between government and people has been that of oppressor and oppressed, of tyrant and victim. The people have had no affection for the government, and oppression has made them hopeless of improvement. So much has this been the case, that the great body of them have taken no interest in the change of rulers. They have submitted to the new as to the old, and have hardly known who the rulers were. They have expected nothing better from any government, and, excepting starvation, nothing worse could befall them than what they have been accustomed to bear.

The institution of caste has been a still more disastrous source of internal division and weakness. It is the theory of Mill that it was, at the outset, a wise and useful institution, — the first step from barbarism towards civilization, — the first rude attempt at division of labor enforced on an ignorant people by religious authority. But if this theory be correct, the legislator, in great part, defeated his own purpose by annexing to the division of labor established, the condition that all employments should be hereditary, thus precluding that freedom of choice and industrial enterprise and ever-enlarging variety of occupations needful to meet the ever-enlarging wants of a progressive state of society.

This institution divides the Hindoos by impassable gulfs. The different castes cannot intermarry, and can hardly have intercourse with each other without constant danger of degradation. One of an inferior caste must not, under severe penalties, dispute a Bramin, while if he listens to reproaches against him, he exposes himself to having melted lead poured into his ears. The religious penance for killing a Sudra is the same as for killing a cat. The noble of Malabar may slay a Pariah if he touch him, and the poor outcast cries out, in warning, as he sees one approach, and flees from his path.

Nor is the distinction merely artificial. The different castes are supposed to have a different origin. While the Bramin issued, in the creation, from the mouth of Brama, the Sudra drew his ignobler origin from his foot. They do not possess a common nature; and while the Bramin claims, because of his higher birth, almost divine

honors, the Sudra, from a supposed inferiority of nature, acquiesces in an almost brutal degradation. Such a system not only checked the freedom and expansiveness of the individual mind, and created hereditary divisions in the state, but, in former times, before the arrangements of caste were broken in upon, must have interfered with the military defence of the country, not only by throwing it upon a single class, but also by excluding all others from this duty.

Thus Indian society is seamed and split apart in every direction; and religion, which should have allayed these evils, has exasperated them all. The great bond of union which binds a people together, and gives it its best strength, is the practice of justice and truth. Take these away and men cease to trust each other and cease to be worthy of trust; society loses its cohesive principle; it crumbles apart of itself, like quicksilver thrown on a marble slab, and where there is no union, numbers cease to give strength. Religion is to so great an extent the corner and the keystone of the power of Christian nations, because its whole influence tends to secure the practice of morality. It allies justice with God, and enforces the practice of virtue by all man's hopes of heaven and fears of a judgment to come.

The peculiarity of the Hindoo religion, so far as its bearing on national strength is concerned, is the great extent to which it is practically divorced from morals. The Hindoo's justice and truth and mercy are not enforced by his fear of the gods. His religious hopes are to such a subordinate degree dependent on his personal virtues, and so much dependent on ceremonies, sacrifices, faith, and costly and painful penances, that it is scarcely too much to say that they do little to support the practice of duty, while in a thousand ways they drag down, corrupt, and degrade the moral sentiments. The Hindoo's faith teaches him to shrink with horror from killing a cow, but does not prevent him from looking with composure on the murder of a man. He trembles before his gods as if his doom were sealed, if he violate a law of caste, but no religious oath can be discovered which is sufficient to restrain him from perjury in a court of justice. Penance is the great power in the popular faith of the Hindoo. Penance raises one to the rank of the gods;



it can burst open the gates of heaven. No matter how black the vices with which one may be stained, if he will but endure penances sufficiently terrible, he may shake the heavens and subvert the power of the gods. Indra has had to contend for his throne, and the terrible Judge of the dead has trembled at the penances of a mortal. It is on this idea that the "Curse of Kehama" is founded. The worst crimes have found shelter under one form or another of the popular superstition. The Thugs carried on the trade of murder almost as a sacred profession, and the gang robbers, who laid waste often the fairest portions of India, before setting out on their expeditions of ravage and blood, with dark incantations invoked the aid of Kalee. And even when, as seems in recent times to have been the case, the estimate placed on the value of ritual observances has somewhat fallen off, it has been to be superseded by a similar confidence in the efficacy of faith in some particular god as a means of obtaining what formerly was wrested from the higher powers by penance and sacrifice. In many points, doubtless, the requirements of religion are in harmony with those of morality, and often give them more or less of encouragement or support; but that was not their primary object, nor is it their prevailing tendency. Any elevated virtue in men would raise them in character above their gods; and this alone is sufficient to show the depressing influence which the Hindoo faith must, on the whole, have on morals.

As a necessary consequence, religion, which should have counterbalanced the evil tendencies of selfish passions and interests, in Hindostan, by degrading the moral sentiments of the people, led to the destruction of confidence between man and man, loosened the bonds of society, and struck it with palsy in the very sources of its strength, till it became like one of those vast trees found in Indian forests, whose branches stretch up to the sky and seem able to defy the tempest, but which, when the axe strikes the trunk, are found decayed at the centre, the whole heart become dust, and hardly enough of an outward shell remaining to support the weight above.

These were some of the more important causes of the internal weakness of the Mogul empire. They opened the way for conquest; and, as with the dikes of Holland, it needed little more than that a breach should be made



in the outward defences, for the whole country to be overwhelmed.

But in accounting for the growth of the East India Company's power, peculiar advantages of its own must not be overlooked. Among its means of success was the superiority of European troops to those of India in arms and discipline, and in knowledge of the art of war. Besides this, they possessed qualities in former years almost unknown to the armies of the East, — that sense of honor and that fidelity to one's standard which lie at the foundation of all discipline, which enable the different parts of an army to rely on each other, secure the general against treachery, and even when defeated enable him, out of the fragments which are left, to reconstruct new armies. But these things alone would have availed little. Not less important have been the moral stand which its government, when compared with the native governments, has gained, and its character for good faith and fidelity to its engagements. In a country like India, where the words honor and good faith are almost vacant of meaning when applied to affairs of state, the possession of these qualities in a comparative degree has been to the East India Company of more worth than fleets and armies. It has caused the native princes to trust its officers and agents when they would not trust each other, and thus given to the company a permanent hold on their hopes and fears. In addition to this, there are always in India multitudes of disbanded soldiers, or members of the warlike class or tribes, who look to war for support, and are ready to enlist under the banner of the highest bidder. The regularity of the company's pay, so unlike that of the native princes, has enabled it to keep up permanent armies, of any size that might be wished, of these troops, which, under the name of Sepoys and led and disciplined by English officers, have exhibited a gallantry not inferior to that of Europeans. The great bulk of the armies of the East India Company has been made up in this way; and the wonderful spectacle is exhibited of the natives of a country, hired by the revenue of the country, made use of as the means of subjugating the land of their birth. How this could have been may be understood from a survey of the condition of the native powers in themselves and with respect to each other.

When the English first entered on the theatre of the East, the whole of India was nominally included within the empire of the Great Mogul, whose capital was Delhi. But India was too large to come under the immediate personal government of one man. Therefore viceroys under different names, such as Soubahdar, Nabob, Rajah, were appointed over the different provinces. These provinces were some of them of the size of kingdoms, — Bengal, for example, being larger than the whole of Great Britain. So long as an able emperor sat on the throne of Delhi, the governors of provinces were held in comparative subjection. But the ascent of a weak monarch to the throne was almost invariably a signal for them to attempt to cast off his authority and establish an independent power of their own. Thus India was perpetually racked with contests between the Great Mogul and his rebellious viceroys. Many of the latter had come to be in fact, though not in name, independent princes; and in their courts and states similar scenes were, on a smaller scale, enacted over again. In the East the sceptre is hereditary in families, but does not, as in Europe, descend by a fixed law to any particular individual. Hence, on the death of any native prince, his sons, brothers, and perhaps more distant kindred, started forth as rivals for the succession, and their rivalry was brought to a close only by the prison or the sword. In a country so divided and convulsed, so split up with factions and civil wars, there could never be wanting opportunity for a third power, that wished it, to enter in and take part in the contest of the time, and, if its aid was needed, secure to itself a large part of the advantages of success. The East India Company, with its small but disciplined body of European soldiers and officers, their skill in the art of war, their habit of acting in concert and ability to rely on each other, and their various military resources, held this relation of a third power to the conflicting Rajahs and Nabobs of India.

Even while the affairs of the company were confined to the commercial operations of a few trading-factories on the coast, it had a deep interest in all the questions which disturbed the peace and order of the states with which it was connected. It was because of this, — in order to maintain its rights and even its existence, — that it at

first was led to take part in the quarrels of the native powers. And the same reasons which caused the company at first to protect its interests by the sword, made it necessary, as was thought, for it to go on as it had begun, or else to sacrifice its rights, and even to surrender its foothold in India. In this way its commercial interests became dependent on its political relations, and very soon its commercial character was lost in a new and different one, and the company became a political power. As soon as this was the case, it grew even more sensitive than before to the hostile or friendly dispositions of the native powers. It was scarcely able to be neutral in the contests between neighbouring states, with which few rights were held sacred except those which were defended by the strong arm.

The first impression derived from reading the history of India is, that the English have been haunted by a passion for territorial aggrandizement. They themselves, however, disclaim all such desires. They assert that they have conquered India in self-defence. From the first blow struck by Clive to the last corps fitted out for the Punjaub, every step in the progress of conquest has been taken with loud professions of reluctance, and on the plea of an imperious necessity. In self-defence England has assumed the burden of subduing and ruling great kingdoms, in self-defence she receives and disburses a revenue drawn from India, twice as large as that of the United States, and in self-defence, by colonies, by wars, by perpetual encroachments, she is banding the East, broad as the tropics, with her conquests.

This disclaimer of any aggressive spirit seems at first sufficiently absurd. And yet there is more truth in it than is usual in such professions. The directors of the East India Company at home have always acquiesced with great reluctance in any new military enterprise, if for no other reason, because of the drain on their treasury which it involved. There has been more foundation than might at first be supposed for the assertion, that conquest has been a matter of necessity, — that the English have had to subjugate the native powers in order to maintain their own position. This was certainly true in the earlier stages of the company's history, and to some extent it has continued to be true. Surrounded as its possessions

have been by states wretchedly governed, the people often turbulent and restless, the sovereigns rapacious, to all of whom weakness and wealth have furnished irresistible temptations to invasion, the English have not had peace left to their choice. In many cases war could have been avoided only by leaving India, and the only termination of a war which gave security for peace in future times was to be found in the subjugation of the hostile power. Thus wars which began by repelling aggression ended in conquest. The great wars with Hyder Ali and Tippoo and the Mahrattas were literally struggles for existence, in which the alternative was dominion or ruin. Indeed, this might be said, with slight qualification, of all the more important contests, in the progress of which their empire has expanded to the mountains of Central Asia and to the Indus. We by no means intend to say, that they have been deterred by any very sensitive moral scruples from enlarging their dominion. So far from it, they have by no means rejected the opportunities perpetually occurring for accomplishing this end. We have said that their wars have been necessary in order to maintain their own existence. But the circumstances under which many have arisen, and the mode in which they have been conducted, better than almost any single thing bring into view the disjointed condition of the country, and also show how it has been possible for so small a body of Europeans to occupy so commanding a position.

The English have been endangered not by direct attacks alone, but their interests have been put in jeopardy in the rivalries and wars of the native states. They have been obliged to take part in the contests of their neighbours, or else be the victim of both parties. In such contests, the weaker party has been ready to promise every thing for the aid of English bayonets and cannon. That aid has sometimes been forced on the weak, and sometimes granted at their request. Generally, this has been more than sufficient to secure the success of the party whose cause was espoused, and after success, the English have compelled it to make good its promises. The weak prince, weak because of the hatred of his subjects or the power of his enemies, who was established on his throne by the English, could continue to maintain



himself there only by the aid of English battalions. He had called them in as a temporary aid, but once in, they were not to be thrust out. They were to him what the Pretorian cohorts were to the Roman emperors. They gave him his power, and he was compelled to propitiate their favor by becoming their slave. English battalions protected his court from others, but only to rule in it themselves. English troops garrisoned his fortified places. These troops he was obliged to pay, and, in addition, to surrender to the English the whole military control of the country. When the military ascendancy was thus secured, it became a question of profit and time only, as to when all other power should be assumed. The next stage in the absorption of one of the native states has very commonly been, to require an annual payment to the company as compensation for its services, and when this has not been punctually paid, it has compelled the native sovereign to appropriate the entire revenue of certain districts to this object. Without entering into particulars, it is sufficient to say, that the English rapidly, step by step, engrossed not only the military power of these protected states, but the commerce, police, revenue, judicature, and, in fact, though not always at once in name, all the functions of government. Proceeding thus, the English power has constantly advanced in ever-enlarging circles, till the whole of India has been swallowed up in this mighty Maelstrom of conquest. This was the course of Clive. Thus did Warren Hastings make use of one native prince as his jackal to hunt down another. It was so when Wellesley and Wellington broke the heart of the vast Mahratta confederacy. And pursuing the same policy, the great disasters beyond the Indus, some years since, were the result of an attempt to depose the king of Cabul, and to set up an intrusive monarch of Afghanistan.

The means which have enabled the company to undertake such vast enterprises, and to support such vast armies, are also of Indian origin. They have come, not from its trade, but from the revenues of conquered states, which it has ruled as sovereign. It has first conquered a province, and conquered it mainly by native Indian troops; then compelled the province to pay the expense of its own conquest; then to support the battalions hold-

ing it in subjection ; and, finally, usurped and maintained all the functions of government.

The career of the English in India is an illustration of the extent to which the great characteristics of a race endure from age to age. The spirit of the Saxons and Normans of the Middle Ages survives in their descendants. The same steadiness of will, the same hardihood, the same perseverance in attaining its objects, never relaxed by success, nor wearied by disappointment, appear in both. Except that an advancing civilization has elevated many of the virtues of this character, and relieved some of its deformities, the course of the British in India forms an harmonious part of the history of the same people, who, in an earlier age, issued in their frail barks from the creeks and inlets of the Northern seas, to ravage, and conquer, and find a home in the fair realm of England. From the beginning it has been a race of strong men, of serious and steadfast purposes, ready, not in a light and trifling spirit, but calmly and considerately, to do and sacrifice all things in the attainment of its objects, and, according as its energies have been directed, mighty alike for evil and for good.

After this survey of the causes which have opened the way for the subjugation of India, we naturally ask what has been the result, — especially what has been the moral result, — of the English rule in the East. The question is very difficult to answer ; but we imagine that the difficulty has been increased by confounding what is very distinct, — the moral purpose of the English in extending their dominions, and the actual, though often incidental, and sometimes unintended, moral consequences.

No one imagines that the purpose of the English in conquering India has been the benefit of its inhabitants. The object of the East India Company was neither to civilize nor Christianize the Hindoo, but to raise the value of its stock and increase its dividends. The objects of the English government have been more extended, but of a similar character. And in these it has been controlled by motives of much the same sort with those which have determined the wars and the international policy of European states.

But while this is the case, it must be confessed that no nation of Europe has had amongst its statesmen a

greater proportion of those who have labored for the welfare of the people at large, than has been found among those who, during the last century, have controlled the destinies of India. Even the conduct of Warren Hastings — such is the deliberate decision of Mill, who was a severe, if not a prejudiced judge — would probably bear exposure quite as well as that of any prime minister of his time. But whatever their private virtues, or their intentions, their ability to improve rapidly and extensively the condition of the people has been very limited. In entering on the administration of Indian affairs, they found not an open field and a people prepared for wise and useful changes, but a people with laws, customs, institutions, ideas, with social and domestic habits, with religious faiths, and whatever else goes to form the character, fixed almost immovably in the hardening cement of centuries. The English might at once appropriate the revenues of a district, but to change the ways of thinking and believing amongst its inhabitants, to revolutionize their tastes, customs, and associations, and thus raise them to a higher level of civilization, except most gradually, is beyond the power of the most undisputed despotism. In addition to this, the small number of the English has made it impossible for them to do more than exercise a general sovereignty, leaving untouched what is most vital in national character; while their ignorance of native customs, laws, and ideas for a long time utterly incapacitated them for any wise interference in the affairs of the natives. More than once, well-intentioned ignorance has, in its attempts at improvement, caused an amount of evil from which unprincipled but well-informed men would have recoiled. Another obstacle in the way of improvement has been the dreadful pressure of taxation on the impoverished inhabitants. The English, in assuming the sovereignty of a province, found a revenue already existing, which was no more than has proved to be necessary to meet the expenses of government. They did not increase the burden of taxation, — in some respects they have lightened it, — but it was, and is, most oppressive; and it is difficult to change for the better the condition of a people doomed from generation to generation to hopeless poverty. This is made worse by the large amount of capital withdrawn

annually from India in the payment of dividends to the stockholders of the company, and by persons who, having accumulated fortunes, return to England to spend them.

It is obvious, also, that in a country where the great mass of the people live on the brink of starvation, the least change, whatever the final results may be, is the ruin and destruction of multitudes. But the introduction of English power has been followed, not only by slight changes, but by a revolution in the most important institutions. This is not the place for any discussion of such topics, but we suppose there is no doubt that for a time the changes in the method of collecting the revenue — involving, as they did, over large portions of India, the right of ownership in the soil itself, and similar changes in the judicial system and the police — were the source of worse evils than those which they were intended to remedy.

But, from the nature of the case, many of these evils are temporary, and incident only to a transition state. The English government of India has been conducted on principles immeasurably higher than were ever recognized by the native sovereigns. Even if its efforts, as a government, to promote the welfare of the native population have been, and should continue to be, subordinate to its own profit and power, they are so connected together, that what a wise policy dictates for the latter is likely to advance the former. The popular sentiment of England, however, requires more than this; and no one can read the history of the successive administrations of India without being convinced that, on the whole, there has been an honest and an increasing desire to introduce, as far as was practicable, all measures which promised to be for the real benefit of the millions under their rule. The condition of the people precludes all idea of any but the most gradual changes for the better, and all revolution is attended by many present evils. But by whatever wrong and wretchedness the intrusion of England into the thrones of India may have been immediately attended, and though in its policy there may be no more philanthropy than self-interest demands, we cannot doubt, if its power be permanent, that its influence must be for immeasurable good.



From the earliest authentic records, Indian civilization has made no progress. Two thousand years ago it had apparently risen to the full height of the principles on which it depended, and since then has ceased to advance. The picture which the Greeks who crossed the Indus under Alexander give of the state of society is, as far as it goes, essentially the same as that which is given now. The Mahometan conquest introduced among the Hindoos a new population, and substituted new dynasties in place of the old; but whatever was most interior and vital, — their religion, their social institutions, and the ancient village system, which contained in itself the most important elements of social order and permanence, — it did not touch. In all that was most material to the character and condition of a people, the Mahometan conquerors left the millions of India as it found them. Mahometan sovereignty, though it had periods of temporary splendor, did nothing to advance the civilization of India. On the contrary, by interposing a barrier of race and religion between the rulers and the ruled, and by adding new elements of disorder, it introduced new causes of weakness, and developed the seeds of decay already existing.

Independent of other things, there were four circumstances which alone were sufficient to take away the hope of progress from India. Her arbitrary and unsettled governments, necessarily involving every form of disorder, oppression, rapine, and civil war, sunk the people into the abyss of penury; her religions, disconnected very much from morals, while they laid little restraint on crime, blinded the intellect and corrupted the moral sentiments by the most horrible superstitions; woman, the educator of the young, was herself excluded from all education, and made the slave of men's lusts or love of ease; while the institution of caste fettered the son to the same toils and the same ignorance as the father. These things, as by an inexorable doom, shut out all hope of improvement. The crisis of decay was rapidly approaching, when the Mahometan conquerors were supplanted by the English. They found the great body of the people equally oppressed and impoverished, the empire of the Great Mogul practically dismembered, and the whole of India morally and politically disorganized.

As the first and essential condition of all improvement, the iron hand of England maintains peace and order. She has suppressed civil war and wars between rival states, and broken down under her rule the clans and states of banditti whose yearly irruptions carried terror and desolation across India; and, under her protection, the merchant, the mechanic, and the husbandman may labor without fear. If she has established an overshadowing despotism, it is a despotism of law and order, a civilized and civilizing despotism, while she has suppressed the hundred lawless, unprincipled, unsettled despotisms, which before were the curse alike of ruler and ruled. The Bible has been translated into almost every language of the East, and if the number of converts as yet made by missionary preaching is not large, in missionary schools not a few of the young are made acquainted with at least the first elements of European culture. To lay a foundation for a system of education, a laborious and extensive educational survey was made some years since of Bengal, Behar, and Orissa. By the translation of books, and by direct contact with Europeans, the ideas, the science, and the civilization of Europe are invading the almost Chinese seclusion of the Indian mind. Commerce is uniting the people to the rest of the world; the mechanic arts that relieve and supply the place of human muscles are slowly introduced; new branches of agriculture and trade are opening new avenues to native enterprise; the respect for law which characterizes Europe is supplanting the arbitrary force by which the people have been ruled; and through these and other influences the institution of caste seems itself to be loosening and giving way to better systems of industry and social organization. When we remember that it often takes centuries for a single new principle to gain acceptance with the mass of men, and still longer for it to become so wrought into the character as to affect institutions and the practical life, we must expect the influence of the English on Indian civilization to be slow. Still less is it reasonable to expect a rapid progress, when we remember the small number of the English, who, besides being aliens in race, religion, language, and interest, are lost in the midst of not less than one hundred and twenty millions of natives.

Yet a superior race can never dwell with an inferior one, without making itself felt. And were the British power from this day annihilated, its influence would remain, manifest in ineffaceable monuments in the whole fabric of Indian society, — in arms, in arts, in laws, and, what is more potent than all as lying at the basis of all, in ideas, — just as English civilization has taken color and form from every state with which it has held the relation of war or alliance, whose literature it has read, or whose power it has feared.

Should English power maintain itself in India, the result can be foreseen by Him alone who beholds both the beginning and the end. It must be different, however, from what it has been elsewhere. In general, the weaker race melts away before the stronger. In this country, English conquest has been followed by emigration from England, and by the gradual extinction of the aboriginal race. This cannot take place in India. There can never be any emigration of the laboring classes to India which can crowd on the native population, for the Hindoo lives on that upon which the Englishman would starve. They who live on six cents a day need not fear emigration from abroad to compete with them for this miserable pittance. But while the English remain, as they now are, the sovereigns of India, they reach every native; and by institutions and laws, by science and literature, by improved systems of education, by commerce, by the preservation of order, and by religion, it is reasonable to believe that they must gradually reform and reconstruct and vivify with new life the civilization of India.

Under the government of Providence, no evil is eternal. The violence and wrong of men are compelled, ultimately, to come round and accomplish unexpected good. The guiltiest revolutions, and what at first seemed the most disastrous wars, have been compelled to work out the high purposes of Heaven, and many a state which has resisted all better influences has been purified by the baptism of blood. Taught by the past, while we behold the English race circling the globe with its colonies, and spreading over continents from the equator to the pole, we may rejoice, if this work of conquest must go on, that it is in the hands of those who possess the best

parts of human civilization, and we may believe that, wherever the English flag is planted and the English mind rules, an advancing civilization will raise men's lot on earth, and a pure religion dawn on them from heaven.

E. P.

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ART. II.—PORTER'S PRINCIPLES OF TEXTUAL CRITICISM.\*

THERE exists a much better state of the public mind in regard to attempts to obtain a purer text of the Scriptures, than when Dr. Bentley, after having been driven from his plan of publishing a critical edition of the New Testament, to which he had devoted years of labor, wrote in the bitterness of his heart to his friend Dr. Clarke, — "Nothing will now satisfy them but I must be put by the Professor's chair: AND THE CHURCH IS IN DANGER FROM MY NEW TESTAMENT"; or than when Bengel, in another country, after having borne with equanimity and answered with moderation the assaults which were made upon him up to the time of his death, pathetically exclaimed, in 1747, — "O that this may be the last occasion of my standing in the gap to vindicate *the precious original text of the New Testament!*" But we fear that the feeling of opposition has been succeeded by one almost as discouraging and unfavorable to successful exertion, the feeling of indifference. This latter feeling it is easier to explain than to justify. The intrinsic nature of the subject, compared with the great questions which agitate the public mind at the present day; the general conviction that the principal and most valuable result of modern investigations into the text of the New Testament is, that we now have it in a high degree of purity compared with that of the ancient classics, and that the new readings which affect the sense of a passage are comparatively few; the fact that we have in this country, at least,

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\* *Principles of Textual Criticism, with their Application to the Old and New Testaments. Illustrated with Plates and Fac-similes of Biblical Documents.* By J. SCOTT PORTER, Professor of Sacred Criticism and Theology to the Association of Non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland. London: Simms & McIntyre. 1848. pp. xviii., 515.



so few of the means for original investigation into the subject; the jealous opposition to the general reception even of what is established by the consent of critics; — these considerations, and others which might be named, may serve to account for the prevalent indifference on the subject, both among the clergy and the intelligent laity.

But they do not justify it. These things ought not so to be. Why should it not be regarded as important to have a pure text of writings which have interested the whole world so much as those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, and Paul, as to have a pure text of Plato, or Thucydides, or Æschylus? If to labor with success in the preparation of correct editions of the Greek and Latin classics has justly been considered as worthy of high praise, and has raised those who have devoted themselves to it to high posts of honor in our colleges and in the Church in England, then surely it ought not to be considered an unimportant, much less an obtrusive and offensive labor, to endeavour to present the writings which contain the revelations of God to man in the highest possible state of purity. If the Scriptures are important, it is important to have them as nearly as possible in the very words which were written by the sacred penmen.

No one who has paid any attention to the subject can suppose this to be the case at present with the received text, or with any text of the New Testament which has yet appeared. Manuscripts exist which have not been collated, or which have been collated imperfectly. Many unsolved questions exist in regard to the facts on which judgment should be founded, much difference of opinion as to the comparative value of manuscripts and the manner in which they should be classified, if classified at all, many doubts in regard to the readings of the ancient versions, and much room for labor in regard to the genuineness and the import of the writings of the Fathers which have a bearing upon the subject.

Nor is there room for discouragement in regard to the progress which has been made. Since the time of Griesbach, there has been a considerable diminution of prejudice, and a considerable approach toward uniformity of opinion. Since his first edition, many editions have appeared in Germany in which his text has been followed to a considerable extent, and some in which his read-

ings have been fully adopted. In respect to the three passages which have attracted most attention in this country, on account of their supposed bearing on the doctrine of the Trinity, no clergyman, who has any regard to his reputation, would now quote 1 John v. 7 as a part of the Scriptures. In regard to Acts xx. 28, there is not the same uniformity of opinion, but there is a constant approach to it. Thus the reading of Griesbach, "Feed the church of the Lord," τοῦ κυρίου, is supported, not only by the editors of more recent critical editions, such as Lachmann and Tischendorf, and by such commentators as Rosenmüller, Kuinoel, Meyer, and De Wette, but by such orthodox theologians as Bishop Marsh, Conybeare, Professor White of Oxford, Dr. J. P. Smith, Dr. Davidson, Mr. Barnes, an able writer in the *Eclectic Review*, and others.

In regard to the other passage, 1 Timothy iii. 16, the signs of agreement are not so favorable. We do not recollect any Trinitarian writer in England or this country who is decidedly in favor of the reading of Griesbach, except the able critic in the *Eclectic Review* for March, 1809. But in Germany, where a matter of this kind is more likely to be decided on critical, rather than theological grounds, of the three editions which can properly be called critical that have appeared since that of Griesbach, namely, those of Scholz, Lachmann, and Tischendorf, the last two, though proceeding on somewhat different principles from those of Griesbach in respect to the classification and estimation of authorities, yet support Griesbach's reading, ὧς in place of θεός. Of other editors who have revised the text of the New Testament more or less, Schott, Vater, and Heinrichs adopt the reading ὧς, and Knapp marks it as of equal authority with the common reading. Other editors, as Tittman, Theile, and Hahn, who retain θεός, profess that they do not always reject a reading of the received text, even when the evidence against it preponderates.\* See their Prefaces.

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\* Respecting Lachmann's, Dr. Davidson, an orthodox critic, says, — "This is by far the most important edition that has appeared since the days of Griesbach"; and again, — "Were we disposed to follow the text of any *one* editor *absolutely*, we should follow Lachmann's." Respecting Tischendorf's, the same critic says, — "A careful perusal of the editor's able Pref-

Since, then, much remains to be done in relation to a pure text of the New Testament, and since there is much reason for supposing that such a text may gradually find a general reception in the Church, we welcome the book which furnishes the occasion for our remarks, as being better adapted than any which we have seen to excite an interest in the textual criticism of the New Testament among theological students and the clergy, and at the same time to throw a clear light upon the subject, and afford the necessary helps to the study of it. A work of this kind, sufficiently elementary to be adapted to the use of theological schools and of the clergy, has long been wanted. It is certainly of great importance that they should be acquainted with the subject, at least so far as to be able to understand the means by which the sacred writings have been transmitted to us from age to age, and the principles and helps by which the text may be brought to a state of purity. They certainly ought to be able to appreciate the labors of others, and to know how to estimate the rash assertions which are often made by partisan theologians.\*

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ace, and a collation of his text and critical apparatus beneath it, have convinced us of the sound judgment, minute diligence, extreme accuracy, and admirable skill by which this edition of the Greek Testament is characterized." See Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature, Vol. I. pp. 492, etc. It may also be observed, that Tischendorf himself appears to be orthodox on the subject of the divinity of Christ, if we may judge from a remark which he makes in the Prolegomena to his edition of the Codex Ephraemi Syri Rescriptus, p. 39:—"Quanquam minime cum istis facio qui tantum non verentur ne ipsa Pauli Apostoli de divinitate Christi doctrina periculetur, si ab hoc loco destituatur eo quod vulgo habere creditur firmamento." Schulz, the learned editor of Griesbach's New Testament, observes, that "Tischendorf's edition of the Greek Testament is in all respects to be preferred to any other." It can be imported for \$ 2.25.

\* Several assertions of this kind occur in the last essay in defence of the received text of 1 Timothy iii. 16 which we recollect to have been published in this country. We refer to an essay, which shows much more the spirit of a bigoted partisan than of a genuine critic, by Dr. Henderson, reprinted in the American Biblical Repository, Vol. II., and indorsed by Professor Stuart. Some of the important errors of this essay were exposed in a notice of it by an able and learned English writer in the Eclectic Review, Vol. V., Third Series. One of the assertions to which we allude is that in which Dr. Henderson says that Athanasius, in his Fourth Epistle to Serapion, quotes the text so as clearly to show that Θεός was the reading of it. The passage which he quotes from the Epistle to Serapion is explicit enough, to be sure. But the Benedictine editors of Athanasius have included the passage referred to in brackets, as of doubtful authority, and added a note, in which they say that "it is read *only in one manuscript*, and there, too, it is written not in the text, *but in the margin*; whence it seems rather to be the gloss of some other person, than the words of Athanasius."

It is true that we have already a great deal on the subject scattered in the various writings of Griesbach. We have also something on the principles of textual criticism incidentally introduced into the works on interpretation by Le Clerc, Ernesti, Gerard, and Seiler. We have, also, in the Introductions to the Old and New Testaments by Jahn, Schott, De Wette, Michaelis, Horne, and especially Hug, — not to mention works which exist only in the German language, — a great deal of information concerning the principles and sources of criticism. But a condensed and systematic view of the whole subject, sufficiently elementary and well illustrated for beginners, and sufficiently full for the use of the clergy and other readers interested in the subject, was much wanted.

Such a work has been undertaken by Mr. Porter, the Professor of Sacred Criticism and Theology to the Association of Non-subscribing Presbyterians in Ireland, and he has performed it well. From the nature of the case, his work was one chiefly of compilation, arrangement, and illustration. It was not desirable that he should, by the exercise of his ingenuity, suggest new principles of criticism. What was wanted in this regard was, that he should state in a clear and good method those principles and canons which have met with general reception among critics. Of course, he could invent no sources of Scriptural emendation, nor did his situation permit him to discover any. But in a work derived principally from

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nasius." This passage Dr. Henderson quotes, without intimating that there existed the least doubt respecting its genuineness; though Berriman, Wetstein, and Griesbach — whose remarks he had probably read — state the evidence of its interpolation. Another rash assertion of Dr. Henderson is that in which he refers to Dionysius of Alexandria "as the first who expressly cites the words," i. e. the received reading of 1 Timothy iii. 16, in his Epistle against Paul of Samosata. He does not intimate that the least doubt exists respecting the genuineness of this Epistle, — an Epistle which is regarded as spurious, and of a much later date than Dionysius of Alexandria, by such scholars as Cave, Valesius, Du Pin, Ceillier, Basnage, Montfaucon, Gieseler, and Neander, and of which Dr. Lardner says, "It is certain that this Epistle is now, and has been for a good while, generally rejected by learned men as spurious"; and adds, "For my own part, I acquiesce in the reasons of the learned men before mentioned, so far as to think it highly probable that the piece in question is not the work of Dionysius, nor of any of his contemporaries, but of a much later date." See Lardner's Works, Vol. III. pp. 97, etc.; Ceillier, *Hist. des Auteurs Sacrés et Eccles.*, Tom. III. p. 276; Davidson's Gieseler, Vol. I. p. 201; Torrey's Neander, Vol. I. p. 603.



second-hand sources, there is abundant opportunity for the exercise of judgment and of talent. The author has modestly and plainly informed the reader in his Preface what languages he was acquainted with, and in regard to what he was dependent upon the statements and opinions of others. He has given also a satisfactory reason, in general, for not encumbering his pages with express citations or marginal references. With respect to the latter, we think he has been somewhat too sparing. After the ample acknowledgment made in his Preface, we should not, indeed, wish for marginal references merely for the sake of acknowledging the source from which he drew any particular information. But, in some cases, we do wish to know the authority on which the statement depends. Thus, when he states, on page 483, that an important alteration in a certain manuscript is betrayed by the fresh color of the ink, we wish to know the authority for the statement. But Professor Porter does not tell us that he saw it himself, nor inform us who did see it.

Though not professing to derive the materials of his work from original sources, Professor Porter has availed himself of the best and latest investigations which have appeared. He has adopted an arrangement of his own, and given us his independent judgment upon those subjects where judgment was required; a judgment which will, we are confident, in general, approve itself to the reason of his readers.

We would not convey the impression, that Professor Porter has discharged merely the office of a compiler. His work contains a good deal that is valuable, which is the result of his own investigation and judgment. As an instance, we would refer to his elaborate examination of Scholz's edition of the Greek Testament. The result of this examination is given by Professor Porter in the following language, which we the more readily quote, because the size, cost, and apparatus of Scholz's edition of the New Testament, together with the praise which has been bestowed upon it, — probably by some without examination, and by some from whom a better judgment might have been expected, — have led many persons to attach a value to that unscholarlike, and, were it not for the manuscripts which it introduces to our notice for

the first time, we might almost say worthless, work. Great carelessness and little judgment are the principal characteristics of the author. Professor Porter says, —

“ Dr. Scholz has been a most enterprising collater, having expended a large amount of time, and, no doubt, of money, in ransacking the libraries of Italy, Greece, the Greek Islands, and Palestine, in quest of manuscript treasure. Besides availing himself of some publications (as Dr. Barrett's *Codex Rescriptus*, of Dublin College) which had appeared since the publication of Griesbach, he has himself examined and collated, in whole or in part, about three hundred and fifty manuscripts never referred to before in any critical edition ; but his accuracy in exhibiting their various readings is matter of question, upon which serious doubts are felt.

“ What has occasioned and strengthened these doubts is the almost incredible negligence of Scholz in representing the information afforded by his predecessors, especially by Griesbach. No one can compare his notes with those of Griesbach, without perceiving that nine tenths of the whole are simply copied from the edition of the latter ; and no one can compare the two editions together attentively without perceiving that Scholz has displayed a degree of carelessness, as to the accuracy of his transcript, that could scarcely have been believed to be possible. By omissions, by misquotations, by misplaced signs, he has totally changed the character of the statements which it was his duty to reproduce, and in instances innumerable has misled the persons who rely upon his accuracy. In fact, such is his negligence, that nothing but rashness equal to his own would induce any person who has examined his work to employ his citations as material for the verification or amendment of the text, unless when corroborated by other authorities, or under very peculiar circumstances.” — p. 262.

After supporting his assertions respecting Scholz by numerous examples, he says, — “ After these examples of headlong haste and almost incredible carelessness, it will surprise no one to be informed, that, in cases where his predecessors have made erroneous statements, Dr. Scholz has not taken the trouble to correct them, even when the means of doing so lay ready at hand. Having, in perusing the old Syriac Version, been struck by the occurrence of several readings which I did not recollect to have seen quoted from it, I compared whole passages in that document with the notes given in the critical editions ; and I found with very few exceptions, so far as my collation extended, that wherever Mill, Wetstein, and Griesbach

were correct in their citations, Scholz is also right, unless where he happens to misplace his note-marks: wherever they are wrong, he faithfully copies their mistakes. . . . . Whether Dr. Scholz has been more careful in noting down, and more exact in copying, the readings of those manuscripts which he has for the first time collated, it is quite impossible to affirm as matter of fact. But, seeing that such is his negligence in making use of the materials existing in print, I do not think it would be safe to rely implicitly on his sole authority."\*

Professor Porter's plan is, — I. to state and briefly illustrate the general principles of textual criticism; — II. to treat of these principles in connection with the text of the Old Testament; — and III. to consider them with reference to that of the New. In each of the latter two divisions, he gives (1.) an outline of the history of the text; (2.) an account of the manuscripts, versions, and other authorities available for the verification or correction of the text; and (3.) an examination of the readings of some passages, which, from their nature or peculiar circumstances, possess an especial interest in connection with the object of the work. He has given a good account of the manuscripts of the Old Testament, and described twenty-three of the principal or uncial manuscripts of the New Testament. He has also given a general account of the cursive manuscripts and Lectionaries. He has likewise, in thirteen well-executed plates, presented fac-similes of portions of some of the most noted manuscripts of the Old and New Testaments. Of particular texts, he examines sixteen of the Old Testament and twelve of the New, the different readings of

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\* It may be well to remark, that Porter's estimate of the work of Scholz is the common opinion of critics in Germany. Tischendorf, the learned editor of the last critical edition of the New Testament, uses still stronger language of condemnation in relation to it than Mr. Porter. Dr. Davidson, an orthodox scholar of some note, appears to hold the same opinion. He says, — "Little reliance can be placed on the accuracy of the extracts which he has given for the first time. . . . . The merits of this laborious editor are considerable. He has greatly enlarged our critical apparatus. Yet in acuteness, sagacity, and scholarship, he is far inferior to Griesbach. His collations appear to have been superficial. They are not to be depended on." One instance of his inaccuracy, which it is in the power of any one who owns the Vulgate to ascertain, is that in which he represents the Vulgate as supporting the reading *ὁς* in 1 Timothy iii. 16. By comparing his note with Griesbach's, one may see how his mistake originated.

which he discusses somewhat at large, and, as it appears to us, with good judgment.

One important requisite in a work of this kind, and at the same time difficult to be secured on account of the immense variety of particulars contained in it, is accuracy of statement. To speak with confidence in regard to the comparative freedom of such a work from errors would require a labor almost equal to that of making it. So far as we have examined it, however, we have found proof that the author has taken great pains to be accurate, though not equal pains in all its pages. We think, that, in general, the work is as worthy of confidence as can be expected in the first edition of a book of this kind. We have, however, met with some instances of inaccuracy, of which, from some cause, several occur on page 310. On page 493, he ascribes to Professor Porson opinions which seem to belong only to Kidd, the editor of Porson's Tracts. All the opinion which Kidd ascribes to Porson, in the passage to which Professor Porter refers, is that he judged  $\xi$  to be the original reading of the Codex Alexandrinus. Professor Porter also sometimes omits to state what properly belongs to a subject. Thus in describing the Codex Sangallensis he should have stated that it contains only the four Gospels. He sometimes makes a statement in too unqualified a manner, and hence is occasionally inconsistent with himself. Thus, on page 275, he says, — "A manuscript in uncial character, inclined or slightly compressed, or an *Evangelistarium* or *Lectionarium*, however written, cannot be more ancient than the seventh century." But on page 309, speaking of Lectionaries, he says, — "It is quite possible such manuscripts may have been used in the sixth century, though only mentioned in the authors of the seventh." See also page 273.

In two passages in the course of his examination of the text 1 Tim. iii. 16, opinions and statements occur of the correctness of which we have strong doubts. We take this opportunity to express them, for the consideration of Professor Porter and the few who take an interest in the subject, because they relate to the most important passage in the New Testament, the reading of which may yet be considered as *sub judice*, and because, as long as there is a variety of statement in relation to the *facts* of the case, it will be very difficult for the student to form a correct opinion.



The first passage relates to Professor Porter's statement in reference to the reading of the Oriental versions of 1 Tim. iii. 16, in which, following Archbishop Laurence, he calls in question the correctness of Griesbach and other critical editors of Germany. Griesbach, who is followed by Heinrichs, Scholz, and, with a slight variation, by Tischendorf,\* states that the Coptic, Sahidic, and Philoxenian Syriac in the margin read *ōs*, *who*, or *he who* was manifested, etc. He also states that both the Peshito and Philoxenian Syriac in the text, the Erpenian Arabic, the Æthiopic, and the Armenian, may have read either *ōs* or *ō*.

Upon this statement Archbishop Laurence, whose opinion is adopted by Professor Porter, remarks,—"I contend, in the first place, that neither the Coptic, the Sahidic, nor the Philoxenian *necessarily* read *ōs*; but more probably use a relative connected with an antecedent expressive of the word *mystery*, in precise conformity with the Vulgate: for in both the Coptic and Sahidic the word denoting *mystery* is decidedly proved to be masculine by the definitive masculine article prefixed, so that the subsequent relative occurs of course in the same gender. A similar remark respecting the Philoxenian version is made by its editor, whom Griesbach very properly terms '*Whitius vir doctissimus*,' who correctly translates the passage '*mysterium pietatis, quod manifestatum est in carne.*'

"Having thus proved that the Coptic, the Sahidic, and the Philoxenian Syriac versions do not necessarily read *ōs*, but most probably *ō*, I shall now show that the Peshito or vulgar Syriac, the Erpenian Arabic, and the Æthiopic do not indifferently read *ōs* or *ō*, but indisputably *ō*. If *ōs* be the reading, it is evident that the following clauses of the verse cannot be grammatically connected by a copulative; but that the passage must be translated as the Unitarians translate it,—'*He, who was manifested in the flesh, was justified,*' etc. But, in all the versions alluded to, the subsequent clauses are grammatically connected *by a copulative*, i. e. by the same letter *wau* in the different characters of the different languages, expressive of the same conjunction *and*; so that the passage must unavoidably be rendered, '*which was manifested in the flesh,*

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\* Tischendorf also states that the reading *ōs* is found in the recently discovered fragments of the Gothic version, made in the fourth century.

and was justified in the spirit,' etc." These statements and arguments are fully adopted by Professor Porter.

Now, respecting what may properly be called facts relating both to the Coptic and other languages specified, we have reason to believe that Archbishop Laurence is correct, since it has required little knowledge of these languages to verify his statements by the appropriate grammars and lexicons; but we think that his conclusions are much broader than his premises will warrant. With respect to the Coptic and Sahidic, the relative is undoubtedly in the masculine, but as the antecedents denoting the word "mystery" in those versions, and in the Philoxenian Syriac, are also masculine, it is obvious, that it cannot be decided whether the translators read  $\delta\varsigma$  or  $\delta$ . The masculine Coptic, Sahidic, or Syriac relative may have been used merely to agree with its antecedent, whatever was the reading of the Greek. But when Archbishop Laurence says that the Coptic and Sahidic *most probably* read  $\delta$ , he makes an inference or assertion for which he has assigned no reason, and for which we can perceive none. We think, therefore, that the correct statement is, that the Coptic, Sahidic, and Philoxenian Syriac may have read either  $\delta\varsigma$  or  $\delta$ . We suppose that Griesbach was led to his partial error by following the authority of Wilkins, an Episcopal clergyman, who translated the whole Coptic New Testament in 1716, and whose translation of the verse is as follows:—"Et manifeste magnum est mysterium pietatis; qui apparuerat in carne, justificatus est in spiritu," etc.

Archbishop Laurence also misleads his readers, (without doubt unintentionally,) when he says, in connection with his preceding remarks and without explanation, that "Professor White correctly translates the passage 'mysterium pietatis, quod manifestatum est in carne.'" For Professor White expressly states, in his note, that the Syriac relative, both in the text and the margin, answers as well to the Greek relative  $\delta\varsigma$  as to  $\delta$ , and might equally be rendered "qui manifestatus est," or "quod manifestatum est," and that he uses "quod" *in the text* of his translation, merely that it might agree in gender with its Latin antecedent, "mysterium."

With respect to the Archbishop's assertion, that the Peshito, the Erpenian Arabic, and the Æthiopic do not

indifferently read  $\delta s$ , but *indisputably*  $\delta$ , it appears to us that all which his argument proves is, that  $\delta s$  cannot have been understood by the translators in the sense of "he who," etc., referring to what follows, and not to τὸ μυστήριον as its antecedent. But he has not attempted to show that they may not have regarded  $\delta s$ , if they so read it, as a relative referring to τὸ μυστήριον, as a *personal designation of Christ*. If they had so understood the word τὸ μυστήριον, and had also read  $\delta s$  in their manuscripts, what reason can be given why they should not have translated it as they have done. All admit that the Syriac relative which is used in this verse is, like the Hebrew וְשֵׁנִי or וְשֵׁנִי, and the Chaldee ܐܝܢܐ or ܐܝܢܐ, of all genders, and that, in its simple as well as in its compound state, it refers to a preceding noun even of an oblique case.\*

Now, that the translators may have understood τὸ μυστήριον as a personal designation of Christ, is evident from the fact, that all the Latin, and some of the Greek fathers so understood it. And to those who so understood it, the reading  $\delta s$  would be regarded as good Greek,† referring to τὸ μυστήριον as its antecedent. "Cum personam circumlocutione significant Græci, quam citissime ad ipsam personam revertuntur." A similar idiom had occurred in Gal. iv. 19, τέκνία μου, οὓς πάλιν ὠδίνω, and according to the most probable reading in John vi. 9, παιδάριον . . . . ὁς ἔχει, and in Rev. xiii. 14, τῷ θηρίῳ, ὁς ἔχει. In Bruder's excellent Concordance of the New Testament may be seen more than a dozen instances of the same idiom, exclusive of those in which the gender of the relative conforms to that of the following noun by attraction. Professor Porter, also, when undertaking to show how the reading  $\delta s$  may have arisen from  $\delta$ , observes, — "The Greek transcribers, understanding τὸ μυστήριον as a personal designation of Christ, and being accustomed to find neuter nouns, when used as designations of persons, followed by masculine relatives, easily adopted the same idiom here."

Whether the Latins, Greeks, or Syrians were right or wrong in regarding τὸ μυστήριον as a personal designation of Christ, is a question which has no effect on the argument, and need not be discussed here. It is sufficient that

\* See Hoffmann's Grammar, p. 325, or the Syriac version of Gen. i. 21, ii. 8.

† See Winer's Grammar, § 21. 1; Matthiae, § 434. 1. 6.

they may have held this opinion. For if they did, they may have translated  $\delta s$ , if they found it in their manuscripts, as they have done, by a relative which stands for all genders. It appears, then, that Dr. Laurence is wrong in saying that they *indisputably* read  $\delta$  in their manuscripts; and that Griesbach is right in his assertion that they may have read  $\delta s$  or  $\delta$ . The arguments from extrinsic considerations, such as the class of Greek manuscripts to which the Oriental versions are akin, and from which they were probably translated, etc., do not belong to the question of the correctness of Griesbach's statement, and are not alluded to by Archbishop Laurence or by Griesbach.

Another instance in which we think Professor Porter to be incorrect, partly in matter of opinion and partly in matter of fact, occurs in relation to the reading of the valuable manuscript G, i. e. the Codex Boernerianus, in the verse under consideration. Griesbach states, that this manuscript reads  $\delta s$ . Upon which Professor Porter, after remarking that  $\delta s$  is a reading *a secunda manu*, the original reading having been  $\delta$ , observes,\* — "In this codex the alteration is betrayed, not merely by the fresh color of the ink, and by the word 'quod' placed immediately above the altered word, but by the difference in the size of the letters, — for the corrector, not having room for a full-sized C,† has stuck a small one up in the corner between the O and the letter  $\Theta$  which follows, thus, O<sup>c</sup>. Dr. Griesbach could hardly fail to be aware of this, yet he quotes G without any remark, as supporting the reading  $\delta s$ , not  $\delta$ . The Codex F [which reads  $\delta s$ ] was copied from G, after it had thus been altered."

Now if the fac-simile of this celebrated text given by Matthæi in his New Testament, Vol. I. p. 487, be correct, of which we cannot entertain much doubt, there are several important errors in the preceding statement. 1. The C is no smaller than the other letters in the line, which do not begin a word. 2. There is nothing peculiar in the position of the C; it is not stuck up more than other letters in the specimen. In fact the preceding O does not extend so far below the C as the other letters which begin a line. 3. Instead of a lack of space, there is room enough between  $\delta s$  and  $\epsilon\phi\alpha\nu\epsilon\rho\acute{\omega}\theta\eta$  for two more C's of the

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\* Page 483.

† The ancient form of  $\Sigma$ .



same size. 4. If the C be taken away, there would be a wider space between  $\delta s$  and  $\epsilon\phi\alpha\nu\epsilon\rho\acute{o}\theta\eta$  than that between any other two words in the fac-simile of Matthæi. As to the position of "quod," above the word, there is nothing peculiar in it when compared with other words in the fac-simile which are placed over the Greek words of which they are a translation. In regard to its being "quod," in the neuter, Professor Porter is aware that the same word is used in the manuscript F, which reads  $\delta s$ , and which no one pretends to have been altered by a later hand. As to his assertion, that the manuscript F was copied from G, after it was altered, it seems to us to have been made highly probable by Hug,\* and almost demonstrated by Tischendorf,† that G could not have been copied from F, but rather that both were copied from a more ancient manuscript.

The only person whom we know to have formed the opinion that  $\delta s$  was altered from  $\delta$  in the Codex Boernerianus from *personal examination*, is Le Clerc, a passage from whose letter Professor Porter quotes. But Le Clerc has not assigned any reason for his opinion. Bengel, as quoted by Matthæi in his note on the text, expresses the same opinion with Le Clerc, but gives no reason for it. It was probably borrowed from Le Clerc. Now, as Kuster, who was acquainted with the letter of Le Clerc in which he speaks of the manuscript, it being found in Kuster's edition of Mill's New Testament, gives  $\delta s$  as the reading of manuscript G without comment, as Wetstein does the same, and also Matthæi, in his printed edition of the manuscript four years after his edition of the New Testament, it is probable that Griesbach believed Le Clerc to have been in error, and that the reading  $\delta s$  was a *prima manu*. And if Matthæi has given a correct fac-simile of the manuscript, and if F and G were probably copied from a previous manuscript, there can be little doubt that Griesbach was correct. Tischendorf, who thoroughly collated manuscript F, makes the same statement with Griesbach. We know not where Professor Porter received his information respecting the color of the ink, the position and smallness of the letter C, etc., in the verse. But it is certain that his informant, and the fac-simile of Matthæi, cannot both be right.

\* See Hug's Introduction to N. T., p. 172. † Nov. Testam., p. lxx., 2d. edit.

As we have intimated before, however, we believe the inadvertences of Professor Porter's work to be comparatively few, when we consider the infinity of particulars of which it is composed. We have been reluctant to mention those which have occurred to us, lest they should produce an unfavorable impression in respect to the value and trustworthiness of the work. Such is far from being our impression on the whole. On the contrary, we think that the book deserves to be used in our theological schools, and to have a place in the library of every clergyman.

G. R. N.

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#### ART. III.—RECENT ENGLISH LYRICS.\*

WE do not claim for either of the authors, whose names appear in the titles quoted below, what microscopical criticism is pleased to denominate "the *great gifts of poesy*." They are not known in select circles as wise seers, whose time has been studiously occupied in shedding elaborate immortality either on violets or virtue. Occasionally they may have "hung a jewel in a cowslip's ear," but they are not particularly known as excelling in that department of decorative industry. They recognize the silent sunshine of the Sabbath day, and are familiar with the music of the ever-going stars, but they have been content to sing of the human heart, its joys and its sorrows. Some of them have not always chosen their motto in unison with that engraved upon the Venetian sun-dial, "*Horas non numero nisi serenas*,"—but they have oftener recorded the darker side of life's experience, and habitually with great beauty and power.

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\* 1. *The Poetical Sketch Book*. By THOMAS K. HERVEY. New Edition. London: Edward Bull. 16mo. pp. 286.

2. *Poems and Songs*. By ALLAN CUNNINGHAM. *With an Introduction, Glossary, and Notes*, by PETER CUNNINGHAM. London: John Murray. 16mo. pp. 151.

3. *English Melodies*. By CHARLES SWAIN. Author of "The Mind," "Dramatic Chapters," and other Poems. London: Longman & Co. 16mo. pp. 304.

4. *The Poetical Works of HENRY ALFORD*. London: F. & J. Rivington. 2 vols. 16mo.

5. *Poems*. By WILLIAM C. BENNETT. (Unpublished.)

It is not our purpose to occupy much space in calling attention to these volumes of verse, none of which, we believe, have been as yet republished in our country, but simply to quote a few of their briefer poems, whose melody and sweetness we feel confident will be both pleasant and welcome to all.

Mr. Hervey, we understand, is a Scotch gentleman, now residing in London, where his time is principally devoted to literature. Besides the volume before us, he is the author of a very pleasant book on Christmas, and of some unclaimed *jeux d'esprit* in the way of satire. We open his "Poetical Sketch Book," and ask no stronger claims for him to the title of *poet* than the following piece of exquisite feeling:—

"She sleeps that still and placid sleep  
For which the weary pant, in vain,  
And where the dews of evening weep,  
I may not weep again;—  
O, never more, upon her grave,  
Shall I behold the wild-flower wave!

"They laid her where the sun and moon  
Look on her tomb, with loving eye,  
And I have heard the breeze of June  
Sweep o'er it—like a sigh!  
And the wild river's wailing song  
Grow dirge-like as it stole along!

"And I have dreamt, in many dreams,  
Of her—who was a dream to me,  
And talked to her, by summer streams,  
In crowds, and on the sea,—  
Till in my soul she grew enshrined,  
A young Egeria of the mind!

"'Tis years ago!—and other eyes  
Have flung their beauty o'er my youth,  
And I have hung on other sighs,  
And sounds that seemed like truth,  
And loved the music which they gave,  
Like that which perished in the grave.

"And I have left the cold and dead,  
To mingle with the living cold,—

There is a weight around my head,  
 My heart is growing old! —  
 O for a refuge and a home,  
 With thee, dead Ellen, in thy tomb!

“Age sits upon my breast and brain,  
 My spirit fades before its time,  
 But they are all thine own again,  
 Lost partner of their prime!  
 And thou art dearer, in thy shroud,  
 Than all the false and living crowd!

“Rise, gentle vision of the hours,  
 Which go — like birds, that come not back! —  
 And fling thy pall and funeral flowers  
 On memory's wasted track! —  
 O for the wings that made thee blest,  
 To 'flee away and be at rest!'

Here is something in a different vein, but bearing the same true impress of a master's hand.

“CLEOPATRA.

(AFTER DANBY'S PICTURE OF THE EGYPTIAN QUEEN EMBARKING ON THE CYDNUS.)

“‘The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne  
 Burned on the water: the poop was beaten gold;  
 Purple the sails, and so perfumed that  
 The winds were lovesick with them; the oars were silver;  
 Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
 The water which they beat to follow faster,  
 As amorous of their strokes.’ — SHAKESPEARE.

“Flutes in the sunny air!  
 And harps in the porphyry halls!  
 And a low, deep hum, — like a people's prayer, —  
 With its heart-breathed swells, and falls!  
 And an echo, — like the desert's call, —  
 Flung back to the shouting shores!  
 And the river's ripple, heard through all,  
 As it plays with the silver oars! —  
 The sky is a gleam of gold!  
 And the amber breezes float,  
 Like thoughts to be dreamed of, but never told,  
 Around the dancing boat!

“She has stepped on the burning sand!  
 And the thousand tongues are mute!  
 And the Syrian strikes, with a trembling hand,  
 The strings of his gilded lute!



And the Æthiop's heart throbs loud and high,  
Beneath his white symar,  
And the Lybian kneels, as he meets her eye,  
Like the flash of an Eastern star!  
The gales may not be heard,  
Yet the silken streamers quiver,  
And the vessel shoots, like a bright-plumed bird,  
Away, down the golden river!

“Away by the lofty mount!  
And away by the lonely shore!  
And away by the gushing of many a fount,  
Where fountains gush no more! —  
O for some warning vision, there,  
Some voice that should have spoken  
Of climes to be laid waste and bare,  
And glad, young spirits broken!  
Of waters dried away,  
And hope, and beauty blasted!  
— That scenes so fair and hearts so gay  
Should be so early wasted!

“A dream of other days! —  
That land is a desert now!  
And grief grew up to dim the blaze  
Upon that royal brow!  
The whirlwind's burning wing hath cast  
Blight on the marble plain,  
And sorrow — like the Simoom — past  
O'er Cleopatra's brain!  
Too like her fervid clime, that bred  
Its self-consuming fires,  
Her breast — like Indian widows — fed  
Its own funereal pyres!  
— Not such the song her minstrels sing, —  
'Live beauteous and for ever!'  
As the vessel darts, with its purple wing,  
Away, down the golden river!”

Allan Cunningham, in whatever shape he chooses to appear, is always welcome. We are indebted for this admirable collection of a father's poems to his favorite son, whose Introduction to the volume is a warm and filial tribute to departed genius. What can be finer than this charming little copy of verses, celebrating so sweetly “the lovely lass of Preston Mill”?

## "THE LOVELY LASS OF PRESTON MILL.

"The lark had left the evening cloud,  
The dew fell soft, the wind was lowne,  
Its gentle breath amang the flowers  
Scarce stirred the thistle's tap o' down;  
The dappled swallow left the pool,  
The stars were blinking owre the hill,  
As I met, amang the hawthorns green,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Her naked feet, amang the grass,  
Shone like twa dew-gemmed lilies fair;  
Her brow shone comely 'mang her locks,  
Dark curling owre her shoulders bare;  
Her cheeks were rich wi' bloomy youth;  
Her lips had words and wit at will,  
And heaven seemed looking through her een,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Quo' I, 'Sweet lass, will ye gang wi' me,  
Where blackcocks crawl, and plovers cry?  
Six hills are woolly wi' my sheep,  
Six vales are lowing wi' my kye:  
I hae looked lang for a weel-faur'd lass  
By Nithsdale's holmes an' monie a hill';—  
She hung her head like a dew-bent rose,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Quo' I, 'Sweet maiden, look nae down,  
But gie 's a kiss, and gang wi' me':  
A lovelier face, O! never looked up,  
And the tears were drapping frae her ee:  
'I hae a lad, wha's far awa',  
That weel could win a woman's will;  
My heart's already fu' o' love,  
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

"Now wha is he wha could leave sic a lass,  
To seek for love in a far countree?'—  
Her tears drapped down like simmer dew:  
I fain wad kissed them frae her ee.  
I took but ane o' her comely cheek;  
'For pity's sake, kind sir, be still!  
My heart is fu' o' other love,'  
Quo' the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

“She stretched to heaven her twa white hands,  
And lifted up her watery ee;—  
‘Sae lang ’s my heart kens aught o’ God,  
Or light is gladsome to my ee,  
While woods grow green, and burns rin clear,  
Till my last drap o’ blood be still,  
My heart shall haud nae other love,’  
Quo’ the lovely lass of Preston Mill.

“There ’s comely maids on Dee’s wild banks,  
And Nith’s romantic vale is fu’;  
By lanely Cluden’s hermit stream  
Dwells monie a gentle dame, I trow!  
O, they are lights of a gladsome kind,  
As ever shone on vale or hill;  
But there ’s a light puts them a’ out,  
The lovely lass of Preston Mill!”

We know but little of Charles Swain, but that little is sufficient for our purpose. That he is a true-born son of the Muses, we gather from the beautiful volume lately issued from Paternoster Row. Years ago we read his very striking poem called “Dryburgh Abbey,” in which he represented, as in a fine panorama, the principal characters created by Walter Scott in his poems and novels, slowly marching in sad procession at the funeral of their illustrious master.

The “English Melodies” are worthy of the promise given by their author in his earlier years. No one can doubt that, who reads no matter how few of his cheerful, stirring songs. There is much good philosophy in these verses, and they are well worthy a place in the memory:—

“OPEN-HEARTED.

“If you wish to be happy at home,  
Then your heart to that wish is the door;  
Keep it open,—and angels may come,  
And enter, and dwell evermore!  
O’er each feeling a ray will be cast,  
As if lit by some magical gem;  
You will think you’ve found heaven at last,  
But the angels have brought it with them.

“Keep it open,—and friendship and love  
And happiness—all—will be thine:

A gleam of Elysium above !  
 A spark of the spirit divine !  
 Keep it shut, — and then Pride will have birth,  
 And Envy, and all we condemn ;  
 You will think you 've perdition on earth,  
 Pride and Envy have brought it with them.

“ The world will seem colder each day ;  
 'T is an image those demons but throw ;  
 Cast your pride and your envy away,  
 And the world's seeming coldness will go.  
 O, 't is well to be happy at home,  
 And to *this* your own heart be the door ;  
 Keep it open, and angels may come,  
 And enter, and dwell evermore.”

This is, also, sound doctrine poetically expressed: —

“ THERE 'S A CHARM.

“ There 's a charm too often wanted,  
 There 's a power not understood, —  
 Seeds spring upward as they 're planted,  
 Or for evil, or for good !  
 We forget that charm beguiling,  
 Which the voice of sorrow drowns ;  
 Smiles can oft elicit smiling !  
 Frowning can engender frowns !

“ There 's a temper quick in sowing  
 Care, and grief, and discontent ;  
 Ever first and last in showing  
 More in words than language meant ;  
 Ever restless in its nature,  
 Until sorrows set their seal  
 On each pale and fretful feature,  
 And the hidden depths reveal.

“ If a smile engender smiling,  
 If a frown produce a frown,  
 If our lip — the truth defiling —  
 Can the rose of life cast down :  
 Let us learn, ere grief hath bound us,  
 Useless anger to forego ;  
 And bring smiles, like flowers, around us,  
 From which other smiles may grow.”



We have rarely met with any thing in recent verse more redolent of the spirit of the olden time than this choice extract from Mr. Swain's volume.

"SPIRIT OF SONG.

"Thou speak'st of stars, like lovers' eyes,  
That tremble with excess of light ;  
Tell us what star of all the skies  
Can set an honest purpose right,  
What planet aid an upright mind,  
And thou 'lt do something for mankind.

"Thou speak'st of magic tides that flow  
Just as the moon is curved or round ;  
Tell us what tide of earth can show  
Where simple Justice may be found,  
The tide that leaves not truth behind,  
And thou 'lt do something for mankind.

"What fount will keep affection true ?  
What spell will rivet friendship fast ?  
What flower will blighted faith renew,  
And keep hope blooming to the last ?  
O, teach the heart but *these* to find,  
And prove an angel to mankind ! "

Who can tell us something of Henry Alford's history, and why he is not better known ? Read the brief extracts we make from his thin volumes, and find in the wide range of modern English poetry, if possible, deeper tones from the heart. Listen !

"LADY MARY.

"Thou wert fair, Lady Mary,  
As the lily in the sun :  
And fairer yet thou mightest be,  
Thy youth was but begun :  
Thine eye was soft and glancing,  
Of the deep, bright blue ;  
And on the heart thy gentle words  
Fell lighter than the dew.

"They found thee, Lady Mary,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
Even as thou hadst been praying,  
At thine hour of rest :

The cold, pale moon was shining  
On thy cold, pale cheek ;  
And the morn of the Nativity  
Had just begun to break.

“ They carved thee, Lady Mary,  
All of pure white stone,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
In the chancel all alone :  
And I saw thee when the winter moon  
Shone on thy marble cheek,  
When the morn of the Nativity  
Had just begun to break.

“ But thou kneelest, Lady Mary,  
With thy palms upon thy breast,  
Among the perfect spirits,  
In the land of rest :  
Thou art even as they took thee  
At thine hour of prayer,  
Save the glory that is on thee  
From the Sun that shineth there.

“ We shall see thee, Lady Mary,  
On that shore unknown,  
A pure and happy angel  
In the presence of the throne ;  
We shall see thee when the light divine  
Plays freshly on thy cheek,  
And the resurrection morning  
Hath just begun to break.”

And how beautifully these words of comfort float  
soothingly from his lyre!—

“THE DEAD.

“ The dead alone are great !  
While heavenly plants abide on earth,  
The soil is one of dewless dearth ;  
But when they die, a mourning shower  
Comes down and makes their memories flower  
With odors sweet, though late.

“ The dead alone are fair !  
While they are with us, strange lines play  
Before our eyes, and chase away

God's light : but let them pale and die,  
And swell the stores of memory, —  
There is no envy there.

“The dead alone are dear !  
While they are here, long shadows fall  
From our own forms, and darken all :  
But when they leave us, all the shade  
Is round our own sad footsteps made,  
And they are bright and clear.

“The dead alone are blest !  
While they are here, clouds mar the day,  
And bitter snow-falls nip their May ;  
But when their tempest-time is done,  
The light and heat of Heaven's own Sun  
Broods on their land of rest.”

Hearken to another beautiful strain !

“TO A MOONBEAM, BY OUR FIRESIDE.

“What dost thou here ?  
A drop of strange, cold light  
After thy airy flight  
Of many a thousand league of sky ?  
Like glowworm, or the sparkling eye  
Of snake, dost thou appear  
By this my nightly fire, among these faces dear.

“Why art thou come ?  
Is it that night is bleak,  
And thou in vain dost seek  
Some refuge from the chilly wind ?  
And thou no better nook couldst find  
In earth's or heaven's high dome,  
To nestle and be warm, than this our peopled home ?

“Now thou art gone,  
And all thy light dost shroud  
In some swart-bosomed cloud,  
Or waitest on thy mother dear,  
Bridging her way with opal clear,  
Till vapor there is none,  
And silver-bright she walks her peaceful path alone.

“Here and away,  
Bound on no great behest,  
A fleeting spark at best

So high is heaven, or I so low,  
 That the least things that come and go  
 My wandering moods obey,  
 In thoughts that linger by me many a busy day."

Two of the most exquisite sonnets in the language are the following, and we do not forget that Wordsworth is preëminent in that department of poesy.

"THE FUNERAL.

"Slowly and softly let the music go,  
 As ye wind upwards to the gray church-tower ;  
 Check the shrill hautboy, let the pipe breathe low, —  
 Tread lightly on the pathside daisy-flower.  
 For she ye carry was a gentle bud,  
 Loved by the unsunned drops of silver dew ;  
 Her voice was like the whisper of the wood  
 In prime of even, when the stars are few.  
 Lay her all gently in the sacred mould,  
 Weep with her one brief hour ; then turn away, —  
 Go to hope's prison, — and from out the cold  
 And solitary gratings many a day  
 Look forth ; 't is said the world is growing old,  
 And streaks of orient light in Time's horizon play."

"THE MASTER IS COME, AND CALLETH FOR THEE. 11

"Rise, said the Master, come unto the feast ; —  
 She heard the call, and came with willing feet ;  
 But thinking it not otherwise than meet  
 For such a bidding to put on her best,  
 She is gone from us for a few short hours  
 Into her bridal-closet, there to wait  
 For the unfolding of the palace-gate,  
 That gives her entrance to the blissful bowers.  
 We have not seen her yet, though we have been  
 Full often to her chamber-door, and oft  
 Have listened underneath the postern green,  
 And laid fresh flowers, and whispered short and soft.  
 But she hath made no answer, and the day  
 From the clear west is fading fast away."

Mr. Bennett has never collected his poems for publication, but we happen to be in possession of a friendly little volume sent across the Atlantic, from which we shall take the liberty of giving two specimens of its author's poetic ability.



We know of nothing in its way more alive with music than the following.

"THE SKYLARK.

" Quiverer up the golden air, —  
Nested in a golden earth, —  
Mate of hours when thrushes pair,  
Hedges green, and blooms have birth, —  
Up, thou very shout of joy ;  
Gladness wert thou made to fling  
O'er all moods of earth's annoy, —  
Up, through morning, soar and sing.

" Shade by shade hath gloom decreased,  
Westward stars and night have gone,  
Up and up the crimsoning east  
Slowly mounts the golden dawn.  
Up, — thy radiant life was given  
Rapture over earth to fling ;  
Morning hushes, hushed is heaven,  
Dumb to hear thee soaring sing.

" Up, — thy utterance silence robs  
Of the ecstasies of earth,  
Dowering sound with all the throbs  
Of its madness, of its mirth ;  
Tranced lies its golden prime,  
Dumb with utter joy ; — O, fling  
Listening air the raptured time,  
Quivering gladness, soar and sing !

" Up, — no white star hath the west, —  
All is morning, — all is day ;  
Earth in trembling light lies blest, —  
Heaven is sunshine, — up, away ;  
Up, — the primrose lights the lane, —  
Up, — the boughs with gladness ring ;  
Bent are bright-belled flowers again,  
Drooped with bees, — O, soar and sing !

" Ah ! at last thou beat'st the sun,  
Leaving low thy nest of love ;  
Higher, — higher, quivering one,  
Shrill'st thou up and up above ;  
Wheel on wheel, the white day through,  
Might I thus, with ceaseless wing,  
Steep on steep of airy blue  
Fling me up, and soar and sing !

" Spurner of the earth's annoy,  
 Might I thus in heaven be lost! —  
 Like to thee, in gusty joy,  
 O, might I be tempest-tost! —  
 O, that the melodious rain  
 Of thy rapture I might fling  
 Down, till earth should swoon from pain, —  
 Joy, — to hear me soaring sing!

" Yet, high wisdom by thee taught,  
 Were thy mighty rapture mine,  
 While the highest heaven I sought,  
 Naught of earth would I resign;  
 Lost in circling light above,  
 Still my love to earth should fling  
 All its raptures, — still to love  
 Caring but to soar and sing."

And with this keen and glowing tribute from Mr. Bennett's heart to a buried bard, we leave this nest of poet-brethren with our readers.

"SONNET.— TO KEATS.

" O nightingale, thou wert for golden Junes,  
 Not for the gusts of March! — O, not for strife  
 With wind and tempest was thy summer life,  
 Mate of the sultry grasshopper, whose tunes  
 Of ecstasy leap faint up steaming noons,  
 Keen in their gladness as the shrilling fife;  
 With smiles, not sighs, thy days should have been rife, —  
 With quiet, calm as sleeps 'neath harvest-moons;  
 Thee, nature fashioned like the belted bee,  
 Roamer of sunshine, fellow of the flowers,  
 Hiving up honeyed sweets for man, to see  
 No touch of tears in all thy radiant hours;  
 Alas, sweet singer, that thou might'st not live  
 Sunned in the gladness that thou cam'st to give!"

Perhaps neither of the authors whose volumes we have thus briefly mentioned could ever achieve an epic or a tragedy. But what they have written is none the less worthy of a welcome. To indite a song or a sonnet which shall quicken the pulse and warm the heart, — which shall go sounding on into the soul of the reader, and leave, like spring, "no corner of the land untouched," — this is surely an art worth attaining, and one de-

serving the world's best praise. There are occasions in the life of every one when the louder and loftier measures of the lyre sound like discords, "out of tune and harsh." There are pauses in the swift-winged flight of time, when the calmer strains of poesy come with a singular sweetness to the weary, fainting pilgrim. It is for such moments that Swain, and Hervey, and Alford, with others of a kindred genius, are living, to cheer, and soften, and purify with a human tenderness the throbbing heart of man.

J. T. F.

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ART. IV. — BARON HUMBOLDT'S COSMOS.\*

If the modesty of an age were commensurate with its ignorance, if its aim were proportioned to its ability to perform, then we might expect that a *Cosmos*, or a sketch of a physical description of the universe, would be among the latest attempts of the human mind. But, in every generation, there have been men of self-confidence, who, elated by the little acquisitions which had been made in positive knowledge, were unable or unwilling to fathom the deep abysses of human ignorance. They have ever been ready to discourse on the structure and workings of this great universe of matter, and expound even the act of creation. By a rich and magical style of description, by poetical fancies, by native vigor of thought, or by a brilliant imagination, they have entranced their readers, and concealed from them the meagreness of the positive information dispensed with their charm. Not only the majestic march of the phenomena of nature, but the origin of this matchless order and harmony, was the object of contemplation and description at an early period of man's intellectual development.

If this array of material things were brought into existence, partly at least, for the delight and study of man,

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\* *Cosmos: a Sketch of a Physical Description of the Universe.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated from the German by E. C. OTTÉ. London: Henry G. Bohn. 1849. 2 vols. 12mo. pp. 742.

the human mind has been moulded, without doubt, with principles of perception and thought in harmony with it. The highest intellectual view which man ever gains of nature is when he penetrates to its mechanism. Then he beholds it as an exquisitely ordered, though wonderfully complex machine, animated by manifold forces, and unfolding in quiet accordance with those mechanical laws which are inseparably entwined with his fundamental conceptions of matter and motion in relation to force. Some suppose that these primal conceptions do not grow up spontaneously in the mind, but that they are deductions from experience and observation, so that, if nature had moved on by different laws, reason would not have contradicted this new order of things, but have been developed in harmony with it. Others enlarge the prerogatives of the human mind, and give it sovereignty over all outward impressions. In their view, the general laws of mechanics, as understood by minds most highly cultivated in the science, are necessary truths, and a universe in which they were violated would not be fitted for the education of man. Upon this hypothesis, even, who shall say how much of the development of these ideas must be conceded to the unassisted struggles of the mind itself, and how much is prompted by the kindly suggestions of an indulgent nature, made transparent and luminous in the abundant facts of modern science? Tycho Brahe and Galileo, Descartes and Leibnitz, Huyghens and Newton, rejected, each in his turn, what are now held among the commonplaces of science. What imperfect notions of mechanical principles must Galileo have had at one time, to suppose that a magnetic force was requisite, in some point of external space, to keep the earth poised and pointing ever in the same steadfast direction!

But whatever be the origin of those elementary and far-reaching principles of mechanical reasoning to which we have referred, they alone are not sufficient to reveal the Cosmos to us. These principles teach us the relations which exist between force and its effects, particularly its most remarkable effect, which is motion. Even if the laws of motion are necessary, the forces which produce motion, such as gravitation, for example, are not necessary. They might have been different from what



they are in fact. These forces originate in God and dwell in God. We cannot go beyond this origin, neither can we stop short of it. Physical science discusses, not so much the origin of these forces as the mysterious play of their effects. If the devotee of Science, amazed at her grand developments and exalted by her comprehensive generalizations, pauses to inquire in regard to the stability of this goodly edifice which human reason has constructed, he receives no satisfactory answer except in the idea of God. Those branches of science which are most mature, and are already redolent with their ripened fruits, are best understood when regarded as fragmentary sketches of the plan by which God acts. Whenever, in the course of observation or experiment, new discoveries are made, Science enlarges her ideas of the compass of this plan so as to include the strange facts. The plan of nature has not been infringed, but Science has caught another glimpse of the extent, the beauty, and the significance of this plan. The laws of motion are not violated, but new forces are betrayed to our astonished eyes, the conception of which is sufficient to remove the anomaly and reconcile apparent discrepancies. The human mind rests satisfied with this view of the problem of nature, because it always finds, after a closer scrutiny into the past, or the remote, or the obscure, that these forces, imagined for the present emergency, always existed and always acted, often in the most familiar processes, although their silent and unobtrusive, but irresistible, action was overlooked. Large subdivisions of science are built upon forces whose existence was not suspected half a century ago. These forces, and who shall say what others yet to be discovered, lay concealed in the uncleared fields of science: as the planets Uranus and Neptune were buried in the old star-catalogues of Flamsteed and Lalande, though destined one day to burst on the scientific gaze of the astronomer in all their planetary beauty. Science gives no indications that a single new and permanent force has ever been introduced into the arena, where atom conflicts with atom, not, as man contends with man, to desolate the earth, but rather to fertilize and beautify it. Science does not suggest the suspicion that these curious forces which play such important parts before our eyes

were not present, either free or in a latent state, on the first day of the completed creation. When Humboldt assures us that he has seen the copper-colored children of those Indians who live on the banks of the Orinoco, and who represent the lowest grade of humanity, amuse themselves with the electric pastime of rubbing the husks of certain trailing plants until they are excited sufficiently to attract threads of cotton and bits of bamboo-cane, who does not feel a doubt whether History, which transports us over the highways and through the crowded thoroughfares of science, ever conducts us back to the spot, the time, or the individual to whom belongs the earliest notice of any of her primitive facts?

We may believe that God will adhere to his usual plan in the material universe, as interpreted by the light of science. At the same time, we cannot doubt that he might have chosen a different plan, which, nevertheless, would be in harmony with human conceptions and intelligible to the human reason. If this be true, how presumptuous and unsuccessful must all attempts prove to reproduce the plan of creation by human reason alone, unsustained by a careful study of the universe itself as manifested to the senses! The truths of geometry were reasoned out by the great geometers of antiquity, and the demonstrations of Euclid have survived for the admiration and imitation of all succeeding generations. This method of investigation is suited to the exact sciences, but physical truths cannot be built on such intellectual foundations; even the straightforward processes of the mathematics often mislead when applied to physical questions in which the conditions of the problem are imperfectly apprehended. Those writers who have begun with chaos, and constructed their various cosmogonies from this ancient point of departure, are doomed, as the penalty for their rashness, to encounter at the outset that most difficult of all physical inquiries, the existence of atoms. This, accordingly, was a favorite subject of discussion with the early philosophers. The great idea of the Cosmos was often obscured in their writings by the passion and confusion excited by this conflict in regard to the atomic hypothesis. Still more gloomy was the task of those who, like Epicurus and his poetical commentator Lucretius, recognized in their conceited system

no divine power. Whoever wishes to learn the superiority of the inductive over the speculative method of studying the universe may compare the cosmogony of Hesiod with Sir William Herschel's enlarged views upon the construction of the heavens, or the crude origin which Buffon has assigned to the planetary system with the nebular hypothesis of Laplace. And still more, if any one wish to know the value of faith even in intellectual pursuits, he may read the poem of Lucretius on the Nature of Things, and then turn to the hundred and fourth Psalm or the thirty-seventh chapter of the Book of Job.

"We are astonished," says Humboldt in reference to the grand representation of the Cosmos contained in the hundred and fourth Psalm, "to find, in a lyrical poem of such a limited compass, the whole universe, the heavens and the earth, sketched with a few bold touches. The calm and toilsome labor of man, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, when his daily work is done, is here contrasted with the moving life of the elements of nature. This contrast and generalization in the conception of the mutual action of natural phenomena, and this retrospection of an omnipresent, invisible power, which can renew the earth or crumble it to dust, constitute a solemn and exalted rather than a glowing and gentle form of poetic creation." — p. 413.

We quote the following passage from Humboldt, in regard to Hebrew poetry in general: —

"The Hebrew poet does not depict nature as a self-dependent object, glorious in its individual beauty, but always as in relation and subjection to a higher spiritual power. Nature is to him a work of creation and order, the living expression of the omnipresence of the Divinity in the visible world. Hence the lyrical poetry of the Hebrews, from the very nature of its subject, is grand and solemn, and when it treats of the earthly condition of mankind, is full of sad and pensive longing." — p. 412.

After the disparaging statement we have made of the speculative opinions of the ancient philosophers on physical science, it must be admitted that occasionally they have anticipated some discovery or generalization of modern science. Nevertheless, we now regard the works of Strabo, Aristotle, Seneca, and Pliny (the conclusion of whose immense work was discovered in 1831, and first printed in 1836) with interest, not because we admire or adopt their speculations, but rather that we may ob-

tain possession of facts, to be incorporated into the framework of our own cosmogony.

The tendency to speculate on natural science, rather than to study it, has not been confined to the ancient schools of philosophy. It is not surprising that, in all ages, ingenious and restless minds, impatient of the laborious and slow investigation of the laws of nature by tedious experiments and observations, and disheartened by the comparison of what was done with what remained to be achieved, have attempted to burst the barriers of the inductive method, and to anticipate the discoveries of a later age by a bold guess. The world, too, impatient of going to school so long to Nature, and advancing by gradual steps from her elemental teachings to those profound lessons which she is ever ready to give to the prepared mind, has applauded with sympathizing heart these deliverers from the ancient thralldom. A single happy surmise, which has afterwards been confirmed, is sufficient to outweigh their numerous failures, and to vindicate for them the title of nature's most gifted and prophetic seers. In allusion to such speculations, in which Kepler was fond of indulging, Humboldt makes the following just remarks:—

“Presentient propositions of this nature, felicitous conjectures of that which was subsequently discovered, excited general interest, whilst none of Kepler's contemporaries, including Galileo, conferred any adequate praise on the discovery of the three laws, which, since Newton and the promulgation of the theory of gravitation, have immortalized the name of Kepler. Cosmical considerations, even when based merely on feeble analogies and not on actual observations, riveted the attention more powerfully then, as they still frequently do, than the most important results of *calculating astronomy*.” — p. 711.

Vast changes have taken place in the condition of the positive sciences during the last two centuries. The principle of a division of labor, so economical in industrial pursuits, has proved of eminent service, also, in the explorations of science. The ambition for universal knowledge is as rare as it is hopeless now. As the horizon enlarges, one subdivision after another is made, and if any one excel in a single department, however narrow, his usefulness no less than his fame exceeds those of any wandering star, be it ever so brilliant. Hence has come



the rapid accumulation of materials for a *Cosmos*, almost overwhelming from their number and variety. It has been estimated that the recent magnetic crusade, undertaken at the solicitation of Humboldt by many of the governments and scientific associations of the Old and New World, and which has been protracted to nine years, will alone furnish at the rate of 1,958,000 observations for every three years of its operation. Here is a chaos, but a totally different one from that which appalled the ancient philosophers. It is the chaos, not of ignorance, but of profuse knowledge. On the first announcement of the work under review, an extraordinary interest was felt by literary and scientific men to look upon a sketch of a physical description of the Universe, drawn by the masterly hand of one so profoundly conversant with all her changing features and so long enamoured with her unfading charms. No one could have approached the task with better preparation than Humboldt. A long life of study and travel, of meditation and experiment, from early dawn to a twilight of old age, had enriched the field of which he was now to reap the late harvest. Perhaps we should qualify some of the remarks already made, in favor of Humboldt. For his labors were expanded over a wide area, without being superficial or inaccurate. There is scarcely a department of natural or physical science on which he has not at some period of his life left his impression. There is hardly a region of the globe which he has not personally explored. The plants and animals of the tropics are no strangers to his eyes, and he is equally at home beneath the constellations of either hemisphere. No one before has surveyed this planet, its surface, its animal and vegetable productions, its contents, its solid and fluid portions, the aerial garment in which it is enveloped, and the heavens which bend over it from pole to pole, with so broad and penetrating a glance. An insatiable thirst for travel, originating, probably, in deeper instincts than those to which Humboldt ascribes it, did not let him rest till he had gazed with scientific curiosity on the wonderful phases of all the different zones.

“In limiting myself,” says Humboldt, “to the simple consideration of the incitements to a scientific study of nature, I would not, however, omit calling attention to the fact, that impressions

arising from apparently accidental circumstances often — as is repeatedly confirmed by experience — exercise so powerful an effect on the youthful mind as to determine the whole direction of a man's career through life. The child's pleasure in the form of countries, and of seas and lakes, as delineated in maps; the desire to behold southern stars invisible in our hemisphere; the representation of palms and cedars of Lebanon, as depicted in our illustrated Bibles, — may all implant in the mind the first impulse to travel into distant countries. If I might be permitted to instance my own experience, and to recall to mind the source from whence sprang my early and fixed desire to visit the land of the tropics, I should name George Foster's *Delineations of the South Sea Islands*, the pictures of Hodge which represented the shores of the Ganges and which I first saw at the house of Warren Hastings in London, and a colossal dragon-tree in an old tower of the botanical garden at Berlin." — pp. 371, 372.

The scientific novelties of Europe were exhausted by Humboldt in his youth, and his attention was early directed to the tropics. Having gone to Spain in 1799, with the intention of entering Africa from that corner, an accident, he tells us, diverted his thoughts from Africa to tropical America. Had it been otherwise, it is not probable that this New World, with all its novel fascinations for the scientific traveller, would have remained for ever unvisited by Humboldt, when once the passion for foreign travel had been kindled in his soul. But it will not, certainly, be hanging too weighty issues upon so trivial a circumstance, if we trace back to the interposition of the court of Madrid in behalf of its Spanish possessions in America, the fulness with which Humboldt has illustrated the geography of the New World, and the prominence which his visit to America assumes among the incidents of his life. No man has done as much] to make the physical characteristics of tropical America familiar to mankind all over the world, and his own name, although that of a foreigner, familiar to American ears.

The high aim of all Humboldt's travels and studies we may gather from his own interesting words: —

"The principal impulse by which I was directed was the earnest endeavour to comprehend the phenomena of physical objects in their general connection, and to represent nature as one great whole, moved and animated by internal forces." — *Preface*, p. ix.

Unlike most of his predecessors who have cherished the same idea and attempted to execute it, Humboldt was fully alive to its difficulty as well as its grandeur, and was deeply sensible of the preparation it required.

"My intercourse," he says, "with highly gifted men early led me to discover, that, without an earnest striving to attain to a knowledge of special branches of study, all attempts to give a grand and general view of the universe would be nothing more than a vain illusion." — *Preface*, p. ix.

After fondly nursing his vast scientific project for half a century, sometimes in hope and not seldom also in despair, but never utterly renouncing it, he feels at last, not that he is ready to write, but that he must write it now or die without seeing it finished. Before committing his thoughts to a permanent form, in which they should address posterity, Humboldt rehearses them, as it were, before the great publics of Paris and Berlin, in lectures delivered in the French and German languages. It was no ordinary gathering where the rich, the powerful, and the learned, in those foci of science and literature, assembled to listen to the living voice of one who had instructed and charmed by his writings for half a century, and to catch the dying tones of the venerable philosopher.

With this brief notice of the history of Humboldt's *Cosmos*, we pass to the work itself. It would be impossible, within moderate limits, to give a complete analysis of its varied contents, — and it is not necessary. We must refer the reader for this to the careful abstracts which the author himself has furnished of his own work. The subject opens with an introduction, in which the author describes in feeling language the diverse ways in which the material universe addresses man as a being of sensation, sentiment, and reason, and the various gratification which it yields to the poet, the natural philosopher, and the childlike gaze of the admiring savage. He depicts in vivid colors, as one who has himself seen and loved it all, the contrasts which this variegated planet might present to a beholder who could look down upon the whole of it, from pole to pole, at a single glance, — here crowned with flowers and basking in the hot sun, there cold and majestic and unapproachable, — in one

spot a garden and in another a wilderness, — its waters either stagnant, or falling in cataracts, or gleaming in the moonbeams, — its vast ocean in one zone racked by tempests, and in another zone frozen as death. He carries the reader through the development of the cosmical idea, from the earliest efforts of intelligence down to this present time, and leads him to observe how it is that the natural philosopher of this generation, while he is not beset by the fears which haunt the imaginations of those who regard nature with superstitious ignorance, has disclosed to his observing eyes other mysteries which challenge his wonder, love, and adoration. In the order in which his subject is arrayed, Humboldt has kept that part of his work which relates to the earth subordinate to the general Cosmos, in which our little planet ought to figure only as a very small unit. But, for obvious reasons, the space allowed to the earth, though less comparatively than in works on physical geography, is still much larger than what is bestowed on all the rest of the Cosmos. While the solar system has offered the finest field for the application of mathematics, physics and chemistry are confined almost exclusively to the earth, so far as they are subjects of human study. Sidereal astronomy, with the exception of the few binary systems which have been reduced under the dominion of mechanics, has advanced only to the condition of natural history. The position, form, color, brightness, whether fixed or changing, of every visible object in the firmament may be registered. But distance has spread a thick veil between our senses and the forces, mechanical, physical, or chemical, organic and inorganic, which are moulding the domestic condition of each body. To our mental gaze each of these stars is like our earth, nay, like our sun, with manifold earths for its dependents; and on each one is marshalled the same array of forces and affinities which we study in this microcosm. So, likewise, the mote which is flying in the sun may contain as much variety as a planet. But neither the one nor the other can be the same to us, with senses constituted on a finite scale, as the planet on which we live, which is neither too small to be minutely studied, nor too distant to manifest its details. Only to the omnipresent and omniscient God, with whom nothing is large or small,



near or remote, can this universe preserve its true proportions. If human reason, assisted by the human senses, were able to draft the skeleton of a Cosmos in which the space expended on the various subjects should be proportioned to their true rank in the universe, how many chapters would be filled up by conjectures, and how many more would exhibit nothing but an awful blank, until another state of existence is attained where the senses are less partial!

The precise aim of Humboldt's work will be best understood from the following quotations, which must disarm the criticism of those who expect from it the complete philosophy of nature:—

“It is not the purpose of this essay on the physical history of the world to reduce all sensible phenomena to a small number of abstract principles, based on reason only. The physical history of the universe, whose exposition I attempt to develop, does not pretend to rise to the perilous abstractions of a purely rational science of nature, and is simply a *physical geography, combined with a description of the regions of space and the bodies occupying them*. Devoid of the profoundness of a purely speculative philosophy, my essay on the *Cosmos* treats of the contemplation of the universe, and is based upon a rational empiricism, that is to say, upon the results of the observations registered by science, and tested by the operations of the intellect. It is within these limits alone that the work, which I now venture to undertake, appertains to the sphere of labor, to which I have devoted myself throughout the course of my long scientific career. This path of inquiry is not unknown to me, although it may be pursued by others with greater success. The unity which I seek to attain in the development of the great phenomena of the universe, is analogous to that which historical composition is capable of acquiring. All points relating to the accidental individualities and the essential variations of the actual, whether in the form and arrangement of natural objects, in the struggle of man against the elements, or of nations against nations, do not admit of being based only on a *rational foundation*; that is to say, of being deduced from ideas alone.” — pp. 29, 30.

And again, near the close of his introduction, Humboldt says:—

“We are still very far from the time when it will be possible for us to reduce, by the operation of thought, all that we perceive by the senses to the unity of a rational principle. It may even be doubted if such a victory could ever be achieved in the field

of natural philosophy. The complication of phenomena, and the vast extent of the Cosmos, would seem to oppose such a result; but even a partial solution of the problem — the tendency towards a comprehension of the phenomena of the universe — will not the less remain the eternal and sublime aim of every investigation of nature." — p. 58.

The introduction to the *Cosmos* is followed by a rapid review of the general phenomena of nature. This review starts from the remotest regions of space yet revealed to the exalted senses of man; with those indistinct nebulous patches of light, whence no sound comes to the earth, and whose vast distance might fatigue even the swift light. It then passes over the clusters of stars, the binary and double stars, the solar system, including the comets, till at last it reaches the surface of our own planet, where it begins to loiter. As Science in her grand survey approaches the earth, not only does the eye become more scrutinizing, but other senses are converted into instruments of research. We hear and handle matter, as well as see it; we make experiments, and cross-examine Nature as well as passively observe her. If the recognition of the existence and position of the most distant bodies contented us, we investigate motion in nearer bodies, and in the nearest, all other mechanical or physical peculiarities. But the earth, after all, is man's present home; not the home of his body and his affections merely, but also of his intellect. We may catch infrequent glimpses of the starry hosts, we may study the motions of the comets and planets and a few stars, we may even search with prying eyes into the domestic arrangement of those bodies which come nearest to the earth, but the earth is the only place where we meet Nature face to face and become conversant with all her mysterious windings. On this sphere, all the sciences may display their best capacities. Astronomy and optics may measure and weigh the whole planet, and reveal to us her threefold motion of revolution, rotation, and nutation; mechanics may apply the laws of motion to this superhuman machine; geography may describe the rich surface of the earth; geodesy may measure its inaccessible heights and distances, and triangulate from mountain to mountain across its valleys; geology may plant its fingers beneath the surface, and disclose the journal of the earth's experience in its strati-

fications; zoölogy and botany, physics and chemistry, history and paleontology, may all be employed in the service of teaching us the wonderful play of forces, organic and inorganic, material and spiritual, which have guided the destinies of this planet and its inhabitants from the creation to the present hour. Nothing short of a life lengthened out to fourscore years, and made successful by the steady pursuit of a single elevated end, would have sufficed for gathering the materials requisite for a review of nature as at present interpreted by human science.

The Argus eyes of modern science have made new discoveries, even while the written delineation of nature, however complete, was waiting to be printed and published to the world. The ponderous works of Pliny, Aristotle, and Ptolemy have served the world as magazines and text-books of science for centuries, and given to their authors a dominion over the minds of mankind more enduring far than the empires of Alexander or Cæsar, and no less extensive. At the present day, works of the same description must be rewritten once in ten years, or they will grow obsolete. More planets have been added to the solar system since the first publication of Humboldt's work, in 1845, than were known to Hipparchus, Copernicus, or Newton, and nearly twice as many as had been added for the two thousand years preceding. The gifted translator has not failed to supply by notes, as far as was in her power, this and other unavoidable deficiencies. But she could not clip the wings of discovery. Two more planets have been annexed to the solar system since the publication of her translation. Since the publication of the original, the old systems of satellites have been enlarged and new systems begun, for the first time during the present century. The discovery of the satellite Hyperion by Mr. Bond, of the Cambridge Observatory, is a memorable event in the history of American astronomy, as being the first accession which has been made to man's knowledge of the permanent bodies of the solar system on this western continent.

The translator has furnished a note on the vexed question of the discovery of Neptune, which contrasts most favorably for her with the ungenerous and inaccurate statements of Sir John Herschel in his *Outlines of*

**Astronomy.** After a lucid account of the circumstances which created at first a bare suspicion of the existence of the trespassing planet outside of Uranus, and afterwards a confident belief in it, and of the singular confirmation, in appearance, of Leverrier's prediction by Galle's discovery, the translator adds:—

“As the data of Leverrier and Adams stand at present, there is a discrepancy between the predicted and the true distance, and in some other elements of the planet; it remains, therefore, for these or future astronomers to reconcile theory with fact, or, perhaps, as in the case of Uranus, to make the new planet the means of leading to yet greater discoveries. It would appear from the most recent observations that the mass of Neptune, instead of being, as at first stated,  $\frac{1}{3300}$  of the sun's mass, is only about  $\frac{1}{23000}$ , whilst its periodic time is now given, with a greater probability, at 166 years, and its mean distance from the sun nearly 30.” — pp. 75, 76, note.

She had already stated that the period of Leverrier's predicted planet was 217 years, and its mean distance 36 times the earth's distance from the sun. These astonishing discrepancies, so large as to destroy any identity once supposed to exist between the predicted and discovered planets, were first boldly proclaimed by Professor Peirce, to the American Academy at Boston, on the 16th of March, 1847. This result was hastened by the excellent orbit which had already been calculated for Neptune by Professor S. C. Walker, who conjectured that a star observed by Lalande in 1795, and now missing from his catalogue, might have been this planet. On the 27th of January, 1847, Mr. G. P. Bond communicated to the Academy the circular elements of Neptune, calculated from the observations made at Cambridge. Unless the new planet moved in an orbit much more eccentric than the other large planets, these elements (among which were the distance 30 and the period of 164 years) must approximate closely to the real elements. From these calculations, repeated also by himself, Professor Peirce concluded that the planet Neptune was not the planet to which geometrical analysis had directed the telescope, and that it could not account for the observed perturbations of Uranus under the form of the inequalities observed in Leverrier's analysis. But he added,—“It is not, however, a necessary conclusion, that



Neptune will not account for the perturbations of Uranus, for its probable mean distance of about 30 is so much less than the limits of the previous researches, that no inference from them can be safely extended to it."

In the course of a few months, a satellite to Neptune was discovered, the observed orbit of which supplied materials for making a direct and independent calculation of the mass of Neptune. Mr. Peirce made two determinations, differing only five per cent. from each other. The first, and smallest, was based exclusively on Mr. Bond's observations; the second was derived from the collation of Mr. Bond's observations with those of Lassell, the discoverer of the satellite. Both made the mass of Neptune only one half as large as Leverrier's theoretical disturber, and only one third as large as the analytical planet of Adams. They are considerably smaller than the mass calculated by Struve from the Pulkova observations, although that is less than half as large as the mass of Adams's theory. Sir John Herschel has adopted the largest of Peirce's estimates, in his elements of the planet Neptune. By common consent, the mass of Neptune, the period of his revolution, the size and shape of his orbit, are totally unlike those of either of the predicted planets, and fully justify the early declaration of Mr. Peirce, that the discovery of a planet by Galle, in the same spot of the heavens to which Leverrier had requested the telescope to be pointed for his own geometrical planet, was a happy accident. For what can identify a planet, if not its mass and its motions? In these respects, there is as much difference between the expected and the real planet as between Saturn and Jupiter. A whole generation of man is not long enough to measure the difference in their periods of revolution, and three times the breadth of the earth's orbit is not too large to express the difference in their distances from the sun.

We have always thought the issue between Leverrier and Peirce a plain one. There are two circumstances which have naturally created a presumption in Leverrier's favor. In the first place, there is the history of the facts relating to the discovery of Neptune, which took all hearts by storm. This, however, is not the only time, even in science, that, in looking for one thing, another has been found. In the second place, it appears that

Neptune will explain the perturbations of Uranus better even than the other planet, if that mass is given to it which was calculated from Mr. Bond's observations on the satellite. This was admirably shown by Mr. Peirce, in his communication to the Academy on the 7th of March, 1848. The troublesome observation of 1690, which Adams could not explain within 50", and Leverrier within 19", was accounted for in Mr. Peirce's theory to less than one second. So, then, it is urged, not only was a planet discovered where Leverrier directed astronomers to look for it, but the very planet which disturbs Uranus. Must it not, then, be the predicted planet? This objection to Mr. Peirce's view of the discovery is a plausible one, and we are not surprised at the weight which has been allowed to it. For it is a case where more time and thought are needed to understand the answer to the objection, than to understand the objection itself. But to those who will give the time and thought, the answer is perfectly satisfactory.

It is to be observed that the predicted planet was not strictly in the same place as the discovered planet, but merely in the same direction from the earth. The moon every night comes into the same direction from the earth as some one or more of the stars. But no one on this account confounds the moon with those stars. They are in the same direction, but not in the same place. One is billions of miles beyond the other. So on the night of Galle's discovery, though the expected and discovered planets were both in the direction of the telescope, they were not in the same place; one was many millions of miles beyond the other. If this difference in their position had been perpendicular to the visual ray, instead of being parallel to it, the real body would not have been in the field of the telescope when it was pointed to the ideal one, and the discovery would not have been made. Who, then, would have said that Leverrier's calculation was successful? Yet, in this supposed case, the difference between the geometrical and the observed planet would have been no greater than it is now. The real and the ideal planet both move so slowly, that, when once in the same direction, they will remain so sensibly for many days. But take them at this moment, or take them two years or more before the discovery was made,

and they are not in the same direction. How can it be said that Leverrier had ascertained by geometry, and in his study, without looking to the heavens, the orbit of an unknown body, if his theory was good for 1846, and would not have been good for any year before or since? Herschel is disposed to sacrifice a large part of the triumph of Leverrier for the sake of saving a little. It was not, he says, the intention of Leverrier's problem, "from such obviously uncertain indications as the observed discordances could give, to determine as astronomical quantities the axis, eccentricity, and mass of the disturbing planet, but practically to discover where to look for it; when, if once found, these elements would have been far better ascertained." This ingenious specimen of special pleading is not creditable to the illustrious explorer of the astronomy of two hemispheres. The suggestion is refuted by the following remarks of Leverrier, which were uttered at a time when he and all the world with him were dazzled and delighted by the brilliancy of his apparent success:—"We may hope, that, after thirty or forty years of observations of the new planet, we shall be able to use it in turn to discover that which stands next to it in order of distance from the sun. And so on. Unhappily, we shall soon fall upon stars, invisible in consequence of their immense distance from the sun, but whose orbits, eventually, in the lapse of ages, will be traced with great accuracy by the theory of secular inequalities." Because Professor Peirce has assumed that Leverrier undertook to do as much as this in the single case of Neptune, Sir John Herschel charges him with a total misconception of the nature of the problem. In another place Herschel intimates that Leverrier's calculations only had reference to one favorable moment; if they were true for that epoch, it was all he claimed for them. Indeed, a part of his rare merit consisted in foreseeing and seizing the happy time. "The blossom had been watched with interest in its development, and the fruit was gathered in the very moment of maturity." Facts do not warrant any such statement. Both Adams and Leverrier took up the problem at a time when it was exciting general attention among astronomers; they finished it as soon as they could, and they looked for the planet as soon as the calculation was finished. If the

year 1846 was propitious for them, they knew nothing of it beforehand.

The other circumstance which we mentioned as misleading the judgment of many on this subject is the fact that the discovered planet is the body which disturbs Uranus. As Leverrier was hunting for the body which disturbed Uranus, why was not this body the one which Leverrier was looking for? It must certainly be, unless there may be two very different bodies, either of which would produce the same effect on Uranus as the other. There are whole classes of problems in mathematics, in which there are two answers, each of which is equally well suited to the conditions. This was the case with the problem which Leverrier undertook to solve. It had two very different answers. There were two planets, either of which, if it existed, would explain the derangements in the motions of Uranus. Geometrically considered, either was possible, and, it may be, equally possible. Physically speaking, one was impossible: which was it? Guided by the analogy improperly called Bode's law, Leverrier pronounced in favor of one; whereas the physical discovery now shows that God had created the other. As a mathematician, Leverrier knew that there were two solutions to the problem. But placing too much confidence in an analogy already partially disproved, Leverrier turned his back at the outset upon one as a physical impossibility, and gave all his attention to the other. This decision does not affect the accuracy of his geometrical theory, for it was a decision in which geometry had no part. But it makes the theory inapplicable to the existing state of nature. These remarks, we think, are sufficient to show that the discovery of a planet which accounts for the disturbances of Uranus is no proof, by itself, that it is the predicted planet. On the contrary, the discovered planet is one which Leverrier deliberately rejected as physically incredible, and unworthy of farther examination. This, as we have said, was a mistake of judgment, and no fault of his mathematics. If he had allowed himself to entertain the idea of its existence, and had calculated its effects, he would have obtained the other solution to his problem, and entitled himself to the high distinction of having geometrically discovered a new planet before it had ever been seen by the tele-



scope. The perturbations assume so novel a character, under the actual distance of Neptune, compared with what they wear in Leverrier's supposed distance, that the same methods of investigation which apply to the latter are not available for the former. Sir John Herschel has attempted to show, by a little numerical calculation, that, at some particular epochs, the disturbing force of the real planet, with its smaller mass and distance, will be nearly equal to that of the predicted planet, with its larger mass and distance, the greater mass balancing the greater distance. So much even as this is not true, if Peirce's mass, which best explains the disturbances of Uranus and which Herschel himself elsewhere adopts, is employed. If it were true, it would be nothing to the purpose. Mr. Peirce has conceded much more than this, viz. that Leverrier's analysis was correct, and that the predicted planet, if it existed, would explain the disturbances of Uranus; but he has also shown that the perturbations produced by the two bodies are altogether different in amount. This apparent paradox is explained by the consideration, that the geometer starts, not with the real orbit of Uranus, but with its disturbed orbit. Now, one class of disturbances, exerted upon a certain real orbit, will change it to the disturbed orbit actually observed; and a wholly different class of disturbances, acting upon a different orbit, will convert that also into the disturbed orbit which is actually observed. Any attempt to temporize, by confounding the two planets together, by merging the two solutions into one, or by representing that the original end proposed in the investigation was not to find with geometrical rigor the orbit of the planet, but simply to discover within loose limits the direction of the planet at one particular time, must, if successful, sacrifice the permanent reputation of Leverrier as a geometer to a moment's popular applause.

The discoveries which have been made, even in the single science of astronomy, since the publication of Humboldt's work, are not limited to individual objects. Laws and principles of motion have been discovered, which, if they have not yet been rigidly demonstrated, have the character of high probability. Hitherto, attempts have been made, but in vain, to discover a law which should connect the periods of rotation of the

planets with one another, or with some other of their astronomical elements. At length Mr. Kirkwood has sent forth, from his quiet retreat in Pennsylvania, an analogy, discovered by himself, which forcibly reminds us of the form, as well as the history, of Kepler's third law. The celebrated law of Kepler states that the squares of the periods of revolution of the planets are as the cubes of their mean distances from the sun. Kirkwood's law makes the squares of the periods of rotation of the planets inversely as the cubes of their spheres of attraction. From the insufficiency and inaccuracy of existing data in regard to the periods and masses of the planets, it is not possible to say, at this time, whether this remarkable announcement, made to the American Scientific Association during their late meeting at Cambridge, will meet with that exact numerical confirmation which is demanded of a law of nature. But present appearances are decidedly in its favor.

We will dwell no longer on these unavoidable deficiencies of Humboldt's work. That part which we have been reviewing, though often heavy from the great variety of subjects discussed and the vast number of facts detailed, will be a valuable magazine of information, and will furnish to the American reader particularly such statements and authorities as are least familiar to him. German works, which are rare in this country or only known by their title, are freely used by Humboldt. If the English reader does not meet always with the favorite authors in his own tongue, he incurs no loss thereby, as they are easily accessible to him elsewhere. We can spare the investigations of Bailly on the earth's density, if we are presented with those of Reich; we can afford to exchange the meteorological researches of Reid, Redfield, and Espy for those of Dove and Kämpf; we know where to go for the calculations of Peirce and Walker on the meteors (or star-snuff, as the Germans call them), and are satisfied with Humboldt's account of the researches of Olbers, Chladni, Brandes, and Benzenberg in this department. We intend here to make no criticism upon his work, but only to call attention to a general and natural fact. A startling discovery, wherever made, is instantly circulated on all the winds. But it is not so

with the humble labors which fill out the daily life of the larger number of the students of nature. Each radiates out and illuminates his little sphere, but few of his beams travel over the whole earth. At one time, the science and literature of each country were isolated by the general wars of Europe. But the barrier of a foreign language is greater than that of war, greater than that which the broad ocean has thrown up between Europe and America. An English work costs the American republisher nothing; a German or French book must be taxed with the cost of being translated. If men of science were as familiar with the foreign languages of Europe as with their mother tongue, the whole difficulty would not be removed. Our libraries must be enlarged, and their alcoves must be filled with the oldest and newest publications in every language. Those who are fresh from foreign travel may be familiar for a time with the science and literature of remote circles; but a second visit, after a few years, teaches them how soon and how far they fall into arrears. Our libraries must be frequently replenished, or our men of science and our scholars will be ignorant of what is doing in their favorite departments. We do not wish to make any disparaging comparisons in regard to the scientific value of different countries. We only mean to say, that the man of science, wherever his lot is cast, will naturally recur most frequently to his own small circle, and dwell longest in it, and therefore needs all the encouragement which books can give to take larger views. The work of Humboldt may be valuable to us by breaking down whatever is local or partial in our science, and opening our eyes upon a wider horizon.

In the course of this summary of all the sciences, in which Humboldt had the advantage, not only of his own extensive learning, but also of that of the distinguished scholar W. Humboldt, his brother, much light, which, if not wholly new, has not been generally diffused, has been cast on the history of inventions and discoveries, and the first origin of remarkable facts has been pushed farther back upon the past. Seneca was acquainted with the transparency of the tails of comets, and Democritus had seen stars in the midst of the solid nucleus. The articulated form of Europe, to which it owes, in part, its lead in human civilization, was pointed out by Strabo, who has

also, in a passage overlooked by the Spanish writers of Columbus's age, distinctly affirmed the existence of a new continent between the western shores of Europe and the eastern shores of India. Antiquarian researches prove that Manæchmēs knew the properties of conic sections, and that Rufus of Ephesus distinguished between nerves of sensation and motion. It is mentioned in a single inscription, that in Abyssinia, under an equatorial sun, snow exists at great elevations, in which the traveller sinks to his knees. This notice preceded by fifteen hundred years the discovery of the same fact in America. Humboldt quotes from the unpublished work of Jacobi, on the mathematical knowledge of the Greeks, a passage in which the author comments on "the profound consideration of nature evinced by Anaxagoras, in whom we read with astonishment a passage asserting that the moon, if its centrifugal force ceased, would fall to the earth like a stone from a sling." A more careful exploration into Chinese and Arabian literature has modified the history of discoveries comparatively modern. According to Sedillot, the moon's disturbance, called the variation, the discovery of which is usually attributed to Tycho Brahe, is mentioned by Abul Wefa in his *Almagest*. Biot, however, refers the allusion of the Arab to a part of the disturbance called evection. Gunpowder was not discovered by the Arabs, but was used to blast rocks in the Harz Mountains two hundred years before the time of Berthold Schwarz. Before the time of Vasco de Gama, the compass was used in European seas; and previous to the poem of Guyot in the twelfth century it was known to the Arabs, who received it from the Chinese. In the second century before Christ, magnetic cars are described as having been used in China nine hundred years before; in the fourth century of our era, the Chinese used the needle to navigate their seas. The old way of imparting magnetism to iron by hammering it goes back to the third century. Humboldt does not claim for Columbus the discovery of the variation of the needle; (that must have been noticed even in the Mediterranean;) but the discovery of the line of no variation in the Atlantic Ocean. He also corrects the statement of Gassendi, who said that the sheets of Copernicus were brought to his bedside a few *hours* before he died, instead of days. Humboldt has given many



details in regard to the invention of the telescope, and its early use in discovering Jupiter's satellites, the phases of Venus, and the solar spots, which will be interesting to the historian of science. He mentions with approbation the opinion of Arago, that "the only rational and just method of writing the history of science is to base it exclusively on works the date of whose publication is certain. All beyond this must be confused and obscure." Humboldt quotes the following sentence from Apelt's recent work:—"The remarkable law of the distances, which is usually known under the name of Bode's law, (or that of Titius,) is the discovery of Kepler, who, after many years of persevering industry, deduced it from the observations of Tycho de Brahe." Bode said that it was first suggested to him by a note to Titius's translation of the "*Contemplation de la Nature*," by Bonnet. Occasionally Humboldt indulges in personal reminiscences which are always interesting. We seem to read with him the following inscription on the marble tablet of the old Jesuits' College at Quito:—"Penduli simplicis æquinotialis unius minuti secundi archetypus, mensuræ naturalis exemplar, utinam universalis." Speaking of the once common notion of a subterranean world inside of the earth, inhabited by plants and animals, Humboldt says:—"Near the north pole, at 82° latitude, whence the polar light emanates, was an enormous opening, through which a descent might be made into the hollow sphere, and Sir Humphrey Davy and myself were even publicly and frequently invited by Captain Symmes to enter upon this subterranean expedition."

The second volume of Humboldt's *Cosmos* is divided into two parts. The first recites the various incitements to a study of nature, and the second recalls the most conspicuous phases in the history of the physical contemplation of the universe. The poetical delineation of nature, landscape-painting, and the cultivation of exotic plants, are dwelt upon as furnishing the strongest stimulus to the study of nature. Poetical descriptions of nature abound in every literature. Deep-seated peculiarities of race, the physiognomy of the country, and the form of religious belief, have been instilled into these descriptions. In one book they are elaborately drawn out, in another we find a few incidental touches; sometimes it is science

clothed simply in the forms of poetry; again, it is the spirit of poetry, which fires the soul. Now we have a few touching lines, with which the poet aims to grace a scene which has been made memorable by some act of heroism or devotion; or by which he attempts to hide the deformity of a spot which has been cursed by human passions. Once it was the effusion of sentimentalism, then it was the offspring of fatalism, and not seldom it has been the outpouring of the Christian heart which looks behind nature to its God. These poetical descriptions often produce the greatest effect when least didactic.

Nature appeals to the human heart in many tones. She addresses man as a rational being, who can understand her harmonies and enjoy her nice obedience to geometrical rules. She addresses him also as a moral and religious being, who came from the same Creator that fashioned her own fair forms. If we exclude from our idea of Nature man and God, if we study only her order and harmony, and forget that here is the home of man and the manifestation of God, how much of her fascination would she retain, even for the man of science? Those who have stirred the world most profoundly by their descriptions of nature, have blended with them the pursuits of agriculture, the struggles of the pioneer, the dangers of the sailor, or the still watches of the astronomer. The heathen painted nature as the background to project the deeds of man; the Christian does it to glorify the works of God. A passion for Nature, such as is nurtured by poetical delineations of her charms, is not confined to the tender and retiring; it animated the brave heart of Columbus more even than ambition or any sterner passion. Humboldt pays a beautiful tribute to the tenderness which graced the character of that unlettered seaman; he also calls attention to the same loving spirit which cheered the hearts of the early Christian martyrs. Humboldt's own fondness for nature was not cold and scientific, but overflowing with sentiment.

Poetical descriptions of nature should not be undervalued for the information they convey. As Newton calculated the figure of the earth without moving from his arm-chair, so we, through the medium of good books, may behold with our mental vision the natural scenery of all latitudes.

Humboldt remarks that, among the ancients, as nature was subordinate to real life, so painting was subordinate to sculpture. He considers the seventeenth century as the great epoch of landscape-painting. The hope is indulged that, at some future day, when artificial social distinctions have ceased and free governments have been established, the cities of South America, which stand fourteen thousand feet above the level of the sea, and from this novel position behold Nature under phases so different from those she wears in Greece, Italy, or any part of Europe, will give birth to a new spirit of art, to commemorate the scenes which have created it.

The third incitement to the study of nature which Humboldt particularly describes is the cultivation of exotic forms. The rich and powerful, in all nations, have delighted to collect around them the wonders of distant lands for the purposes of ornament or science. Humboldt discredits the story that Philip and Alexander, in their magnificent patronage of Aristotle, appropriated eight hundred talents as presents, and supported by the thousand collectors of specimens, overseers of fish-ponds, and bird-keepers. The Emperor Augustus, it is said, made the first collection of fossils. We quote the following from Humboldt, in regard to the amount of influence to be expected from these things:—

“I have already alluded to the subject of my own youthful experience, and mentioned that the sight of a colossal dragon-tree and of a fan palm in an old tower of the botanical garden at Berlin implanted in my mind the seeds of an irresistible desire to undertake distant travels. He who is able to trace through the whole course of his impressions that which gave the first leading direction to his whole career, will not deny the influence of such a power.”—p. 458.

Even this great influence he considers secondary, in general, to that of landscape-painting.

“It undoubtedly enters within the compass of landscape-painting, to afford a richer and more complete picture of nature than the most skilfully arranged grouping of cultivated plants is able to present, since this branch of art exercises an almost magical command over masses and forms. Almost unlimited in space, it traces the skirts of the forests till they are wholly lost in the aerial distance, dashes the mountain torrent from cliff to cliff, and spreads the deep azure of the tropical sky alike over the summits

of the lofty palms and over the waving grass of the plain that bounds the horizon. The luminous and colored effect imparted to all terrestrial objects by the light of the thinly veiled or pure tropical sky gives a peculiar and mysterious power to landscape-painting, when the artist succeeds in reproducing this mild effect of light. The sky in the landscape has, from a profound appreciation for the nature of Greek tragedy, been ingeniously compared to the charm of the *chorus* in its general and mediative effect." — p. 459.

These incitements and others like them — such as panoramas, engravings of plants and animals, which increase in influence with the progress of civilization, and, by a complicated law of action and reaction, tend to promote the high culture so favorable to their own free development — outweigh all merely sensual advantages, which tempt sometimes to luxurious reverie, but seldom to thoughtful meditation. The laws of meteorology have not been worked out by the dwellers in tropical zones, who behold these laws disentangled of those perturbative influences which mask their normal operation in higher latitudes, but by the clear intellect of the North, evolving order from the apparent disorder which surrounds it, or leaving its home to study them under more auspicious circumstances. The physiognomy of the globe, and the relations of plants and animals to climate, have not been elaborated by those who, from the mountain slopes of the equator, see always the whole variety of the earth's surface hung as upon a curtain before their eyes; but how much more by those who in their painful travels have caught momentary glimpses of this reduced picture, or have compiled it from scattered observations in different latitudes! The constellations of heaven have not been registered by those whose horizon spans them all, from pole to pole; but the bold navigator, geographer, and astronomer from the hardy North have braved the perils of sea and land to regale their eyes on the nebulae of Southern skies, or catch one sight of that beautiful Cross of Stars, (so full of promise to the old Catholic missionary,) the upper extremity of which was once visible from the North of Europe and America (twenty-nine hundred years before the Christian era), but which has sunk, not to reappear again for many thousand years, beyond the reach of all Northern observatories. The



most profound investigations into the movements of the heavenly bodies have not been made under transparent skies, where the mildness of the climate rendered the midnight watch comfortable, and even pleasant. But the triumphs in this royal science which have been achieved at Greenwich, the Cape of Good Hope, Dorpat, Abo, Pulkova, in spite of fogs, clouds, and cold, proclaim the superiority of the soul which has been touched by the true spirit of science above all external advantages.

The largest portion of the second volume of the *Cosmos* is devoted to the notice of the remarkable events, discoveries, and inventions, which, from time to time, have given a sudden impulse to the civilization of mankind, by facilitating the intercourse between remote parts of the earth, diffusing knowledge, enlarging the boundaries of science, and spreading new harvests among the immeasurably distant and the insignificantly minute objects of sight, which had, for the first time, been brought within reach of the exalted senses of man. Many of these events have left indelible footprints in the world's history, and have so often been commemorated that old and young know them by heart. At an early period, human civilization rallied around the basin of the Mediterranean and the waters which flow into it. The campaigns of the Macedonians, which, according to Humboldt, became, by the influence of Aristotle, scientific expeditions in the strictest sense, — the patronage of the Ptolemies, whose name is now associated with the whole incoherent mass of ancient astronomical systems, — the universal domination of the Romans, who held the four corners of the earth together by a bond only broken by the solvent power of Christianity, when she proclaimed in deeper tones and with a purer spirit the brotherhood of all nations, — the irruption of the Arabs, who, if in the frenzy of conquest they burned the Alexandrian library and heated four thousand baths for six months with the cinders (a myth, as Humboldt thinks, though Gibbon indorses it), made ample reparation to the world by their later cultivation of astronomy, optics, chemistry, and botany, — these are the important events which bring us by vast strides down to that period in the history of modern Europe when oceanic discoveries doubled the number of known continents; when the telescope revealed the earthy character

of the planets, and multiplied the stars as the sands of the sea. The exaggerated opinion which Columbus held in regard to the easterly extension of the old continents, and the under-estimate by one hundred degrees which he consequently formed of the distance round the globe, from the eastern shores of Asia to the western shores of Europe, emboldened him to trust his hopes to the ocean. The discovery of America affected the intellectual wealth as much, perhaps, as the material resources and the political equilibrium of the Old World. Navigation, geography, astronomy, botany, meteorology, leaped forward with elastic spirits and renovated strength. While Galileo was exploring the heavens, the monks of the very Church which persecuted him were taking observations on the thermometer at the convents. So great has been the advance in astronomy, physics, and the natural sciences, as well as in general intellectual growth, since that period, that it is not easy to believe that only two hundred years have elapsed since Bacon proclaimed his *Novum Organum*; since Newton and Leibnitz invented their wonderful calculus; since the science of dynamics was created and applied to the law of gravitation; since the telescope and the microscope, the air-pump and electrical machine, the barometer and thermometer, the pendulum and the chronometer, and all those other matchless implements of art by which science is studied and illustrated, were poured upon an admiring world. At the present day science is not dependent, as formerly, on the invention of a new instrument, the prevalence of a system, or favorable political events, for its advancement, but it throws forward new outposts in every direction from its own inherent life and activity.

The discovery of America, the invention of the telescope and the infinitesimal analysis, and the general adoption of the Baconian method of investigation, have probably, more than any thing else, contributed to the growth of true ideas in relation to the Cosmos. Few persons will be disposed to question the preëminence which Humboldt has given to the telescope above all other external appliances which have assisted man in his study of the universe. Great as are the achievements of this wonder-working tube, which transports the observer, without loss of time, to regions never gazed on till now

by mortal eyes, and exalts the sense of vision above reason or imagination in its space-penetrating power, still it may be doubted whether, after all, this or any other single invention can compare with the pendulum in services rendered, not to science alone, but to the civilization of man. The discovery of the isochronism of the vibrations of the pendulum, and its recommendation to the measurement of time, which are usually attributed to Galileo, had really been made in the tenth century by Ebn-Junis, who used it, independently of clock-work, for this purpose. If the usefulness of the pendulum stopped here, it would not be easy to over-estimate its importance. Astronomy is sometimes defined as the science that treats of the relations of space and time, which are associated together by motion; and for both these important elements we rely upon the pendulum. The astronomer does not measure directly the distance from one point to another upon the concave sphere; for he can calculate it better by the time in which it is passed over by bodies whose velocity is known. The distances of the heavenly bodies from the earth are also ascertained by time and motion. The absolute determination of these distances is based on the measurement of the sun's distance made at the last transit of Venus, and this measurement was deduced from the time which Venus occupied in crossing the sun, as it appeared at remote parts of the earth. The precision with which we can see the place of a star in the telescope would be useless, were it not for the equal precision with which we can tell the time when it was in that place by means of the pendulum. The telescope reveals to us the existence of new bodies, and, perhaps, also their shape, color, and brightness, and the fact of a motion. But the telescope alone would overwhelm us with its multiplicity of objects, which are the subjects of science, but not science itself. The pendulum assigns the time and place of each one of this countless host, and thus educes law and harmony out of chaos. The telescope alone could only give us glowing sensations. The pendulum seems to embody the prerogatives of reason, and preside over the deliberations of science with the dignity of a judge. If the pretensions of the pendulum are so high, even in astronomy, where the telescope has its legitimate sphere, how shall

we find it in those investigations which have reference to the earth? Not only does the pendulum beat off the seconds for our ordinary human affairs, but it measures the earth, and also tells us where we are upon it. The shape and weight of the earth, and consequently the weight of all other bodies in the solar system, are determined by means of the pendulum, and the pendulum alone. The pendulum alone, in the hands of skilful experimenters, as Cavendish, Baily, or Reich, is delicate enough to show the ratio between the earth's density and that of lead, or some other familiar substance; the pendulum alone, under the guidance of consummate philosophers, as Newton and Bessel, is nice enough to assure us that all substances converge together by the same universal law of attraction. The length of the seconds pendulum is now the almost universal unit of measure in commercial and scientific transactions. It has been selected because it is invariable and recoverable. The length of the seconds pendulum will not alter, until the earth's rotation is altered in velocity, or the quantity of matter in the planet is disturbed, or its force of attraction decays; and should the material representative of this unit be lost, it can be recovered by the same scientific process by which it was first obtained. The pendulum promises to transmit to a late posterity a faithful record of the fundamental elements of physical science, in the discovery of which it has taken so conspicuous a part.

We have passed in hasty review the several departments into which the author of the *Cosmos* has divided his work. We learn, from one of the concluding passages, that another volume still awaits us to complete the subject. We cannot say that we yet fully understand the plan of the work, or the conception of its author. So far as we have gained an insight into the idea of Humboldt, his design in the first volume is to give detached sketches of the attainments as yet made in the various departments of scientific inquiry; and, in the second, to show how each age has progressed towards the realization of the idea of the *Cosmos*, with what incitements it has been cheered on, and the events, scientific, moral, and political, which have imparted to it a sudden impulse. "The third and last portion of my work will, for the better elucidation of the picture of nature, set forth those results of obser-



vation on which the present condition of scientific opinions is principally based."

The obscurity to which we have alluded is not confined to the general plan of the work, but frequently occurs in single passages, especially where the author surrenders himself to speculative views of a German tinge, for which the English mind and language are ill adapted. The style of the author is rambling; one thought brings out another from his full mind; one fact suggests another, till, finally, both he and his reader are led aside from the main topic, and must retrace their steps abruptly, if happily they return at all. The book has all the formality of a plan, but it is essentially without method. Without an index, which the original does not possess, but which is supplied in two of the English translations, it would be impossible to tell in what portion to look for a fact, or subject, or opinion, which the book is known to contain. In some places, the reader will find subjects united which have little natural affinity, and in other cases he must turn from one volume to the other to get the whole of a single subject; as if, after the original solidification, the mass had been mechanically ruptured, and fragments of one crystal were imbedded in the interstices of another of a different character. These are great imperfections in the work, even if they are the faults of a crystal. Moreover, we feel the want of some leading idea from the author's powerful mind, moulding every thing and transforming every thing according to its own image, and thus giving compactness and unity to the multifarious details of which he treats. There is much in the work irrelevant to the subject, or remotely allied to it, and it abounds in repetitions of the same fact or idea.

It is more agreeable to speak of the excellences than of the defects of a work. The distinguished author of the *Cosmos* brought to it a mind overflowing with learning, and a heart delicately, and sometimes even painfully, attuned to the faintest whisperings of nature. The descriptive portions abound in passages which vividly recall the charm of earlier, but not forgotten works. There is often a happy blending of accurate information with a felicity and sometimes even brilliancy of expression. Everywhere the author proves that he has contemplated Nature with the poet's eye, as well as studied her with the

severe and staring gaze of science. He also proves that he has learned the hard lesson of preferring the truth to his own opinion or scientific reputation. Having been actively engaged for many years in the advancement of science in more than one of its departments, he has occasionally come into friendly collision with the views and investigations of his contemporaries. The frankness with which he accepts the corrections of others when he thinks himself wrong, and the fairness with which he states them, even if he does not adopt them, are a crown of honor to the philosopher of fourscore years. Still, we may be allowed to doubt whether the *Cosmos* will increase, or even sustain, the exceedingly high reputation of its author. Many readers, we believe, will lay the book down at the conclusion with a feeling of disappointment, and many more will break off from it unfinished. The work has already, we understand, been abridged and rewritten by a German professor, to adapt it to the average comprehension even of German readers. It has been said of Humboldt by one of his compeers, that he could do any thing great in science but write a book. The tide of his thoughts rises too high and rapidly for the clear and gentle flowing of his pen.

In the information which the *Cosmos* furnishes, and as a work of reference, few books of any age will stand before it. But we cannot agree with those who consider the *Cosmos* the great work of the age. For the charm with which it is read, for the high ideas which it awakens, for the impulse which it gives to speculative science, for the influence which it exerts now, and for the admiration with which it will be quoted hereafter, when much of what is faith in regard to it will have become sight, we have no hesitation in placing the *Vestiges of the Creation*, with all the errors and assumptions in which it abounds, before the *Cosmos*.

In a journal which bears, like our own, the epithet "Christian," and in which learning and science have no claim to speak except as the servants of religion, it may not be inappropriate to say a word in regard to the influence which the *Cosmos* of Humboldt promises to exert on the faith of mankind. An eminent writer has it in his power to affect the religious faith of the world, not merely by what he says, but almost as much by his

silence. Hence the interest which has been expressed to know how Humboldt has acquitted himself in this matter. In more than one place he refers with all the seriousness of a sincere believer to the mild doctrines of Christianity, to the beneficial effect they produced on the social freedom of mankind, and to the expansion in men's views of nature which followed their introduction into the world. "Christianity," he says, "has materially contributed to call forth this idea of the unity of the human race, and has thus tended to exercise a favorable influence on the *humanization* of nations in their morals, manners, and institutions" (p. 567). And a little farther on:—

"In delineating the great epoch of the history of the universe, which includes the dominion of the Romans and the laws which they promulgated, together with the beginning of Christianity, it would have been impossible not to direct special attention to the manner in which the religion of Christ enlarged these views of mankind, and to the mild and long-enduring, although slowly operating, influence which it exercised on general intellectual, moral, and social development." — p. 568.

And elsewhere:—

"It was ordained in the wonderful decrees by which the course of events is regulated, that the Christian sects of Nestorians, which exercised a very marked influence on the geographical diffusion of knowledge, should prove of use to the Arabs, even before they advanced to the erudite and contentious city of Alexandria, and that, protected by the armed followers of the creed of Islam, these Nestorian doctrines of Christianity were enabled to penetrate far into Eastern Asia." — p. 578.

We regret that there are a few other passages, which may be considered trifling, if nothing worse is said of them. For instance, Humboldt says in a note:—

"Amongst the numerous examples that have been recently observed of perturbations occurring simultaneously and extending over wide portions of the earth's surface, and which are collected in Sabine's important work, (*Observations of Unusual Magnetic Disturbance*, 1843,) one of the most remarkable is that of the 25th of September, 1841, which was observed at Toronto in Canada, at the Cape of Good Hope, at Prague, and partially in Van Diemen's Land. The English Sunday, on which it is deemed sinful after midnight on Saturday to register an observation, and to follow out the great phenomena of nature in their perfect de-

velopment, interrupted the observations in Van Diemen's Land, where, in consequence of the difference of the longitude, the magnetic storm fell on the Sunday." — pp. 170, 171.

Discreditable as the latter part of this note is to its author, the suppression of the offensive passage in Mrs. Sabine's translation would have been wholly unwarrantable, were we not told, in one of the later editions, that it was done at Humboldt's request, on the ground that he was mistaken in the fact. Had the fact been even as Humboldt at first supposed, it would not justify his slur upon an excellent English custom, which the scientific men of the rest of Europe would do well to imitate. In most professions, men do not wait a whole week for rest, but find it every night. Such is not always the case with the observer. His sleep is broken, and his profession is in the last degree exhausting and harassing. Surely, if any one stands in need of a weekly day of rest, it is he. It is a fallacy to conclude, that, when a man is engaged all the week in following out the great phenomena of creation in their perfect development, he has therefore no occasion for a quiet season in which he may withdraw his thoughts from their ordinary channels, and ascend from nature up to nature's God. Whoever has read the history of science knows that ambition, selfishness, uncharitableness, and all other sins, have disturbed the breasts of its devotees quite as much as those of other men. We are not of those who think that the pursuits of science tend necessarily to estrange the heart from God, by removing from nature the mystery which awes and subdues other men; neither do we believe that science always leads to religion, much less that the pursuit of science is religion. Science has its conceit as well as ignorance; and conceit often leads to unbelief. There are operations of nature which startle the savage, but excite no wonder in the philosopher, because he knows that they are only remarkable cases under general laws. But both philosopher and savage must stand in adoration before some of the most familiar exhibitions of nature, equally humbled by their ignorance of the cause; such as the growth of the grass, the ripening of the harvests, the visitations of disease, the birth of a child, and the operations of the mind.



We have a word to say, in conclusion, in regard to the fidelity with which the Cosmos has been translated. Only one other translation need be mentioned as having any claims to rival that with which we have introduced this article; we mean the translation by Mrs. Sabine, under the supervision of her distinguished husband. As the publisher of Miss Otté's translation has been at the pains of collecting a number of passages erroneously translated by Mrs. Sabine, and proclaiming them to the world to show the superiority of his own publication, it is fair to apprise the reader that the translation of the Cosmos which we have adopted is not free from errors. It is much easier to detect mistakes in another than to avoid them ourselves. We have not examined the translation of Miss Otté with reference to any exposure of its faults. But our attention was called, in the perusal of the work, to a few passages which either conveyed no meaning, or one which we knew to be contrary to facts. In all these cases, we have found, on referring to the original, that the fault was with the translator, and that the same passages had been correctly rendered in Mrs. Sabine's translation.

On page 174 we read, — "The total deviation (variation or declination of the magnetic needle) has not at all changed, or, at any rate, not in any appreciable degree, during a whole century, at any particular point on the earth's surface, as, for instance, the western part of the Antilles or Spitzbergen." The word translated "any" is "*gewissen*." The translation should read, "at certain points on the earth's surface," &c. Again, on page 327, — "And hence it follows, that the east winds of the Continent must be cooler than the west winds, where their temperature is not affected by the occurrence of oceanic currents near the shore." This is not true in fact, neither is it what Humboldt has said: — "So zeigen sich, wo nicht oceanische Strömungen dem Littorale nahe auf die Temperatur einwirken, die Ostküsten der Continente kälter als die Westküsten" (p. 345 of the original); the true translation of which is, "Thus it appears that the eastern shores of the continents are colder than the western shores, where," &c. On page 591, in a note, we read: — "Thomas Young (Lectures on Natural Philosophy and the Mechanical Arts, 1807, Vol. I. p. 191) does not either doubt," &c.

A literal translation would have saved the author of it from this inelegance. On page 480, we find one great division of the work called the "Principal Momenta that have influenced the History of the Physical Constitution of the Universe." The same word, "Hauptmomente," is elsewhere rendered *principal causes*. *Principal phases* would best express the meaning in both places. There are passages, also, where the translation is obscure, and the obscurity would have been avoided by adhering more closely to the original. But the fault of the translator has more frequently run in the opposite direction. If she had been more willing to give up the foreign idiom, the meaning of Humboldt would often have been more intelligible to English readers, and the translation would have been more interesting. This Mrs. Sabine has done, and on that account her translation is more spirited than that of her fair rival. Mrs. Sabine translates like one who understands the scientific relations of the subject, though she may be inferior possibly to Miss Otté in familiarity with the language of the original. Humboldt congratulated himself on the privilege he enjoyed in being permitted to express his thoughts in the German language. We fear that neither his translators, nor those for whom they labor, will join in this congratulation. When we consider the inherent difficulties of the subject, the peculiarities in Humboldt's style, and the contrast in the general tone of English and German thought, we are disposed to award to both of the translations of this ponderous work the highest praise.

J. L.

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#### ART. V.—BOWEN'S LOWELL LECTURES.\*

THIS volume is one of what we hope will be a long and rich series of Lowell Lectures, which shall extend through the world of science and of letters the honored name of a great public benefactor. He who does good in one way does good in various ways. When the late

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\* *Lowell Lectures, on the Application of Metaphysical and Ethical Science to the Evidences of Religion; delivered before the Lowell Institute in Boston, in the Winters of 1848-49.* By FRANCIS BOWEN. Boston: Charles C. Little & James Brown. 1849. 8vo. pp. 465.

Mr. Lowell devoted a princely bequest to the furnishing of free lectures on science, art, literature, philosophy, and religion, to all the inhabitants of a city who might desire to hear them, he offered new inducements to scholars and thinkers to pursue their toilsome labors, promising them attentive listeners if such they should deserve, and an opportunity to win a longer and wider influence, while he also devised a plan, the results of which will be seen for an indefinite time to come in valuable contributions to our libraries. The liberal basis on which the Lowell Institute is conducted has secured for it unqualified success from its commencement. It is remarkable that no matter of controversy or jealousy has as yet arisen from it. It has already attracted hither several of the most eminent men of science in Europe, and gathered around them attentive audiences.

Mr. Bowen's Lectures were received with very great satisfaction, as they were delivered before auditors fit, and yet not few. Now that they are in print, we believe that they will be regarded as exhibiting signal ability, and as possessing very high merits, by those who, not having been hearers, shall give them a careful perusal. The author is one of the most thorough and accurate scholars whom we have among us. He has the wisdom of conservatism without its selfishness or its bigotry. He is a master of the subjects which he has handled, and has faithfully pursued investigations which qualify him for the high office of a guide and arbiter in questions of philosophy.

Whoever produces an intelligible and a harmless volume of speculative philosophy stands justified in his work. If at the same time the volume is positively good, and will do good, if it treats high themes with lucidness and power, if it deals wisely with dark problems, while applying the laws of sound reasoning to abstruse questions, if it avoids dogmatism, above all, if it strengthens the pillars of faith on which rest the serious interests and the best hopes of the human race, then has the author achieved one of the most difficult and honorable intellectual tasks. In our view, Mr. Bowen has not fallen short of these terms of success. We shall be disappointed if his volume is not received as a most valuable contribution to speculative philosophy, not merely by men

of the conservative and cautious schools, but by the mass of those deliberate and unprejudiced readers who know not that they belong to any party.

We have read the volume without weariness; we have understood it; we are satisfied with its conclusions. We believe that its tone is wise and reverential, and that its impression on the mind of a careful reader will be philosophical and devotional. While the author wholly avoids a pulpit address, and never slips into the style of a preacher, though so near to a preacher's office, nor makes a set purpose to force in a religious sentiment, he does not slight any proper occasion to elevate his argument by following it through his own Christian convictions into the higher realms of faith.

We commend the volume, first of all, because it is written in the vernacular tongue, in good, wholesome English. It is free from barbarisms, Germanisms, and all affectations. The author knew what he wished to say, and he says it in a way to let us know what it was. There are none of those vague adjectives used as nouns, there are none of those compounded nouns, or nouns mounted on prepositions or adverbs, which require a reader to guess at an author's meaning, instead of communicating it to him. If the volume be judged to lack what is called brilliancy or sprightliness, it must be pronounced free from those startling paradoxes, those risky antitheses, those ventures with hyperbole and fancy, and that play upon words, which give liveliness to composition at the expense of its intellectual strength. Amusement is not to be looked for where sacred truth is debated. Mr. Bowen's style is lucid and forcible; he uses the right words and with great precision; his arrangement is clear, and his arguments and conclusions are expressed in a happy combination of philosophical phraseology with the more ordinary speech of men. While the pages before us are entirely free from all stilted and exaggerated passages, and all inflation of sentiment, their tone is that of a calm dignity, appropriate to their themes. On no subjects more than upon those which Mr. Bowen discusses is a writer — especially if he be also a lecturer — so strongly tempted to indulge himself in the ornaments and the display of rhetoric. He himself must have felt the temptation, and more than most writ-



ers might have ventured frequently to yield to it. But he has resisted it, not, however, at the expense of depriving his discussions of that imagery and grace which well-chosen words and occasional metaphors may lawfully gather around the most logical arguments.

Another merit of the work before us consists in its direct and unencumbered method, its straightforward course, its great freedom from controversial matter, and its evident elaboration from the mind of its author. The volume is but very slightly indebted for its contents to materials borrowed from other writers, to be either criticized, disputed, or adopted. Each successive treatise on speculative philosophy must bear on with it more or less of the cumbersome lore of previous theories and systems, to be reaffirmed, condemned, or disproved, and while it thus deals with its predecessors, it continually suggests to the reader that by and by the volume in his hands will be sifted, and it may be superseded. This, indeed, is one of the chief and certainly one of the most efficient uses of speculative philosophy,—to question, discuss, and amend its own expositions, to meet its own perplexities, to withstand the risks which are involved in it, and to avert the skepticism and irreligion which philosophy stands charged with having generated. It is much the same in this matter with ecclesiastical history and religious controversy. What are their uses? ask some impatient and superficial persons. What is the possible good of all these musty volumes, and the equally musty students of them? What is the use of this delving into past errors and disputes, this keeping ever alive all the quarrels and controversies of ancient times? The simple answer is, that all this lore has afforded the material which has perplexed history and religion, and that all objections which owe their force to past errors and controversies must be answered by referring to ancient volumes and ancient strifes of thought and controversy. The speculative philosopher finds abundance of such work and abundance of such material.

Mr. Bowen's volume is as little cumbered with such controversial and disputative matter as is any volume which deals with metaphysics. He recognizes other views than his own, and, as occasion calls, makes passing reference to what he regards as the untenable and

discordant hypotheses of other writers. He does not do this, however, in a way to exhibit critical skill, antagonism of opinion, or acumen in detecting weak points in a strong adversary, but only to serve the method of truth, — the result which is of equal value to all honest seekers. His book is therefore free from that carping tone, that catching at infelicitous expressions, that splitting and balancing of words, which have often made philosophers as odious to each other as are sectarians. He exhibits perfect fairness in the statement of views from which he dissents, and candor in anticipating objections to his own.

Of course novelty either of opinion or argument is not to be looked for in any sound treatise on metaphysics. Doubtless the best volume on that long-tasked theme would come from one who, through the exercise and good training of high powers of thought in himself, and with a mind well stored with all the results of physical, moral, and experimental science, should write with the least possible reference to all his predecessors, and with the greatest amount of fresh mental action on his own personal conflicts and experience. New philosophical treatises are as much needed as are new books on astronomy, geography, agriculture, and all other useful sciences. And when they are written, they should adopt all the latest improvements and discoveries, just as in the erection of a new dwelling the builder endeavours to introduce every new art and convenience.

Mr. Bowen thus states the importance of constant and renewed examinations of those momentous questions which are embraced under the terms *Philosophy* and *Theology* : —

“ And this duty of examination is one which is perpetually renewed, as from age to age the nature of the problem shifts, or we encounter new difficulties in the way of the inquiry, proceeding from new habits of thought, from the progress of science and speculation, and from the altered relations of man to man which spring from political changes and new forms of society. The evidences of religious truth need to be constantly taken up anew, and presented under a variety of aspects, to suit the changing emergencies of the times. Political fanaticism sometimes turns its destructive rage against the institutions of our faith; new doctrines in philosophy, proposed at first as mere exercises of fancy,

gradually harden into fixed dogmas, and secretly undermine the foundations of belief; and, lastly, the natural allies of religion, perverted by malign influences, sometimes become its opponents, and the cause of divine truth suffers from the fanaticism of philanthropy and reform. Against all these enemies, which often carry on their warfare, not from without, but in the silence of his own meditations, the believer needs to be constantly armed, if he would not have his faith degenerate into a mere prejudice, or shield itself under the hard covering of a stern and irrational dogmatism." — p. 2.

The following passage from the Preface will show that the author makes more than tacit allusions to some opinions and theories which have excited much lively attention during the last few years:—

"In alluding to some of the novel opinions and theories in science and philosophy, which have gained a little popularity of late both in England and America, though their place of origin must be sought elsewhere, it has not been my wish to provoke controversy. Opinions may be freely discussed without causing offence; I have never referred to the individuals or sects who entertain and defend them. Some of these opinions, I am well aware, are held by many persons who unite with them a lively and steadfast faith, a devotional spirit, and a religious life; but they have been stumbling-blocks to others, for whom alone I have endeavoured to surmount or remove them. The discussion of them has sometimes led me farther into the territory of the natural sciences than it was perhaps prudent for one to venture who has only a general acquaintance with these subjects, and has never made them objects of special pursuit. But in these days, when knowledge is so widely diffused that the latest theories and discoveries in science are familiarly discussed in the newspapers, the bearing of these theories upon the religious belief of the multitude cannot be safely neglected. I have no fears of any conflict between the truths of real science and those either of natural or revealed religion. The voice of nature, when rightly interpreted, never contradicts itself, and the truth that is fully comprehended is always sufficient for its own defence. But when sciolism is almost universal, speculations which usurp the name and garb of science may often give a rude shock to the convictions of a large class who are not well instructed enough to be able to separate hypotheses from established facts, and who can be dazzled by the fluent use of scientific phraseology. Such speculations are easily exposed in their true character even by those whose studies have not gone beyond the limit which every educated person at the present day is supposed to have reached."

— pp. ix., x.

What is here intimated is treated by Mr. Bowen at greater length, and in a masterly manner, in the first lecture of his second course, the subject of which is "The Characteristics of the Skepticism of our own Day."

The first course embraces nine lectures, the second course twelve, and when we consider how many profound themes are treated in them, and what perplexities they involve, we cannot but think very highly both of the skill and courage of the man who could compress them within such limits, and still present them so intelligibly.

The first aim of the lecturer was, to decide upon the relations between philosophy and theology, and what are the terms by which reason and faith are to hold their partnership of authority over the mind. The respective provinces of religion and philosophy are clearly defined, and the method of investigation is indicated by which inquiries into their several themes are to be pursued. Observation and experience apply to physical science, but demonstrative reasoning is the only proper method in metaphysics. This clear and reasonable distinction, which Mr. Bowen states and explains most lucidly, at once relieves his themes of the confusion which has always constituted no small part of their perplexity. He excludes metaphysical proofs from an argument for the existence of God, and thus he also precludes metaphysical objections.

Mr. Bowen allows the utmost that can be fairly claimed for what are called intuitive truths, or self-ratified convictions, when, after having pursued the most abstruse train of reasoning embraced in his volume, that upon free agency, and the relation between cause and effect, he says, —

"To some it may appear, that we have been wandering a long time in a mere wilderness of logic and metaphysics, 'whence issuing, we again behold the stars.' I certainly do not believe that it is necessary to pass through all the abstruse reasoning which has thus far occupied our attention, before we can obtain any firm and well-grounded faith in the great doctrines of religion. It would be an impeachment of the goodness of the Deity to suppose, that he has given to his creatures only such intimations or proofs of his own existence and his will as the most cultivated and ingenious minds can follow slowly and with great



effort. On the contrary, the conclusions in this great argument are so obvious and direct, lying but a step from the premises, which are numberless, and so nearly akin to the mental processes which we are compelled to use for the daily purposes of life, that the child or the savage cannot avoid resting in them with sufficient confidence. It is no doubtful inference, no long and tedious process of reasoning, which connects all events in the history of the universe with the being and attributes of a God. The conclusion is so obvious, the connection so close and striking, that it is difficult to believe that any mind not wilfully obtuse, or not perverted by logical subtleties and metaphysical abstractions, ever failed to receive it with perfect trust at the first view."—pp. 117, 118.

The portions of this volume which appear to us to display the most power, and to be animated by the loftiest spirit of philosophy and faith, are those which treat of *The Immediate Agency of God*,—by a novel and most impressive method of argument,—the distinction between Reason and Instinct, Conscience, the Origin of Evil, Natural Religion, and the Impossibility of proving the Immortality of the Soul without a Revelation. We should be glad to enrich our pages with the admirable remarks of the author on all these themes, if we had the space. We must content ourselves with copying the following passage, and with recommending the volume to the careful perusal and study of all who are set to teach others, or who would wisely learn for themselves.

Our extract is from the lecture on "*The Goodness of God*."

"I have dwelt thus long upon the pleasures of taste, because the capacity for them, more than any other part of our constitution, seems to have been created for the *sole* purpose of increasing the store of human happiness. Let it not be thought, on account of their gentle and unobtrusive character, and the trifling value which we put upon them in moments of excitement, or when we think that greater interests are at stake, that they form an insignificant addition to that store. They are diffused, so to speak, over the whole plain of human existence, making up, by their variety, their duration, and their constant recurrence, for their lack of intensity and the slightness of their hold when the stronger passions assert their power. The pleasures of ambition, pomp, and power visit us only in lightning flashes, as brief as they are vivid; they are often purchased, also, at a heavy sacrifice, they are crossed by the pains of failure and disappointment,

and even the happiness which they are thought to constitute is more properly ascribed to the toil and effort which we expend in their pursuit. But the enjoyments procured by the faculty of taste are unmingled with losses and sacrifices, and for the most part are unbought. They come to cheer the intervals of exertion, and to speed the long hours which are not filled with grave cares or enterprises of great pith and moment. They form the relaxation alike of the monarch on his throne and of the peasant in his hut; the social instinct prompts each to seek companionship, and the conversation which turns not upon business or causes of anxiety is prolonged merely for pleasure into an idle chat. A company of laborers, talking around the fire after the day's work is ended, experience this delight quite as strongly as the crowd which fills the apartments of the fashionable and the learned. 'It is a happy world, after all.' In spite of all the labors, cares, and troubles of life, we still spend a considerable portion of our time merely in amusing ourselves." — pp. 342, 343.

The reading of this volume has confirmed the convictions which have grown from our own thought and study, that a fair discussion of the relations between philosophy and religion must form the basis of every wise and useful treatise upon speculative philosophy. We will trespass upon the patience of our readers while we utter what is in our minds upon that theme.

The instigating aim of true philosophy is, to enable man to make the most of himself and of his powers, within the utmost range of his being. It is to assist him to take the highest view of himself, and to know all that he can about himself and his relations to every thing beside that exists, or occurs, or ever shall occur, and to prompt him to look to the farthest distance, that he may connect himself with an ever-widening horizon, and may follow out his relations to the lofty, the unseen, and the future. Philosophy is the classifying and explaining of facts, the discovery of causes and relations, and the reasoning on towards what is unknown now, and *to what will always be unknown to the inhabitants of the earth.* The last clause of the sentence just written will be admitted, for many reasons, to embrace a condition of chief importance. There can be no question but that what philosophy is most anxious to discover and to make a part of its knowledge is that which cannot be discovered or known. Now forgetfulness of that stern fact, or blindness to it, or defiance of it, have been the chief

causes of all the irreligiousness of speculative philosophy. The unknown portion of truth furnishes the noble excitement to all inquiries; the portion of truth which cannot be known is the everlasting warrant of faith. When a wise man realizes at the very first step in his investigations, and realizes all the more as he pursues them, that at the end of whatever path he takes he will come to the everlasting wall which he cannot penetrate, he anticipates and avoids disappointment by humility.

Philosophy, therefore, must always be incomplete and imperfect, and therefore unsatisfactory, for its sufficiency could be found only in its completeness; its full assurance of single truths could be attained only by a knowledge of their relations to entire truth. The speculative philosopher can never enjoy absolute certainty about any part of his system, because he never can know the whole of that system from which he aims to copy his own. The mathematician may always safely calculate by angles, arcs, and radii, because he has a knowledge of the properties of a complete circle. But the whole of truth will never come within the compass of human philosophy; certainly not till the bounds of the universe have been reached and measured by human skill.

The very extent and compass of the meanings embraced by the word Philosophy embarrass every discussion of its uses and value. Blakey, the last historian of its theories, says that "Philosophy is a comprehensive term, and in its fullest extent embraces every thing which a man can know or feel." He adds, that speculative philosophy "is not susceptible of a formal and concise definition." We can but say of philosophy that it is the science of nature, of God, and of man, whose relations it would discover, by the help of the mind's own faculties exercised in thought, observation, and inquiry.

When the religious element comes in either to qualify, or to conflict with, or to aid philosophy, then is there room and matter for a thousand misunderstandings and disputes. In these are found the causes of all the dissension between the speculative minds of past ages, and also the materials of unnumbered theories and systems yet to come.

Here is a fit opportunity to consider with brevity the well-known jealousy between philosophy and religion.

In the statement of what that jealousy amounts to, we must find the cause of its origin, and the method of dealing with it. By those who feel that jealousy on either side, philosophy and religion are regarded as alternatives. Philosophy, it is said, filled the place and discharged the offices of religion before there was a faith in the world which met the wants of mind and heart; it was the refuge of some of the more thoughtful of our race, who despised the superstitions of their age and country. Philosophy has always been advancing some rival and discordant claims with religion, and if religion is to pass away from among the civilized and the enlightened, to yield up her records, to desert her altars, and to silence her prayers, philosophy must be the substitute of religion. Idols of the reason will then displace the God which the heart seeketh, the intellect must stand for the spirit; the sage will fill the shrine of the apostle, and the man of science will be honored above Jesus of Nazareth. Thus philosophy has been in general regarded. And according to common ideas, — which are always neither accurately defined nor wholly without an element of truth, — thus philosophy must be regarded, as the alternative, antagonist, or substitute of religion.

Many persons now, who lay no claim to being religious, aim to be philosophers. They may not profess this to themselves in words, but it expresses the real fact concerning them, which some of them would be tempted to conceal, and others could be made to confess, while others still are ready to boast of it. Cool insensibility is the state of their feelings at times and on subjects upon which religious persons yield to the glow of devotion; and instead of the alternating excitement and tranquillity of faith, they choose the hesitations and the haltings of thought and rational inquiry. Philosophy is such an indefinite word in its various applications, that the same expression of praise or of contempt might be spoken of it truly or falsely, according to the meaning which is for the moment attached to the word in the mind of the speaker. We may thus say that the philosopher is a fool, or that he is a sage; and we might prove either assertion. But in either case we should use the word *philosopher* in a different sense. Still, popular language, as used among those who partake of the jealousy between



philosophy and religion, distinguishes widely between them in men's notions and feelings, — which are nearly the whole of some persons, — and in the effect or working of them, as furnishing materials for belief, or rules for life. The distinction finds justification in many facts. Some eminent philosophers have made no account of religion, have talked and written against religion, and have lived against it. There are some persons who say that they do not aim to live as religious men or women, but mean to live as philosophers. There are some who do not care to die religiously, but, as they express it, philosophically. And this distinction, which appears so broadly in the way of living and in the way of dying, may be traced in every thing that lies between birth and death. The convertible title of French philosophy, in all current literature, is infidelity, and of philosophers of that sort the world is full now. Statesmen, men of science, cool, shrewd, calculating men, men of general integrity and of fair talent all around us, are philosophic rather than religious. Philosophers may be seen in the walks of business, finding reasons enough for enterprise, industry, and integrity in the principles of common sense, without looking at all to religious sanctions. Philosophers may be found among scholars, who read and write with the intellect alone, by day or by night, and who over their studies forget the difference between the light of the sun, which shines constant and undimmed through the line of ages, and the tapers which men invent, and improve and replenish hour by hour. There are philosophers in courts, in camps, and in senates, who find among visible and actual things, and the measurements of time, and the limits of human wisdom, sufficient means for deciding upon all that concerns them. There are philosophers in schools, and at the head of families, who begin and conclude all their lessons with maxims of prudence and discretion. There are philosophers sitting by the side of sick-beds, and lying upon them, making the most of medicine and friendly care. There are philosophers among the bereaved, burying their dead out of their sight, and preparing to follow them with such comfort as sage and rational reflections will afford. But a true philosopher, as popularly distinguished from a religious person, never prays, never complains, and never weeps in either of

these situations. The moment he prays, or murmurs, or weeps, he ceases to behave himself like a philosopher; he breaks all the well-established maxims of philosophy, which say that what cannot be cured must be endured, — that a wise man must be a hero, — that weeping is for women and children, — and that a prayer or a groan of what is called the spirit is only lost amid the dull echoes of the earth's atmosphere, without reaching the upper skies.

True, no one pretends to ascribe to such persons the profound and laborious attainments and discipline of mind, which are properly signified by the word Philosophy. It is not presumed that we are surrounded by deep thinkers, who have tasked their brains upon the problems of life, and have all become skilled in them. Our philosophers do not assume the grave composure of the old sages, as we conceive of them, with their bald heads, their long, gray beards, their deep-furrowed brows, their meditative eyes, and all those lineaments of the countenance which express the processes and the results of thought. The ancient garb of philosophers is preserved only in marble statues. Their venerable lore is but little esteemed, for wisdom is of easier purchase to us than to them. Their gravity and earnestness too much resemble religion for some of our moderns. It is with a sprightlier thought that our philosophers seek to regard and interpret life. The ancients labored to find wisdom. The moderns live as if they had found it, and exhausted it, and could gain no more of it; as if what wisdom is to be had were the cheapest of all things; as if it had displaced religion, and had won its right of empire over man's mind and life.

It would be difficult to describe the amount and character of this wisdom which stands popularly distinguished from religion, but we all have a sufficiently intelligible idea of it to know that many now receive it as a substitute for religion. They are a motley multitude of the good and the bad, the wise and the ignorant, the single-hearted and the conceited, of our day. They are all classed as philosophers; not because they are all wise, for some of them are very ignorant; not because they are all in earnest, for some of them are the merest triflers; not because they are all decided in their convictions, for

some of them are as unstable and inconstant as a summer breeze. But they are all called *philosophers*, simply because the wisdom of man, — be it much or little, — which is popularly called Philosophy, passes with them for more than the wisdom of God, which is popularly called Religion. With some of them, consciousness, the intuitions and suggestions of the mind, are sufficient assurances of all truth. To others, science, actual discoveries, the results of inquiry, furnish all the knowledge or matters of belief which they regard as legitimate. And so, from time to time, man's wisdom, under one or another name, with one or another plea, substitutes itself for that humble trust, that reliance, that exercise of faith towards God, which is the essence of religion.

This philosophy concerns itself more with earth than with heaven; more with the things that are seen than with the things that are unseen. It boasts of its rational, deliberate, and cool convictions, of its certain knowledge about things actual and real. While philosophy does not deny what may be concealed from man, it makes chief account of what is disclosed to him. The philosopher refuses to be influenced by emotions, aspirations, or imaginations. He thinks good common-sense a better guide for him than that which so-called devout persons find in the perplexities and mysteries of faith. He thinks himself safe, at least, in taking the very best lessons of all human experience as sound wisdom. He may even congratulate himself that, though he may lack the impulse and the fervor of a heavenward trust, he is also saved from the anxieties and misgivings of those whose faith, however clear, must be mixed with unbelief. Certainty, caution, deliberation, evidence, — these are the best words of the philosopher. When religion and philosophy must be distinguished, he feels at liberty to judge the religion of others by his philosophy. He may entertain more or less respect for religion. His regard for it may rise almost to reverence, or sink to secret or open scorn.

Popular impressions are drawn from such considerations as have been just mentioned. Philosophy is therefore regarded as proceeding upon the self-sufficiency of man, and upon the earthly limitations of truth; as making but inferior account of God and the mystery of God. Religion speaks "the wisdom of God in a mystery," —

the problem of a higher state, and of a whole eternity. Philosophy utters the wisdom of man as without mystery, as plain and circumscribed, consisting, indeed, of a large variety of lessons, but all of them intelligible. Religion displays truth as spread over an unbounded field, shadowed and reserved in its distant reaches, so that the mind of man may be held in reverent awe, and in a trustful waiting for higher revelations. Philosophy turns truth into mathematics, into which the moral element enters only as in the beauty of proportions, and the exactness and harmony of numbers. Religion seeks after the quickening soul of the universe, and teaches man that there is more of "the spirit of life" than the portion which he bears in his mortal frame. Philosophy makes an idol of the mind, and pays all its homage to intellect. Religion has its shrine in the heart, and makes even the intellect the temple of the indwelling spirit, bearing witness to the Spirit which it worships. Philosophy has chief confidence in thoughts, religion has supreme confidence in prayers. Religion implies revelation, and has easy means of receiving and authenticating it. Philosophy is very unwilling to admit that revelation is possible.

Now have all the foregoing contrasts, drawn from popular impressions, been founded on fancy, or on grounds of fact? There certainly has been much actual evidence to justify them. The jealousy between philosophy and religion has not been simply a misunderstanding, but has been embittered by misconduct and mutual injustice. The question has been asked, whether it be worse for a man to have an irreligious philosophy or an unphilosophical religion. The disputers on either side have so effectually proved each his own point, that an umpire would decide that one who had either of those imperfect laws or guides had both of them together. Religious persons have been jealous of philosophers, because philosophy has been assuming and boastful; has undertaken to do what it ought to begin by confessing that it cannot do, namely, discover and know every thing, compass the circle of truth, and learn even one thing thoroughly. Philosophy has heralded its discoveries by threats, and never apologized for its disappointments. It has dealt violently with old records, by obtruding hieroglyphics and geological remains as better, and as discordant testimonies, and



when devout persons have been wellnigh frightened out of their faith by such pretences of philosophy, they have discovered that the dissensions of philosophers about these very hieroglyphics and petrifications will allow a short respite yet to the believer. The philosopher has dropped hints that he has invalidated the book of Genesis; but when pinned down to plain proof of his assertion, he trusts for it to a denial of the right of Orientals ever to use the language and license of poetry. The philosopher insinuates that the delineation of the character and attributes of God in the Bible is unworthy of him, and that the conception of the grandeur and extent of the universe in that volume is evidently mean when compared with the discoveries of science. But if the philosopher be carefully watched when he rises in his rhetoric to express his higher idea of God and the universe, he will often be caught in expressing himself in the sublime phrases of that same Bible. The author of the "Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation" surpassed all others in effrontery, when he attempted to smuggle organic life into the world with the limestone.

And so have philosophers of all kinds been jealous of religion, and had many feuds with superstition, dogmatism, popular fancies and fallacies, and with the chains which credulity, ignorance, and intolerance rivet on the common mind. Spiritual pride is far more dangerous than mental conceit, and the claim to hold the keys of heaven is a boast more to be dreaded than the pretence of holding the keys of knowledge. Some skeptical men of science love to ridicule the ignorance, the credulity, and the inconsistency, which have been exhibited in theories of religion, and in commentaries on the Scriptures. They forget that there have been a great many more commentaries on nature than on the Bible or religion, and even more ludicrous, absurd, and contradictory theories of philosophy than of faith. The simple truth is, that the follies, risks, and evils of religious errors are precisely those which are common both to religion and to philosophy. Both may tell of liberty of conscience and thought infringed, of men in advance of their times, of voices uttered from dungeons, of forced recantations, and of painful martyrdoms. Philosophic science, in all its departments, is beset with all the perplexities which

invest religion, and scientific men, in obstinacy to theory, or in demand for full demonstration, exaggerate and aggravate these perplexities. If the draperies and symbols in Raphael's fresco of the Dispute about the Sacramental Presence were changed for the philosophic garb, and some old minerals or bones, he might have put beneath his picture the title of many philosophic and scientific contests; nor would he have needed to have softened the pride or smoothed the temper expressed in the countenance of either of the disputants.

Both in science and in philosophy, as well as in religion, exceptions and problems arise. Anomalies which cannot be brought under rule, breaks in the chain of reasoning, dark points and obscure sides, obtrude themselves upon the philosopher, and make even science in some matters to be far other than the exact, intelligible, and secure thing which it is represented to be. Who, for instance, that has read many of the geological works, or volumes on Egyptian remains, which have been published during the last twenty years even, has not often been reminded of a court of justice, where opposing advocates blink testimony, and ignore a fact, which does not come out in a legal way, if at the same time it does not make for their separate side? Helvetius ascribes the superiority of man to the brutes to the single fact, that he has a hand, instead of a claw or a hoof. But Linnæus could not see even this distinction; for he said that he could not detect any one outward token which distinguished man from a monkey. Nor is it strange that, when men of science reduce the objects of their study to bones, and almost to dust, in order to compare them, they should find that they had evaporated the spirit, and had not left even the beauty and wisdom of form.

So much, then, must be fairly allowed to the existence of the jealousy between philosophy and religion, and to the grounds of it in popular judgment. It may have but the slightest possible reason in facts, but the difference between philosophy and religion is more appreciable, perhaps, to the multitude than to the select few. However near akin the true science of both of them may be, they come up to the mind with all the different associations and feelings which invest the names of two of their most distinguished representatives, — Bayle and Boyle, *names almost alike*, of men how different!

We have intentionally given this space to the notice of a popular view of the antagonism between philosophy of every kind, especially speculative philosophy, and religion and theology. The noble work and aim of philosophy have suffered in popular estimation because of the incidental follies and eccentricities, and the confused ideas, which are associated with it. If a minister were to tell a country congregation of simple people, that a philosopher once lived who questioned the existence of the outward world, he would associate the word *philosophy* in the minds of his hearers for ever with stupidity, folly, or conceit. And, as philosophy has played so many strange freaks, its reputation with sundry persons depends upon whether they hear first and chiefly of its good deeds or of its follies. The vague generalities, the bold theories, and the fanciful projects which have of late been associated with philosophy, will not probably clear its fame to religious persons of this or the next generation.

Notwithstanding all this, there are more points of union than of difference between philosophy and religion. In the ultimate conditions of truth they must perfectly coincide. They are different terms for expressing the different ways of attaining different degrees of the same sublime science of nature and of life, of reason and of faith, of God and of man. It is very difficult to define and to distinguish the respective provinces of theology and philosophy. Some elements are common to them both, as to air and water; and, like air and water, theology and philosophy may each, under some circumstances, be converted into the other. The difficulty of distinguishing between *religion* and philosophy is much the same, for religion has a signification equally wide with that of philosophy. But the difficulty is of course diminished, though not removed, when we restrict the comparison to philosophy, and some one specific form of religion; as, for instance, when we ask what is the distinction between the Christian religion and philosophy. In Egypt, Greece, and Rome, philosophy and religion were essentially identical; but Christianity is generally regarded as having separated them, and raised many issues between them. Philosophy is understood to proclaim that man must trust for his guidance to his own mental powers, helped by instruction from other men of higher mental powers.

But the religious experience of some quickened souls under Christian influences, — of such as Augustine, Fox, Bunyan, and Edwards, who have moved millions, — has compelled Philosophy either to admit a more powerful teacher than herself, or to claim to be that teacher uttering new lessons with unfamiliar tones. Any attempt to confound revelation with philosophy must begin by doing violence to the well-established meaning of words, and with such tricks upon language, the lessons which language is used to convey become unintelligible and chaotic. Revelation has its source from above, and is a raying out of light and truth towards this earth, from the central Sun of light and truth. Philosophy expresses the efforts made by man to interpret nature and life for himself. Egypt had science. The Greeks had philosophy. The Jews had neither of these, but they had a pure and a divine religion, which both Egypt and Greece lacked.

The broad question presents itself to our notice, whether speculative philosophy can help the cause of popular religion, that is, can deepen, strengthen, elevate, and enforce the influence of pure religion upon the mass of human beings. If we were forced to answer this question directly, and without opportunity to define and qualify, we should say that popular religion cannot be greatly helped by the *processes* of speculative philosophy, but may find most valuable assistance in its *results*.

Religious truth is designed for, and is needed by, the whole human race. It must, therefore, be simple, easy to be understood, plain in its lessons, and authoritative in its sanctions. But the average degree of intellectual power in the human race is below what philosophers in general estimate it to be. The highest facts of science are made intelligible to but a few of each generation, but a knowledge of them is not absolutely essential. Religious truths are necessary for the happiness and the virtue of all, and should therefore be understood, be made credible and authoritative for all. Now a sufficient token of the futility, if not of the absolute worthlessness, of very much of the religious philosophizing of the present day, is found in the fact, that not one person among a hundred can understand or appreciate it. Who can fail to note that some of our thinkers and writers are offering to the world, as religion, views and processes of thought



which are within the compass of only a very few minds? True philosophy, if we could find it, and be sure of it when we had found it, would be true religion. But if all the world must wait till philosophy has settled its disputes and established its theories, many whole generations must die, and a large part of all subsequent generations also must die, before true, simple religion has been wrought out by philosophy. He must have but a visionary idea of human nature, and of the amount of intelligence in the mass of men, who supposes that philosophy can ever be a sufficient substitute or an equivalent for the Christian religion with common people. We might as well undertake to make astronomers out of miners and colliers, as to offer the abstrusities of metaphysics to plain men and women, instead of the Law and the Gospel. Nor will science ever work out a religion for our race. The heavens may disclose more of their marvels, but the heavens might as well form an impenetrable marble dome a few miles above our heads, for all the aid which their masses of mere matter could be made to furnish to man's spirit, independently of the plain, authoritative lessons of revealed religion.

Nothing passes out of the mind so quickly as do philosophical distinctions in the terms and methods of argument. Only those who have a logical talent, and love argumentative exercises, can retain the philosophical attention, and acuteness of mental perception. With the mass of men these efforts are vain. And this unstable memory for terms and distinctions in argument must likewise affect the results which are expected from them. This fact alone might prove that the processes of speculative philosophy are not available to the mass of men.

Yet it would be manifestly unfair to argue this question only by referring to the lack of capacities in the mass of men to understand, and of a willingness to apply themselves to, the abstrusities of metaphysics. The conclusion reached by such a mode of arguing would be but a return to the point from which the argument started, namely, that, as the mass of men will not and cannot give themselves to metaphysics, therefore metaphysics are useless to them. But the same might be said of mathematics, of astronomy, of scientific agriculture, and even of Biblical criticism; for these are of use to millions who

cannot follow their processes. The form of the question, therefore, must be changed, from the *processes* of philosophy which the mass of men cannot or will not pursue, to the *results* of philosophy. Then, as the mass of men are reached by their teachers, we may ask whether a legitimate philosophy will help these teachers to reach the mass of men and affect them religiously. Will the results of wise metaphysical inquiries be auxiliary to the communication and impression of religious truth? Only stupidity or bigotry could answer this question in the negative.

All the results of earnest thought and patient inquiry, pursued under the guidance of a right spirit, must ever be favorable to faith, and to a religion of which faith is the chief pillar. In exact proportion as works on speculative philosophy are multiplied, their unsatisfactory character will appear to those who may look to them to explain all problems, or to serve as substitutes for religious faith with its inspired materials. But philosophy as an aid to faith is a very different thing from philosophy as a substitute for faith. Philosophical views of the Scriptures, and of the plan and substance of the Christian religion, might be made very invigorating to the minds of the believing. But it would be difficult to conceive or to realize the idea of a philosophical treatise which might supersede the Bible, so as to take its place in public or family worship, in the lonely hours of absence or travel, in the sick-chamber, or by the death-bed.

There can be no question but that the religious faith of very many persons might be cheered and strengthened, if they could be made to philosophize, — to reason, weigh, and deliberate, and thus to confirm what they wish to believe, and to remove objections which perplex or confound them. Thus, for instance, a person of fair intelligence may say, — “I am troubled by the fact, that any evil should exist under the government of a perfectly wise, powerful, and good God.” Now we may quote Scripture texts to that man, and yet not satisfy him, because they are not suited to his state of mind, — they are not sufficient for him. They are fair conclusions, perhaps, but he wishes to know the processes involved in them. It is somewhat as if you should offer him a gross amount as wages for work done at intervals, in broken days, and

with deductions made for his waste or your charges against him, without stating to him the particulars. He wishes to know the intricate mathematics of the account. The principle of faith in one who is looking at the evil that is in the world, so far from being able to receive the conclusion as stated positively in Scripture texts, is staggered and weakened by those statements. Philosophy may relieve his difficulties, and it may not. For then the question comes up, Is the man able and willing to philosophize? Can he sustain his mental attention? Can he keep the thread of an argument? Will he be patient, discriminating, and candid? Above all, will he retain the principle of faith with which he started, or part with it, taking as a substitute his limited discoveries in the open, but bewildering, field of truth? This supposed case presents to us fairly the province of speculative philosophy, with the conditions of its profitable use. Its province is specific and limited, not general or universal. It is to explain, to illustrate, to relieve, and to confirm truth. Its value depends on the intelligence, the mental power, the discrimination, the penetration, the candor, of him who employs it.

Philosophy and faith may both deal with the same truths which religion proposes to man, but they deal differently with them. Those shining truths, like the stars, we are always to see, and contemplate, and inquire of, but never on earth are we to approach nearer to them. So says religion, and she commits those truths to the keeping of faith. But philosophy wishes to approach nearer to them and to look behind them. There is no disguising that that is the uneasy wish, the proud aim, of philosophy. Thus the profitable exercises of philosophy are those which recognize, which discuss, and argue for the existence and the authority of those truths. The unprofitable exercises of philosophy are those which attempt to give the whole explanation of those truths, or to pierce through them, or to look behind them. Faith is the home, the resting-place of the soul, where truth comes to nourish it. Philosophy is the course of wanderings and excursions. Philosophy and religion make men desire truth on many vital subjects. Religion brings that truth to men, philosophy sets them to searching after it themselves. Of that portion of truth which religion leaves undisclosed or unexplained, she asks of faith to be

the voucher. Of that portion of truth which philosophy fails to discover, she is always doubtful and unhappy because of the doubt. Faith must come in for its full authority, either at the beginning or at the end of philosophy, — or man's wisdom. Of very many of the Hebrew titles in the Old Testament, the name of God makes one syllable, standing sometimes the first, sometimes the last. But whether that syllable be at the beginning or at the end of the word, the human name is consecrated by the divine. *El-ijah* was a prophet of God, *Gabri-el* is an angel of God. God with man, and man with God, mean much the same thing. After this example, philosophy must attach itself to faith, and allow faith to form a part of it, if philosophy would be a consecrated science.

G. E. E.

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ART. VI. — BARTOL'S SERMONS.\*

SIDNEY SMITH (if we may judge from his indolence, with as much truth as wit) remarked that he never liked to read a book he was going to review, it was so apt to prejudice him. Had we taken this course with regard to the book before us, our notice of it would probably have seemed the more impartial; for though, when it was announced as in press, we could not divest ourselves of prejudice in its favor, that prejudice has been marvellously strengthened by the perusal. Unlike most sermons, Mr. Bartol's gain much by passing through the press. Not that there is any essential obscurity in his style, — his sentences are compact, their members arranged, and their rhythm rounded with that nice rhetorical instinct which results from liberal culture, and is in fact art matured into spontaneousness; but they are so full of the details of thought, reasoning, and imagery, that the ear receives more than the mind can digest or the memory retain. We are, therefore, the more ready to welcome the appearance of this volume. It is printed at the right time, while its author retains the vigor and glow of youth un-

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\* *Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life.* By C. A. BARTOL, Junior Minister of the West Church, Boston. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 344.



impaired, yet has seen years enough to harvest rich fruits of patient thought and mature wisdom.

The highest praise that we can give these Discourses is, to say that they have all the marks and features of Christian sermons. They are neither essays, nor dissertations, nor declamations. Their rhetoric bears the impress of the Gospel mint. Their logic is that of one who seeks to win souls to Christ. Their eloquence is that of deep religious conviction, and of fervor as calm as it is earnest, as earnest as it is calm. They are eminently Scriptural sermons,—not thickly interlarded, indeed, with texts of holy writ,—a style of writing which often savors as much of laziness as of piety; but on exclusively and fundamentally Christian themes, and resting on revelation as the ultimate ground of authority and source of appeal. They are of the class of sermons in which the preacher never sinks his commission, or has any ulterior aim beyond religious instruction and impression. Seldom hortatory in form, they are constantly so in intent and effect; and where *I* or *we* takes the place of *you*, it adds to the truth urged or the duty enjoined the felt weight of the author's personal verification or experience.

This volume, in several points of view, unites characteristics that are seldom coupled. The author preaches both himself and Christ. We like neither style of preaching disjoined from the other. The pulpit is no place for a man to sport his own idiosyncrasies, to broach opinions for which a "Thus saith the Lord" is wanting, to make a parade of originality, and display a wisdom "above what is written." The lecture-room is open for such exhibitions, and the lyceum furnishes the fittest audience for him who "comes in his own name." Yet, on the other hand, the preacher should not be a mere tunnel for the conveyance of Divine utterances. The same spirit bestows and sanctifies a wide diversity of excellent gifts. In ancient time it spoke very differently in the epic majesty of Isaiah's style, the threnodies of Jeremiah, and the artless bucolic strains of Amos. It thundered in Paul, and whispered in John. As pure water takes color from the soil through which it flows, and every river has its own hue, so does the simple truth of God become modified, without being corrupted, by the peculiar traits and tendencies of every rich and devout

mind that it permeates, and no two preachers ought to resemble one another in their style of argument, illustration, and appeal. Close adherence to a conventional pulpit standard is not a mark of orthodoxy so much as of barrenness. It indicates a mind which has not made itself a reservoir for the truth, but is a mere drawer of water at stated times for sanctuary uses, — a Gibeonite, not a priest. Mr. Bartol, while he throws his own mind into his sermons, evinces always close and habitual communion with the mind of Christ, and evidently could say with literal truth, "I have received of the Lord that which I have delivered unto you."

He also unites philosophy and faith to a rare degree. He reasons profoundly and powerfully. His analysis of doctrine, principle, and motive is searching and thorough. He omits no proof which his propositions may derive from nature, science, or experience. There is a vein of metaphysical subtilty, fine and keen, running through his whole system of Christian ethics. But his philosophy is never of the skeptical or destructive school. He receives with implicit confidence the elements of truth, the grand principles of duty, as from the lips of Jesus; and then seeks to trace them through their analogies with the unwritten word in universal nature and in the heart of man. The verities made known by him who spake the words of God are with him unquestioned axioms, which need no demonstration and admit of no cavil, but to which he loves to elicit the concurrent testimony of all the Divine works and ways. We find, therefore, in these Discourses, no aimless or fruitless speculation; for though the reverse of superficial, they not infrequently explore unfamiliar and labyrinthine recesses of thought and truth, yet it is always with the clew furnished by faith.

We find, also, in this volume, equal justice done to intuition and authority, as *media* of religious knowledge. Mr. Bartol shuns the common error of underrating and abusing the religion of the soul, in order to magnify the excellence of the Gospel, — a process about as pertinent as a Jeremiade on the defects and infirmities of the eye would be in a discourse on sunlight. He is disposed to admit the validity of intuitional testimony on all matters within the legitimate range of consciousness; but the Divine attributes, the external facts in the history of

religion, and the unexperienced future, all lie necessarily without that range, so that truths with regard to them cannot be substantiated by internal evidence. They may, indeed, derive a certain measure of probability from their accordance with the desires and needs of the soul; but can be made sure only by attestation from without, from above. The discrimination between the provinces of consciousness and revelation, constantly recognized, is distinctly and happily developed in the sermon entitled "Nature, Conscience, and Revelation, declaring God, Duty, and Destiny."

In style, as in thought, Mr. Bartol blends characteristics which we are not wont to see combined. No writer sacrifices less to fancy than he. We doubt whether he is ever conscious of a trope, or enamoured of a metaphor. Nothing would seem more out of place in one of his sermons, than a piece of studiously fine writing, indited for rhetorical effect; and the whole burden of these Discourses is that of profound argument or heart-searching demonstration on themes that seem to exclude most of the ornaments of figurative diction. Yet the language throughout is imaginative to its utmost capacity. The page is as full of pictures as of words. Every idea is suggested by its external symbol,—every sentence paints sensible forms and colors on the retina of the inward eye. It is as if the author had learned to think in a dialect of hieroglyphics, and to conceive of abstract ideas solely through their representative forms in the outward world, and as if in writing he simply gave a literal transcript in vernacular terms of this symbolical language. His figures are not rhetorical embellishments, but logical equivalents for abstract ideas, determinate factors in the products of reasoning, and employed as such with the same facility and precision with which algebraic signs are used to denote numbers or relations. This affluence of apt word-pictures imparts to his style a peculiarly rich brilliancy, though it has absolutely none of those sudden gleams and lambent flashes of thought which we are accustomed to associate with brilliant writing. Indeed, his movement as a writer is slow and measured, though without formal stateliness. His style is heavy in the good sense of the word (if it have a good one, if not we will make one for it),—heavy not from dulness, for no

writer can be less dull, but because it has so much thought to carry. It gives the reader the impression of great solidity of mind in the author,—of firm intellectual fibre,—of the power to make for himself a straight and luminous way through the most obscure and intricate regions of spiritual contemplation.

One of the happiest qualities of Mr. Bartol's style of sermon-writing is his skill in presenting the abstract in its concrete forms. His illustrations are affluently drawn from history, Scriptural narrative, personal experience, and passing incidents. The truth thus becomes embodied, and is brought within the range of the hearer's or reader's remembered or imagined consciousness. There are two sermons in this volume, to which we might refer as among the most perfect specimens of this method. One is on Herod's inference from the fame of our Saviour's miracles, that John, whom he had beheaded, had arisen from the dead; the other is on Belshazzar's Feast. They both exhibit, in the most appalling colors, the processes of the guilty conscience, as memory and imagination become its tormentors, create its present hell, and evoke from the depths of the future a still more fearful retribution. In sermons where the tone of the discussion is impersonal, Mr. Bartol passes with wonderful ease to the presentation of some living example, that incarnates the whole doctrine of the discourse with a beauty, vividness, and power far beyond the scope of mere argument or exhortation. As an instance of this, we may quote from the sermon on Autumn a sketch of which many of our readers will recognize the original:—

“As I walked through the lanes of yonder growing forest, on our beautiful common, the dry leaves crushing under my feet, and the sinking sun taking his last look at the bare boughs of the trees, I met a man on whom the blow of grief had descended as sorely as upon any, and with oft-repeated stroke. A new sorrow had just fallen on his gray head, and long-diseased, emaciated frame. While I approached, he was slowly eyeing the setting sun. As he turned his face towards me, I looked to see the marks of deep, uncomforted sadness wearing mournfully in upon his features. But no: not a trace of trouble in that eye which had so often looked on death in the forms of those he had most loved. His vision gleamed as though a light beyond that of the setting sun had fallen upon it. He spoke; and now,



thought I, the secret melancholy will peradventure come forth, and mingle in the tone, though this unnatural excitement be kindled in the eye. No : pleasant was the voice, without one plaintive note. He spoke of faith. He spoke of loyalty to God and duty. He spoke of heaven as though it were near. He said nothing of being hardly dealt with, nor hinted aught about not understanding why *he* should be selected for such trials, but seemed to think there was nothing but God's mercy and kindness in the world. He bore a staff to support his drooping limbs. But he seemed to me, as I looked upon him, to have an inward stay that would hold him up when all earthly props had fallen to the ground. He was a Christian believer ; and, though prospered of God in this world, he said, 'The riches we think so much of gathering together are nothing in comparison with the better portion that rich and poor alike may attain.' We parted ; and as I walked alone again among the fading, rustling leaves, which had been expounding to me the text of this discourse, they took up new eloquence of meaning. The bare, cold ground, the gray, chilly sky, and the long shadows, that told of the lengthening night, seemed beautiful — yes, pleasant and beautiful — to my soul ; more beautiful even than the herbage and balm, and long, long sunny hours of the enlivening spring. For once, the contrast between earth and heaven was revealed to my mind ; and the dissolving emblems of mortality under my feet, and the cold, shifting mists over my head, were transformed from sad tokens into symbols of hope and joy." — pp. 302 – 304.

This extract, the like of which we could select by the score, indicates the way in which the preacher should walk through the busy world, with the Gospel ever in his heart, and with his eye watching for the living commentaries that God sows thick in his every-day path.

The sermons in this volume cover a very wide range of subjects, yet are all fitly comprehended within the title. They are none of them merely dogmatic or expository ; but all relate to the cultivation, the obstacles, the conflicts, the experiences, the attainments, and the joys of the "Christian spirit and life." Though selected from the miscellaneous preaching of years, they are arranged by a filament of order and progress in the author's mind. They commence with the intrusion of religion, as an often unfamiliar, perhaps an unwelcome, monitor in a life of traffic and gain, and close with perfection considered as the Christian's ever-nearer aim and predetermined goal.

We cite the following deeply impressive passage from a sermon entitled "The Dead Speaking":—

"The dead speak, however brief the term of the mortal career, and even though that career be closed while the moral nature still sleeps in God's own charge. The little child, fading like a tender plant, has not wholly perished even from the earth. Though it came but to smile and die, yet has it left its influence; an influence not fleeting, like the shadow of its earthly existence, but long abiding. That gentle image of innocence, that strange power of patience, shall soften your heart, and make it move with tender sympathy to the distresses of your kind, even to the end of your own days. But a peculiar power belongs to those who have been wayfarers upon earth, who have fought the battle of life, and gained the victory over temptation. Let me bear witness that it is not the living alone who move me; but the faces of the dead, especially the excellent departed, mingle in the company. I feel ever environed and attended by the ghostly, but living band. Faith and imagination have removed from those faces every vestige of weariness and pain, and have touched their cold, marble hues with the animation of undecaying health. They come not in funereal garments, and with the chill damps of the grave clinging to their forms, but 'clothed upon' with robes of light, and that 'house which is from heaven.' I feel—and do not they feel?—the unbroken cords by which we are still knit together. I seem to be with them; our intercourse renewed or continued; and I gather instruction and take in affection from their presence. They encourage me in my toils; they say to me, 'Here is the end of thy griefs'; they warn me against the indulgence of my errors and sins;

'Soft rebukes in blessings ended,  
Breathing from their lips of air.'

"But, in a matter so momentous, I cannot give place to merely pleasant or moving description. It is a practical purpose for which we meet, and there is a seriousness in the truth we are considering, that ought to come home with pungent and awakening force to every conscience. When these tongues are still, and these arms are wasting ashes, shall our spirits walk the earth, not, according to the old dream of crazy superstition, as apparitions to the eye, but in the survival of our characters to work in the inward hearts of men? What, then, are we doing, what principles cherishing, what dispositions manifesting? How shall we reappear to the contemplative eye of those who shall here outlive us? Were it only ourselves that we had charge of, only our own destiny that we could affect, we might, with less aggravated and peculiar guilt, take the fearful hazards of moral negligence. But we cannot stand alone. It is the law of our life and

nature that we shall not stand alone. Our hearts are knit to the hearts of our kind; as our hearts throb with good affections or evil passions, their hearts will partake of the impulse. And 'when our tale is told,' and we have no more to do beneath the sun, our characters will be summed up, a living reckoning in the natural and necessary effect of their confirmed tendencies and accumulated manifestations; no drop that ever fell left out of the stream, no grain of our slightest act missing from the vital deposit." — pp. 147 – 149.

We have room but for a single additional extract, and it shall be the last paragraphs of the volume, — a passage admirable in reference to the single discourse of which it is a part, but still more striking, as it seems to take up and bear along the whole burden of the compend of Christian teaching, of which it forms the conclusion: —

"In yonder village, a painter paces, in quiet meditation, his little room. Beautiful pictures has he sent forth to charm every beholder; but he alone is not satisfied. He draws some grand theme from the mighty chronicle of the Bible. He would turn the words of the rapt prophet into colors. He would hold up to the eyes of men a scene of the divine judgments, that should awe down every form of sin, and exalt every resolve of holiness in their hearts. The finished result of his labors is shortly expected. But the idea of perfection has seized with an overmastering grasp upon him, and it must give him pause. How shall that awful writing of doom be pencilled on the plastered wall? How shall that finger, as it were of a man's hand, and yet the finger of God, be revealed? How shall those voluptuous forms below, that have been all relaxed with the wine and the feast and the dalliance of the hour, be represented in their transition so swift to conscience-stricken alarm, prostrate terror, ineffectual rage, and palsied suspense, as they are confronted by those flaming characters of celestial indignation, which the soothsayers, with magic scrolls, and strange garb, and juggling arts, can but mutter and mumble over, and only the servant of Almighty God calmly explain? How shall it be done according to the perfect pattern shown in the Mount of Revelation of God's word? The artist thinks and labors, month by month, and year after year. The figures of Babylonish king and consort, of Hebrew seer and maiden, and of Chaldee magician, grow into expressive portraits under his hand. The visible grandeur of God the Judge, over against the presumptuous sins of man, approaches its completeness. The spectator would now be entranced with the wondrous delineation. But the swiftly conceiving mind which shapes out its imaginations

of that dread tribunal, so suddenly set up in the hall of revelry, is not yet content. The idea of perfection, that smote it, smites it again. The aspiration after a new and higher beauty, that carried it to one point, lifts it to another, and bears it far aloft, in successive flights, ever above its own work. Yet still, on those few feet of canvas, the earnest laborer breathes out, for the best of a lifetime, the patient and exhaustless enthusiasm of his soul. He hides the object, dear as a living child to its mother, from every eye, and presses on to the mark. If he walks, he catches a new trait of expression, some new line of lustrous illumination, to transfer to this painted scripture which he is composing. If he sleeps, some suggestion of an improvement will steal even into his dreams. In weariness and in sickness, he still climbs slowly, painfully, to his task. In absence, his soul turns back, and makes all nature tributary to his art. And on his expiring day he seizes his pencil to strive, by another stroke still, after the perfection which flies before him, and leaves his work as with the last breath of his mouth, and movement of his hand, upon it, to show, amid unfinished groups, and the measured lines for a new trial, that, if absolute perfection cannot be reached here on earth, yet heights of splendor and excellence can be attained, beyond all the thoughts of him whom the glorious idea has never stirred. What a lesson for us in our moral and religious struggles! What a rebuke for our idle loiterings in the heavenward way! What a shame to our doubtings about that perfection to which God and Christ and apostles call!

“There, again, is a man who has toiled in loneliness and secrecy upon the strings of a musical instrument, till he has concentrated all the sweet sounds of nature into that little space, and can draw forth liquid melodies and mingling harmonies, the voice of birds, and the flow of streams; now the sounds of laughter, and anon the sobs of prayer, to the astonishment of assembled thousands. And shall Christians debate whether it is a possible or reasonable thing to make a perfect piety to God and charity to man their standard? No: there is no other aim worthy of your immortal natures. There is no perfection so glorious as that of moral and religious goodness. There is no example in other modes of perfection so clear and inspiring as that in spiritual things of the life of Jesus our Lord. Content yourselves no longer with moderate attainments. Pause no longer upon the level where others may rest content around you. Pursue, each one, the peculiar and individual perfection which your Maker has marked out. Press every power of thought and feeling to this end. Labor till every color in the living picture of your excellence become true, and all deformity sink into just proportion. Tune over and over again the strings of each feeling in your



breast, till every discord that jars there melt into harmony of love and praise. At least, so aim and so endeavour, and the Perfect One himself, who has so commanded, will grant you his blessing; and, from all the short and broken accomplishments of earth, will take you to the joy of higher and eternal progress, with the spirits of the just made perfect in heaven." — pp. 341 – 344.

It may be said that preaching of so elevated a strain as that of the volume before us demands a specially prepared audience, and could be fully appreciated only by hearers whose own minds were already attuned to the higher harmonies of devout thought. We reply, that it is the direct tendency of such preaching to create the appetite which it feeds, to inspire the tastes which it gratifies. There is, indeed, much that sounds plausible in the common theories of the unornate simplicity of pulpit teaching, — only we never knew an advocate of that method, who did not for his own sake prefer richer and loftier exhibitions of the truth than he deemed adapted to the needs of the many. We have been time and again told of Tillotson, that he read his sermons before preaching them to an ignorant domestic, and expunged whatever she did not instantly comprehend. His sermons are, indeed, level with a child's understanding; but with their hydra-headed skeletons, their pedestrian style of thought, and chaste barrenness of diction, they belittle the truths that they expound, and, if they are ever worthy specimens of pulpit eloquence, it is when they treat of the homelier virtues of domestic and civic life, and keep clear of those themes which relate more directly to God, to Christ, and to heaven. The minister who lowers himself, and lets the pulpit down, to cater for the receptivity of the most ignorant fourth part of his audience, does exceedingly little even for their culture. Illiterate and unintelligent people derive the most profit from the very ministrations of religion that would seem the least adapted to their capacity. The mind, as well as the body, has its pores, through which there is an insensible absorption and transfusion from the surrounding atmosphere. The pauper, who statedly listens to sermons of a high intellectual character, manifests tenfold refinement, intelligence, and power of apprehension, compared with one whose minister washes his hands of the impeachment of "human learning."

We especially prize such preaching as makes up this volume, for the sake of the numerous border class of hearers, to whom we should do equal injustice were we to term them religious or irreligious. The truly devout will listen to any sermons that a good man may preach. If he bring to his work inferior mental endowments, their loyal faith will prop his lame logic, and their fervor of spirit will reinforce his languid rhetoric. But such a preacher will leave all the rest of his congregation out of the range of his influence. Religion will not only get no hold upon their consciences, but will establish no points of contact with taste, sentiment, or fancy. They will be wholly unconcerned listeners, or else habitual absentees from the services of the Sabbath. And it is in precisely such a religious society, that we can trace the broadest and most appalling moral contrasts. On the one hand, piety in its austere or fanatical garb; on the other, levity and frivolity, restrained by no lingering sentiment of reverence, and not infrequently lapsing into overt vice. But the minister who preaches with mind and soul, as well as heart, diffuses through all classes and conditions of his hearers a certain measure of religious interest and feeling, sustains a general sense of moral right, fitness, and obligation, and retains large numbers of the young and the tempted in that position "not far from the kingdom of heaven," from which they may be rapidly gathered alike into the visible Church and the spiritual fold of Christ. While, therefore, we deem it the first requisite for the ministerial office that one be "a good man, full of faith and the holy spirit," we deem it almost as essential, that he should have large mental capacities and attainments, as measured by the average standard of his congregation,—that he should stand to them in a relation in which they shall respect his mind as well as his character, and shall enjoy as much as they approve his preaching.

But we have been insensibly drawn away from the book under review. We must confess, in our critical capacity, a certain measure of disappointment, that we are in this instance denied our professional privilege of fault-finding. Unable to detect any pervading heresies of doctrine or defects of style, we have made diligent search for statements that we might question, propositions that we gainsay, single false steps in reasoning,

mixed metaphors, rhetorical oversights; but we have sought in vain. We trust that we have said enough, and quoted enough, to induce a fuller acquaintance with the volume on the part of many of our readers; and may it be richly blessed in the diffusion of its own spirit of simple faith and serenely fervent piety! A. P. P.

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ART. VII. — TICKNOR'S HISTORY OF SPANISH LITERATURE.\*

THERE are two points of view from which every book may be observed; one from without and the other from within. In the former case, it is compared with other books upon the same subject, or exposed to the test of an ideal standard. The critic ventures to assert whether a better book might not have been written with the materials at command, whether all the sources of information have been examined, whether the ground has been gone over superficially or thoroughly, and whether a spirit of accuracy presides over the minor details of names and dates. A judgment of this sort supposes in the critic a knowledge of the subject equal at least to that of the author whom he is reviewing.

But, on the other hand, every book furnishes to some extent the means of forming an estimate of its merits. Every book is a work of art, and of books of history and science we have a right to inquire both as to their substantial and their formal claims. A man of taste may know nothing of Sanscrit, and yet, if he read a treatise on Sanscrit literature, he will be able to say whether the style be good, and the general treatment of the subject judicious. Turner's *History of England* is very elaborate and learned; Hume's, on the contrary, is rather superficial. Yet, with the most moderate knowledge of English history, a reader is competent to decide that Hume is greatly the superior in the sagacity of his observations, in the philosophical tone of his understanding, and in the easy grace of his style. Robertson's *Charles the*

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\* *History of Spanish Literature.* By GEORGE TICKNOR. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1849. 3 vols. 8vo. pp. 568, 552, 549.

Fifth is not esteemed by those who are learned in the subject to be a very profound or a very accurate work. Few men are able to give an opinion on this point, but every scholar may venture to say that the author has treated the subject with great judgment, and commended it by a style of sustained and elaborate polish.

We think it no more than fair to our readers to state at the outset, that, in summoning Mr. Ticknor's book before our literary tribunal, we mean to try it upon the evidence which its own pages furnish. Our acquaintance with Spanish literature is far too slight to attempt any thing more. Indeed, we do not know the man on this side of the water who is competent to examine this work from a point of knowledge on a level with that which the author has reached. Mr. Ticknor's residence in Spain, his personal relations with many of its most distinguished scholars, the studious years he has devoted to the subject, and the command of an unrivalled Spanish library, give to his opinions and statements upon Spanish literature an authority which the most confident critic will hardly venture to resist. We aim at nothing higher than to give what shall strictly be a review of the work, to tell our readers what the author has aimed to accomplish, and with what success his efforts have been crowned, and to venture a modest judgment as to its literary merits of style, method, and arrangement. We feel the burden of our incompetence the less, because the work is not addressed to those who are learned or even curious in Spanish literature, but to all classes of intelligent and cultivated men. The author's purpose has been to present the literature of Spain as the true exponent of its civilization and the manners of its people, and to infuse into it that animating life-blood which flows from the great national heart of the country. Thus, while he has never lost sight of the cardinal points of accuracy and thoroughness, he has aimed to produce a book which shall be something more than a work for reference and consultation, — which shall be found in the drawing-room as well as in the study, — which shall be read by all who have a taste for literary history, or an enlightened curiosity as to the causes which have raised Spain so high and brought her so low.

In his arduous enterprise of writing the history of



Spanish literature, Mr. Ticknor has had no pioneer in English literature. This is rather a remarkable fact, as the Spanish peninsula has always been a favorite ground with the writers of England and of our own country. From his early travels in Spain, the vivid mind of Southey derived influences and impressions which tinged his whole literary life. Lockhart's versions of the Spanish ballads will preserve his name longer than any of his original works. The laurels of Prescott have been gathered on the soil of Spain and that of her colonies. In the same romantic land, Irving found the materials for his most elaborate historical work, and some of the most charming of his fictions. To these names may be added those of Robertson, Watson, Lord Holland, Napier, Lord Mahon, and Ford, as proofs of the interest which Spain has always awakened among the men of letters of England. But no one has yet written a history of Spanish literature in the English language. Nor, indeed, is any such work to be found in the Spanish language itself. That country has never been wanting in patient and laborious scholars, who have accumulated ample materials for literary history, and written with learning and ability upon particular authors and detached portions; but no one has arisen among them who has traced the growth of that rich and picturesque literature from its remote origin, through its splendid and vigorous prime, down to its mournful decay and decrepitude. The reader of Mr. Ticknor's volumes will be able to judge how far this may be owing to the fact, that, before the age of literary retrospection was reached in Spain, the spirit of the people had so withered away in the cold shade of the throne and the Inquisition, that men of letters had lost their heart, cheered neither by the genial patronage of the crown nor the animating voice of public opinion. It is thus rather a curious circumstance, that nine English readers out of ten get all their knowledge of Spanish literature from two writers who were neither Englishmen nor Spaniards. We need hardly say that we refer to Bouterwek and Sismondi.

Bouterwek, a name never to be mentioned without respect, was one of those laborious and conscientious German scholars who begin to write books before they are out of their teens, who labor in their literary vocation

with the patient industry of a mechanic toiling at his daily trade, and die at last with a proof-sheet in their hands. His *History of Spanish Literature* forms a part — a single volume only — of an elaborate work on the entire history of elegant literature in modern times, which appeared in twelve volumes, published at various periods between 1801 and 1819. The portion devoted to Spanish literature is very well done, characterized by just general views and a healthy tone of criticism, but is imperfect in many particulars, not only because a subject so extensive rendered it impossible to treat any part of it with any thing like minuteness, but also because in this particular department the author was embarrassed by the want of access to a complete Spanish library, which compelled him in many instances to rely upon extracts and second-hand opinions. In 1823 it appeared, together with its author's brief *History of Portuguese Literature*, in an English translation, made with taste and skill, by Miss Thomasina Ross.

We will not so far disparage our readers as to presume that they require to be told who and what Sismondi was. His lectures on the literature of the South of Europe, comprising an account of the Provençal and Portuguese, as well as the Spanish and Italian, — a work which would have exhausted the literary enterprise of many authors, but served only as an agreeable interruption to the severe historical researches of this eminent writer, — were delivered at Geneva in 1811, and published at Paris in 1813. The whole work has secured to itself a permanent place in European literature, and will always be read with interest, from the beauty of its style, the tasteful tone of its criticism, and the generous humanity of its sentiments; but in whatever relates to Spain, Sismondi was even less provided with original authors than Bouterwek, and he was consequently under obligations to his predecessor, which, though they are generously acknowledged, lessen the authority of his own labors. The whole work was translated into English, with notes, by Thomas Roscoe, and published in 1823.

Mr. Ticknor has been fortunate in the selection of a subject as yet unattempted by any writer in our own language, and in another respect he has also been fortunate. The literature of Spain presents a rich and fruitful theme

to a writer who looks upon literature as the expression of national feeling, and treats it in the spirit of a philosopher, and not of a bookworm. Perhaps no nation in Europe has so distinct and individual a character as the Spanish, and in no other is the literature more strongly marked by the national peculiarities. Its power and its weakness, its beauties and its defects, are alike drawn from the soil in which it grew. The Spanish character was formed in a period of struggle and contest with a race alien in blood and in religion, which lasted from the overthrow of the Gothic monarchy, in the eighth century, down to the capture of Granada, in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella. When, after the memorable defeat of Roderick in 711, the remnants of the nation, stripped of every thing but faith and hope, retreated behind the mountain fastnesses of the Asturias, leaving nearly all the Peninsula in possession of the Moorish invaders, every thing seemed to portend the extinction of the Gothic race and the Christian religion. But under the stern nurture of adversity, a new class of virtues was called into being, — hardihood, enterprise, indomitable courage, and inflexible perseverance. In the unequal struggle which commenced, the Spaniards, though often baffled, were always successful. Slowly, inch by inch, the land was wrested from the grasp of the Moorish invader. What was won by fiery valor was defended with wakeful obstinacy. The Moors were gradually driven into narrower circles, till in the fifteenth century they ceased to exist as a separate people.

In this protracted struggle, continuing for more than seven centuries, the Spanish people were supported by an exalted sense of patriotism and devotion, which under ordinary circumstances would have been extravagant and fanatical. Every Spaniard lived and acted as if specially dedicated to the service of his God and his country. No motives less powerful, no pressure less strong, would have sustained the people in the arduous task which Providence had assigned to them. Under these influences there were developed in the Spanish character a fiery courage, an heroic constancy of purpose, and a fervor of religious faith, which made the nation for a long time the dominant power in Europe, which reared an empire upon which the sun never set, which inspired the romantic en-

terprises of Cortés and Pizarro, and chained victory to the car of the Great Captain.

But from the same fountain flowed both sweet and bitter waters. Few nations have paused for any length of time at that point in their progress in which the vertical sun of power and prosperity casts no shadow. That inevitable law of the natural body, by which the principle of decay begins its corroding work so soon as the full maturity of development has been reached, prevails also in political societies. The generous loyalty of Spain, which had led to such efforts and such sacrifices, degenerated into a blind and weak submission to the encroaching spirit of the crown, fatal to independence, to self-respect, and to all the manly virtues. The devotional feeling, which breathes in strains of such celestial purity through the poetry of Manrique and Luis de Leon, which upon a thousand fields of battle kindled the eye of the dying soldier with rapturous gleams of triumphant faith, and brought all the glories of heaven before his swimming gaze, became a fierce fanaticism, which made war alike upon true religion and constitutional liberty, converting the strong into rebels and the weak into hypocrites. The glory of Spain seemed at its height during the reign of Charles the Fifth; yet even at that time the throne and the Inquisition had begun to cast those poisonous shadows under which all the vital virtues of the country gradually withered away, until the Spanish monarchy became aptly typified by its own Escorial, a gloomy structure, half palace and half monastery, frowning over a desolate waste.

To these influences, which had so important a share in forming the Spanish character, must be added the effect of a tropical climate, with its alternations of passion and languor, and the Oriental element derived from the long residence of the Moors in the Peninsula, who, for a considerable period at least, were superior to their Christian rivals in cultivation and social refinement. The result of all this was a certain intensity of feeling, ever tending to the extremes of fanaticism and extravagance, and seldom checked by a keen sense of the ludicrous. The virtues of the Spaniard were always fluttering upon the verge of exaggeration, and breaking out in fantastic and absurd forms. In his true type, for example, he is honorably



distinguished by gravity, dignity, and self-reliance; but these are precisely the qualities most likely to be carried to excess. Thus, the common caricatures of the Spaniard in every literature are founded upon the exaggeration of these virtues, and the ludicrous contrasts to which they give birth. Beggarly claims are attended with regal pretensions. The hungry pauper, who is always chasing the phantom of a dinner, has sounding titles and an interminable pedigree. Every ragged hidalgo is as good a gentleman as the king, only not so rich. This element of disproportion lies at the bottom of most of the humorous literature of Spain, which delights in the grotesque contrasts which are produced by bringing beggars, gypsies, and rogues into the society of reputable and distinguished men and women. We notice the same peculiarity in the language itself, which is rich, sonorous, and expressive,\* admirably suited for great occasions and elevated sentiments,—the appropriate dialect of kings and ambassadors,—but does not always adapt itself with ease and flexibility to the common purposes of every-day life, and too readily swells into bombast.

The literature of Spain reflects, as in a mirror, all these peculiarities of the national character. Her strength and her weakness, her glory and her shame, are here revealed in bright lights and deep shadows. In no other literature does patriotism breathe more animating strains, or devotion soar upon a more seraphic wing. All the heroic and elevated virtues find here a fitting expression, and he who would learn the language in which deep feeling, romantic generosity, chivalrous valor, and lofty self-reliance speak, need not go beyond the Peninsula. But here, too, we mark the same tendency to the overstrained and the extravagant. We find more of all good things than of good taste and good judgment. We meet with exaggerated expressions of loyalty, which outrage all propriety and probability, and seem worthy only of madmen or fools. The moral sense is shocked by the union of devotional fervor with the most vicious propensities, and Christianity is disfigured and degraded by being associ-

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\* We were present at the annual performances of the College of the Propaganda in Rome, two years since, where exercises in some sixty languages were spoken. Of all these, the Spanish was the finest in the mere quality of sound.

ated with ferocious passions and a profligate life. The strong, unquestioning faith of the people sometimes tempts their authors into an exhibition of spiritual subjects, which to Protestant reserve seems coarse and irreverent.

Especially are the peculiarities of the Spanish temperament observable in that part of their literature which is inspired by the passion of love. With the Spanish poet, love is a burning and consuming fire, which feeds upon the heart and wastes away the life. A favoring smile lifts him into a heaven of ecstasy, while a frown converts the face of nature into a universal blank. The delicate sentiment which breathes through the sonnets of Petrarch is like the night-breeze that steals the perfume from the orange-gardens of Sorento, but in the poetry of Spain love is a tropical tempest, which makes a desert of the breast in which it rages. And this volcanic passion does not express itself with simplicity and directness, but the lover, in the midst of his alternations of rapture and agony, indulges himself in the most cold and fantastic conceits, and moralizes the perfections of his mistress into a thousand elaborate similes, which seem equally opposed to good taste and genuine passion.

But from these preliminary observations, which the work we have under consideration has suggested, we feel that it is time for us to pass to the work itself. Mr. Ticknor, in a brief and graceful Preface, which we beg the readers of the work to read with care, and in its natural order, relates the circumstances which first turned his attention to the subject of Spanish literature. Passing several months in the country, early in life, and becoming personally acquainted with some of its most distinguished men of letters, he began to collect Spanish books and to make himself acquainted with their contents. The interest thus awakened was never lost. Fortunate in his opportunities of acquiring books and manuscripts, the materials for his enterprise were constantly increasing. These materials were early thrown into shape by the preparation of the course of lectures which were delivered by him, as Professor of French and Spanish Literature in Harvard University; and the result of his labors, at the end of thirty years, is seen in a library of Spanish books which has no equal out of Spain, and perhaps no supe-

rior in it, and in these volumes on Spanish literature, which, it is but moderate praise to say, are far superior to any thing that has gone before them in wideness of range, depth of learning, and thoroughness of research, and quite absolve the coming world from the duty of writing another work on the same subject.

Mr. Ticknor divides the literature of Spain into three periods, corresponding very nearly to its growth, maturity, and decay. The first period extends from the first appearance of the present written language to the early part of the reign of Charles the Fifth, or from the end of the twelfth century to the beginning of the sixteenth. To this first period about four fifths of the first volume are devoted, and this period is arranged into two divisions. "The first will contain" (we are now quoting the author's language) "the genuinely national poetry and prose produced from the earliest times down to the reign of Charles the Fifth; while the second will contain that portion which, by imitating the refinement of Provence or of Italy, was, during the same interval, more or less separated from the popular spirit and genius. Both, when taken together, will fill up the period in which the main elements and characteristics of Spanish literature were developed, such as they have existed down to our own age."

The long procession of Spanish literature opens with the grand and shadowy form of the *Cid*, floating between the daylight of history and the twilight of romance to such a degree, that some writers have questioned his actual existence. But there is no more reason to doubt that there was such a personage as the *Cid*, than to doubt that there was such a man as Daniel Boone, because many things that are told of him are pure fictions and because many exploits performed by others are ascribed to him. The Canon in *Don Quixote* speaks truly when he says, (we are indebted to Mr. Ticknor for the quotation,) — "There is no doubt there was such a man as the *Cid*, and such a man as Bernardo del Carpio, but much doubt whether they achieved what is imputed to them."

The most interesting record of his life and deeds, and one of the most interesting of all literary monuments, is the Poem of the *Cid*, which consists of above three thousand lines, in a sort of rude Alexandrine measure, and

can hardly have been composed later than the year 1200. In simplicity, animation, and occasional picturesqueness, it will remind the classical reader of the poetry of Homer. Like Homer, too, the writer indulges himself in homely details and minute particulars, which give it value as a record of the times of which it treats. Indeed, no work is more full of the spirit of the age of chivalry, — not of that fantastic and ideal age which modern discontent dreams of, and which never had any real existence, — but as it actually was, a period of rude virtues, rough manners, strong arms, and plain speech. The following are Mr. Ticknor's closing observations upon this poem : —

“It is throughout striking and original. It is, too, no less national, Christian, and loyal. It breathes everywhere the true Castilian spirit, such as the old chronicles represent it amidst the achievements and disasters of the Moorish wars; and has very few traces of an Arabic influence in its language, and none at all in its imagery or fancies. The whole of it, therefore, deserves to be read, and to be read in the original; for it is there only that we can obtain the fresh impressions it is fitted to give us of the rude but heroic period it represents: of the simplicity of the governments, and the loyalty and true-heartedness of the people; of the wide force of a primitive religious enthusiasm; of the picturesque state of manners and daily life in an age of trouble and confusion; and of the bold outlines of the national genius, which are often struck out where we should least think to find them. It is, indeed, a work which, as we read it, stirs us with the spirit of the times it describes; and as we lay it down and recollect the intellectual condition of Europe when it was written, and for a long period before, it seems certain, that, during the thousand years which elapsed from the time of the decay of Greek and Roman culture, down to the appearance of the ‘*Divina Commedia*,’ no poetry was produced so original in its tone, or so full of natural feeling, picturesqueness, and energy.” — Vol. I. pp. 22, 23.

Portions of this poem have been translated into English, with infinite spirit and grace, by Mr. John Hookham Frere, one of the most accomplished scholars of our times. From this poem, from the Chronicle of the Cid, a later composition in prose, and from the numerous ballads on the subject of his life and adventures, Southey has compiled his entertaining Chronicle of the Cid, a skilful piece of literary restoration, in which, if old materials are not always used, the substitutes are nearly as good as old. Mr. Frere's translations will be found appended to this



work, of which a handsome edition was published in 1846 by Mr. Daniel Bixby, of Lowell, which would have been still better if the proof-reader had taken rather more pains in the Spanish quotations. The publication of such a book, in such a town as Lowell, is a significant and suggestive fact, which might lead a sensible and thoughtful Spaniard into a train of reflections flowing more in shadow than in sun.

To this first period belong the ballads of Spain, so well known to all who know any thing of the literature of the country. Upon their origin, much curious research has been expended; some writers tracing them to primitive models in the Latin language, and others deriving them from the narrative and lyric poetry of the Arabs. But such discussions, of which the well-known controversy upon the origin of modern romantic fiction is an instance in point, resemble the quarrel between the two knights as to the shield that was gold on one side and silver on the other, except that in these literary tilts the shield has sometimes more than two sides. But as every form of literary production must somewhere be native and spontaneous, why look abroad for influences which the inquirer will find lying at his feet? The ballad poetry of Spain was eminently the indigenous growth of the soil, and a moment's reflection will show that the circumstances of the country were highly favorable to this class of compositions. The English scholar need not be told of the number of ballads in his own language which are founded upon the border warfare between England and Scotland, in the romantic incidents to which it gave rise, and the unsettled state of society of which it was at once the cause and the effect. But for many centuries the Spanish people were engaged in a somewhat similar contest, in which their courage was sustained and their enthusiasm heightened, not only by patriotic, but by devotional feeling, for the Moors were not only foreigners, but infidels. As a ballad in its primitive form is merely a versified narrative of a particular occurrence, the varied incidents of so protracted a contest would afford numberless themes for such poems. A brilliant foray, a skirmish in the mountains, the capture of a castle, the death of a knight, the abduction of a maiden, would readily be cast into the form of rude verse by the

wandering minstrel, and sung from village to village till it was woven indissolubly into the memories of the people. Add to this a metrical structure of extreme simplicity, the liberty of using imperfect rhymes, and the effect of a luxurious climate, quickening the sensibility to all lyrical impressions, and the abundant growth of the Spanish ballads will be easily explained, without resorting to any foreign influences. Such poems, indeed, are like the natural wild-flowers of a country, which rise from no exotic seed, but are the growth of the spontaneous productiveness of the soil. They spring up along the way-side of human life. Rooted in the human heart, the air and sunshine of every day call them into bloom. They owe their birth to that universal law of Providence by which the blood is stirred by the breath of song, and the soul melted by the poet's touch.

The ballads of Spain began to be collected and published in the beginning of the sixteenth century, but many of them were composed at a far earlier period, and some are doubtless coeval with the first formation of the language. The task of arranging them in a chronological order has never been attempted, and could not be with success. As to their literary merits there may be a diversity of opinion. Southey has pronounced them inferior to those of England, a judgment to which no patriotic Spaniard will assent, and which we are not quite sure would be confirmed by an intelligent German or Frenchman. But it will be admitted by every candid mind, that they show a more refined state of society, and a higher, or, at least, gentler tone of moral feeling. The heroic ballads of Spain are of no inconsiderable value in an historical point of view. They reveal to us the character of the noblemen and gentlemen of Spain, as it was before the touch of tyranny had paralyzed the national heart, and before the Inquisition had mixed the poisonous breath of suspicion and distrust with the very air of the fireside, — brave, generous, devout, and loyal, — a vigorous shaft of manly virtues crowned with a Corinthian capital of chivalrous courtesy and romantic gallantry. No wonder that these ballads are still heard all over the Peninsula, — that the Spanish maiden sings them at her household labors, and the muleteer carols them as he drives afield over the sunny plains of Andalusia. They

bring back the old glories of Spain, and show what she still would be if her rulers had always been faithful to their trusts. Music and song have ever soothed the sorrowing heart of the exile, and with the lot of the true-hearted Spaniard is mingled a portion of the exile's bitterness,—the mournful comparison of the past with the present. If Spain is ever to rise from her fallen and degraded state, to put on "beauty for ashes," it will be mainly owing to the spirit which these ballads have had no small share in awakening and preserving among the common people,—that part of her population which has ever suffered the most and offended the least.

Mr. Ticknor divides these ballads into four classes; such as relate to fictions of chivalry, and especially to Charlemagne and his peers; next, such as regard Spanish history and traditions, with a few relating to classical antiquity; then such as are founded on Moorish adventures; and lastly, such as belong to the private life and manners of the Spaniards themselves. Of these, the second class—the historical ballads—forms the largest and most important division. Their favorite heroes are the Cid and Bernardo del Carpio, and something like a connected biography of each of these personages might be gathered from the ballad poetry alone; not that the historical antiquary would accept the whole as literal truth, nor, on the other hand, would he regard it as pure fiction. No sagacious historian would fail to avail himself of the poetical illustration of Spanish history which these ballads supply. They are full of strong traits of national character, and are true to the manners of the period in which they were written.

The Moorish ballads form a brilliant and attractive class. They are later in their origin than the purely historical ballads, and were, generally speaking, the growth of a period subsequent to the fall of Granada. They show the vivid impressions made upon the susceptible Spaniards by the romantic region of which that event gave them undisturbed possession. They are full of the spirit of Andalusia, its snowy mountains, its sunny plains, its verdurous valleys, the soft beauty of its moonlight nights, and the luxurious refinement of Moorish life and manners. We feel, in reading them, that we are transported into a gentler region than we have hitherto been accustomed to. The

blast of war blows less frequently in our ears. The play of fountains in the courts of the Alhambra, whispers of passion in the orange-gardens of Granada, serenades at midnight with fair forms bending from balconies to listen, the tournament of reeds, and the mournful notes of sorrow when all these had been lost, — such are the elements which charm us in the Moorish ballads, and still throw a light brighter than that of day over the lovely region which the Moor once called his own.

The ballads upon manners and private life form a numerous class, and have that interest which belongs to all poetical expressions of popular feeling. Many of them, as might be expected, are called forth by the fruitful inspiration of love; some are pastoral, and some shrewd and homely, but all are true, and imbued with the flavor of the soil.

Mr. Hallam has remarked that these Spanish ballads are known to the English public, “but generally with inconceivable advantage, by the very fine and animated translations of Mr. Lockhart.” With deference to so high an authority, we doubt whether this praise of these translations is not a little extravagant. They are certainly “fine and animated” poems, but they are often paraphrases rather than translations, and the student of the originals will miss some of their peculiar charm of simplicity and directness in these versions, though he will find their places supplied by graceful embellishments, such as modern taste will approve. It would not be doing justice to Mr. Lockhart to say that his translations, as compared with the originals, remind us of Prior’s cold and tedious dilution, in his “Henry and Emma,” of the sweetness and simplicity of the old ballad of “The Notbrowne Maide”; but a fair parallel may be found in two well-known passages, one from Shakspeare and one from Gray, cited by Coleridge in illustration of his principles of poetical criticism.

“How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugged and embraced by the strumpet wind!  
How like the prodigal doth she return,  
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind.”  
*Merchant of Venice*, Act II. Sc. 6.



“ Fair laughs the morn and soft the zephyr blows,  
While, proudly rising o’er the azure realm,  
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes,  
Youth at the prow and pleasure at the helm,  
Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind’s sway,  
That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening prey.”  
*Gray’s Bard.*

Men of taste may perhaps differ as to the comparative merit of these two passages. He who prefers Gray will also prefer Lockhart’s ballads to the originals.

The portion of Mr. Ticknor’s work which treats of these ballads is entitled to high praise. Its fulness of research and amplitude of bibliographical and historical information will commend it to those who are curious in such matters, while the general reader will be attracted by its genial and judicious tone of criticism, and by the occasional translations, which are alike faithful and spirited.

The prose chronicles of Spain form a most interesting and characteristic part of its literature, unrivalled in variety, richness, and picturesqueness. They extend over a period of two hundred and fifty years, from the time of Alfonso the Wise to the accession of Charles the Fifth. They are subdivided into general chronicles and royal chronicles, prepared by royal hands or under royal authority, and thus clothed with a sort of official weight and dignity; chronicles of particular events; chronicles of particular persons; chronicles of travels; and romantic chronicles; the last comprising only a single specimen, and of no great merit. We can only refer our readers to Mr. Ticknor’s full and luminous pages for far more ample and exact information on these works than can be found in any other writer in our language, and must content ourselves with quoting his just and pertinent concluding reflections.

“ In truth, the chronicles of no other nation can, on such points, be compared to them; not even the Portuguese, which approach the nearest in original and early materials; nor the French, which, in Joinville and Froissart, make the highest claims in another direction. For these old Spanish chronicles, whether they have their foundations in truth or in fable, always strike farther down than those of any other nation into the deep soil of the popular feeling and character. The old Spanish loyalty, the old Spanish religious faith, as both were formed and nourished in the long

periods of national trial and suffering, are constantly coming out; hardly less in Columbus and his followers, or even amidst the atrocities of the conquests in the New World, than in the half-miraculous accounts of the battles of Hazinas and Tolosa, or in the grand and glorious drama of the fall of Granada. Indeed, wherever we go under their leading, whether to the court of Tamerlane, or to that of Saint Ferdinand, we find the heroic elements of the national genius gathered around us; and thus, in this vast, rich mass of chronicles, containing such a body of antiquities, traditions, and fables as has been offered to no other people, we are constantly discovering, not only the materials from which were drawn a multitude of the old Spanish ballads, plays, and romances, but a mine which has been unceasingly wrought by the rest of Europe for similar purposes, and still remains unexhausted." — Vol. I. pp. 215, 216.

Our limits will not permit us to give any analysis of the chapters which Mr. Ticknor devotes to the romances of chivalry, whose names are preserved in the pages of the immortal work which sealed their doom, as monumental tablets transmit records of those to whom they are reared; nor of his curious and learned inquiries into Provençal literature in Spain, and into Catalonian and Valencian poetry. Nor can we do any thing more than make mention of such names as Don Juan Manuel, the author of that curious collection of tales and apologues, the "*Conde Lucanor*,"\* and Alphonso the Wise, whose code of laws, "*Las Siete Partidas*," compiled six hundred years ago, is still cited and discussed in the tribunals of one of our own States.

In Spain, as in most other countries of Europe, the drama appeared in its first form in those religious representations, by pantomime and dialogues, by which the clergy sought to teach and enforce the doctrines and mysteries of Christianity. But no fragment of them, and no distinct account of them, now remain to us. Nor is there any thing properly dramatic among the secular poetry of Spain, till the latter part of the fifteenth century. The first composition of a dramatic form was called "*The Couplets of Mingo Revulgo*," a satirical dialogue direct-

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\* In the "*Conde Lucanor*" appears, for the first time in European literature, the story which forms the plot of the "*Taming of the Shrew*," though Shakspeare found it in some later source. In the same work is the admirable tale of the Magician and the Dean of Santiago, which was translated by Blanco White for the *New Monthly Magazine*.

ed against the unhappy state of affairs in the latter part of the weak reign of Henry the Fourth, and written about 1472. The "*Celestina*," a work of much higher pretensions and much higher character, appeared about the same time. It is a drama, or rather a dramatic poem, extending to the formidable length of twenty-one acts, and on that account alone not capable of being represented. But it exerted a strong influence upon the national drama. We find in it the same elements which we observe in its later and more finished forms; a love-plot interfered with and embarrassed by all sorts of low and vicious characters, a succession of complicated intrigues, with wild and improbable adventures. It is full of spirit and animation, and written in a style of vigorous and idiomatic purity; and on account of these merits it enjoyed an extensive popularity, both at home and abroad, and led to many imitations, in spite of its gross libertinism of thought and language. But the honor of founding the Spanish theatre belongs, so far as it can belong to any one person, to Juan de la Enzina, who lived at the end of the fifteenth and the beginning of the sixteenth centuries. After him, Gil Vicente, a native of Portugal, wrote plays both in Spanish and Portuguese. The dramatic compositions of Naharro show much talent. But it is not probable that the plays of any of these writers were publicly acted in Spain, and whatever influence they exerted was through the press. The foundation of a popular national drama, which held the mirror up to nature as it was in Spain, was reserved to a later period. To the three last-named writers Mr. Ticknor devotes two chapters, full of curious information gathered from original sources.

Thus far we have spoken of the popular literature of the first period, which was the natural growth of the soil, and original alike in form and in substance. But contemporaneous with this there sprang up another class of writers, whose taste was formed upon Italian models. Many circumstances conspired to make the influence of Italy upon Spain early in time and important in extent. The deep religious faith of the Spaniards made them turn to the Romish See with a peculiar feeling of veneration and trust. The light of intellectual culture, too, in modern times, first dawned upon Italy, and shone with a lus-

tre brightened by the neighbouring darkness. Before the year 1300, Italy possessed five universities, while Spain had not yet one, and numbers of Spanish youth sought in Bologna and Padua the means of a liberal education not yet provided at home. The relative position of the two countries led naturally to commercial intercourse, as soon as men began to exchange the products of one region for those of another. The reader of Spanish history need not be informed of the political relations of the two countries, and how early Spain obtained a foothold in Sicily and Italy, and how the armies of Ferdinand and Louis the Twelfth drenched with mutual slaughter the fair fields of that unhappy country, equally the victim and the sufferer whatever might be the issue of the contest. But, more than all these, the language of Italy, from its resemblance to that of Spain, established an important medium of communication. An educated Spaniard would understand Dante and Petrarch with very little more trouble than it costs us to read the Scotch poems of Burns, or the Canterbury Tales of Chaucer. We need not, therefore, be surprised to mark the influence of Italian literature upon the writers of Spain at an early period.

Of the authors of the courtly or Italian school, one of the most distinguished is the Marquis of Santillana, born at the very close of the fourteenth century; a man of high rank, and, like many of his countrymen, cultivating literature with energy and success through a life crowded with the labors and duties of war and statesmanship. He was a man of learning, a sound and judicious critic, and a poet of no mean order. Of his poetical powers, the finest specimen is a song, "*Una Serranilla*," or A Little Mountain Song, addressed to a maiden whom he found tending her father's herds upon the hills. The Arcadian reed never breathed a gentler or a softer strain. To fully appreciate its merits, we must imagine the Duke of Wellington writing a song which combines the airy grace of Herrick and the tenderness of Burns. In Bohn's recent edition of Sismondi there is a translation of this little poem by Wiffen, which resembles the original as a handful of raisins resembles a bunch of grapes.

Many other names will be found recorded with due honor in Mr. Ticknor's learned pages, which we cannot



even copy into our own; but we must pause for a moment at that of Jorge Manrique, whose beautiful poem on the death of his father is so well known to readers of English by the exquisite translation of Professor Longfellow. He was one of a family honorably distinguished in war and in literature. His poem, called in the original "*Coplas*," is one of those effusions of natural feeling, flowing warm from the heart, which will always charm and interest so long as love and sorrow dwell in the breast of man. The tenderness and grief which it breathes are without affectation or extravagance, and its whole tone is elevated by religious faith. Its style and versification are worthy of the truth and beauty of its sentiments. A curious proof of the estimation in which it has always been held is to be found in the fact, that it has been repeatedly published with poetical glosses or commentaries, which are generally little better than feeble dilutions of the original.

The following are Mr. Ticknor's concluding observations on the first period of Spanish literature.

"If, however, before we enter upon this new and more varied period, we cast our eyes back towards the one over which we have just passed, we shall find much that is original and striking, and much that gives promise of further progress and success. It extends through nearly four complete centuries, from the first breathings of the poetical enthusiasm of the mass of the people down to the decay of the courtly literature in the latter part of the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella; and it is filled with materials destined, at last, to produce such a school of poetry and elegant prose as, in the sober judgment of the nation itself, still constitutes the proper body of the national literature. The old ballads, the old historical poems, the old chronicles, the old theatre, — all these, if only elements, are yet elements of a vigor and promise not to be mistaken. They constitute a mine of more various wealth than had been offered, under similar circumstances and at so early a period, to any other people. They breathe a more lofty and a more heroic temper. We feel, as we listen to their tones, that we are amidst the stir of extraordinary passions, which give the character an elevation not elsewhere to be found in the same unsettled state of society. We feel, though the grosser elements of life are strong around us, that imagination is yet stronger; imparting to them its manifold hues, and giving them a power and a grace that form a striking contrast with what is wild or rude in their original nature. In short, we feel

that we are called to witness the first efforts of a generous people to emancipate themselves from the cold restraints of a merely material existence, and watch with confidence and sympathy the movement of their secret feelings and prevalent energies, as they are struggling upwards into the poetry of a native and earnest enthusiasm; persuaded that they must, at last, work out for themselves a literature, bold, fervent, and original, marked with the features and impulses of the national character, and able to vindicate for itself a place among the permanent monuments of modern civilization." — Vol. I. pp. 452, 453.

The second period in Spanish literature extends from the accession of the Austrian family to its extinction, or from the beginning of the sixteenth century to the end of the seventeenth. Its comparative importance may be estimated from the fact, that Mr. Ticknor devotes to it the last hundred pages of the first volume, the whole of the second, and the first two hundred pages of the third, — about one half of the whole work. Within this period Spain reached its highest glory, and before its close the fatal poison of despotism and bigotry had struck to the heart of the people, and dried up the sources alike of vigorous action and original literature.

At the beginning of the sixteenth century there was little of literary productiveness in Spain, and the first impulse to a better state of things came from abroad. The career of conquest run by Charles the Fifth in Italy led to more intimate relations between the two countries than had been before known; and the influence of the great writers of Italy gradually manifested itself in a class of Spanish poets who wrote in the measures, and with the spirit, of Italian verse. This Italian school met with strong opposition, but prevailed in spite of it, and has ever since produced obvious effects upon the literature of Spain. Of the writers of this class, the first in point of time is Juan Boscan, who died about the middle of the sixteenth century. His poems were published, after his death, in four books, of which the second and third, constituting by far the largest part of the volume, are composed of poems entirely in the Italian measure. He was a man of learning and taste, with various accomplishments and highly cultivated powers. His poetry was marked by grace, delicacy, and refinement, rather than by strong original genius; and in point of style he is so

admirable, that some critics have claimed for him the rank of the first classical poet of Spain.

In the innovation which he introduced in Spanish literature, he was powerfully seconded by his friend, — a man of finer genius than himself, — Garcilasso de la Vega. He was of a distinguished family, a soldier by profession, and received a mortal wound in an attempt to scale the walls of a petty fortress in the South of France, in 1536, when only thirty-three years old. But there is nothing in his poetry of the stormy music of the camp. We hear in it only the shepherd's reed and the lover's lute. It is full of sweetness and tenderness, with a shade of gentle melancholy, and a vivid sense of natural beauty. The versification is flowing and harmonious, and the style of faultless purity. His poems have always been the delight of his countrymen, and there has ever been a sort of general consent among their men of letters as to their great excellence, such as has been accorded to no other Spanish poet.

The success of Boscan and Garcilasso in transplanting into their own language the forms and spirit of an exotic literature is highly complimentary to their powers, but had they sought inspiration at native fountains and reproduced in their poems the elements of the true national character, cultivating and developing what was native and indigenous, it can hardly be doubted that their influence would have been more extended, and their fame more widely spread. Their unquestioned genius and pure taste would have commended them none the less to the fastidious and the refined, and they would also have woven their verses into the fibres of the national heart, and thus enjoyed that universal consideration and popularity which are now accorded only to Don Quixote and the best of the ballads.

Another writer, whose influence was mainly extended to the Italian forms introduced by Boscan and Garcilasso, was Diego Hurtado de Mendoza, one of the most extraordinary men to whom Spain has ever given birth, and who might fairly be taken as the type of the genuine Castilian character, in its highest state of energy and power. He was a soldier, a statesman, and a diplomatist, the military governor of Siena, ambassador at Rome, and the representative of his sovereign at the Council of Trent;

in all which capacities, he showed the most chivalrous courage, the most indomitable perseverance, the readiest address, the most skilful resources, and, when the occasion called for it, the most pitiless cruelty. But these active duties did not absorb the fiery and fervid energies which were pressed down and running over in this child of the tropic sun. In the intervals and breathing-spaces of war, politics, and gallantry, — for he made love with that irresistible union of power and passion which the Greek poets ascribe to the father of gods and men, — he acquired, as one plucks flowers on a rapid walk, a large amount of knowledge, and became, not only an accomplished, but even a learned man. He accumulated books and manuscripts with all the zeal of a modern collector and all the advantages of wealth and high position. He wrote a variety of poems, epistles, sonnets, and lyrical pieces, some of which are in Italian measures, and some in the ancient forms of Castilian verse, but all full of glowing life and stamped with the impress of original power. His satires and burlesque pieces, of which he wrote several, have never been printed, and we can only imagine the rich wit and "heart-easing mirth" which a man of such vivacious talent and such experience of life must have put into them.

In the retirement of his old age, he devoted himself to the composition of an historical work on the rebellion of the Moors, in the reign of Philip the Second. It is written in a style of rich and elaborate elegance, founded upon that of Sallust, but occasionally showing the influence of Tacitus, and it has the higher merits of weight of matter and great fairness of statement.

But as an author, Mendoza is best known, and has exerted the most marked influence upon the literature of his country, by a work written in his youth, under the inspiration of those sparkling animal spirits and that rich sense of purely sensational\* life, which must have had no small share in carrying a man through so effervescent and

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\* This is a "vile phrase," but a convenient one. Every writer must have sometimes felt the want of an expression which shall be the proper correlative of "intellectual," denoting the just and legitimate functions and satisfactions of the senses; a matter of considerable importance, so long as we have bodies, and quite too much neglected in modern education. "Sensual" has been degraded from its natural and primitive meaning, and denotes only the abuse of the senses.



tumultuous a career. We refer to his "Lazarillo de Tórmes," a novel of low life, the first of a class well known in Spanish literature under the name of the *gusto picaresco*, or the style of the rogues, and made famous all over the world in the brilliant imitation of "Gil Blas."

The humor of this class of compositions, which is rather grotesque than purely comic, depends upon the principle of contrast, illustrated not only in the efforts of rogues, thieves, and beggars to extract support from the orderly and industrious classes, but also in the discrepancy between the actual condition of reputable persons and that which they are desirous of maintaining in the eyes of others. It cannot be denied that, in the development of this element, we find evidence of that hardness of heart and want of sensibility to human suffering, of which the conduct of Spain towards the Moors, the Jews, and the Mexicans gives such mournful proofs. The pangs of hunger, for instance, are not usually esteemed, by men whose hearts are in the right place, to be a laughter-moving theme, yet a frequent character in these fictions is a well-born and proud gentleman, so miserably poor as to be constantly suffering from want of food. Certainly, such books are not the most profitable reading, but it would be carrying morality to asceticism to say that they are absolutely pernicious. Bad books may be divided into two classes, — those which confound the essential distinctions between right and wrong, and those which inflame the passions by seductive pictures. Byron's "Don Juan"\* is a good illustration, for it does both, and the mind that could conceive such a work was "set on fire of hell." But these fictions do neither. They introduce us to low company, and make us acquainted with low vices, but they do not make either the company or the vices attractive; and he whose moral perceptions are perverted by such books must be already in so bad a way as not to be worth the saving.

We must pass with a very rapid step over this second

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\* We remember to have met with and tried to read this poem at an inn in Martigny, in Switzerland, while on a pedestrian excursion through the Oberland, in the summer of 1847, and shall not soon forget the disgust awakened by the contrast between its mocking and licentious tone and the glories and sublimities around us.

period of Spanish literature, or else our article will swell to the dimensions of a volume. We cannot, therefore, give any analysis of Mr. Ticknor's chapter on didactic poetry and prose; nor of that on the chroniclers and historians of the time of Charles the Fifth, among whom is found the honored name of Las Casas. But we must pause for a moment to pay our due tribute to the serene and beautiful genius of Luis Ponce de Leon, the last of that series of distinguished authors, who, during the first half of the sixteenth century, gave a new character to Spanish poetry by productions composed in the spirit of the great writers of Italy or of the ancient classics. He is pronounced by Bouterwek the most correct of all the Spanish poets. His poems are few in number, and form but a small part of his literary labors, but they are of great value, and they are generally placed at the head of all Spanish lyric poetry. He was an ecclesiastic by profession, and in his life and writings the monastic character is presented in its most attractive and ideal form, adorned by gentleness, purity, religious sensibility, and tranquil submission, and crowned by profound learning and the most admirable genius. His favorite studies, like those of Milton, were the ancient classics and the Hebrew Scriptures, and his poems, like those of Milton, vindicate the excellence of these models. They are full of that devotional fervor and intense spiritual aspiration, so common among Catholic writers of the South of Europe, but rare among Protestants, though rudely expressed in some of the Methodist hymns. Indeed, the honest Sismondi frankly confesses that he is unable to appreciate their merits. They breathe that vague longing of the soul to flee away and be at rest, so often awakened in men of religious faith and sensitive temperament by the rude shocks of common life. As the language and versification of his poems are so exquisite as to call forth only unqualified praise from the most competent critics, it is not surprising that they have ever held so high a place in the regards of a devout and enthusiastic people like the Spaniards. One of the best of his poems has been admirably translated by Bryant.

A considerable portion of Mr. Ticknor's second volume is devoted to the popular national drama of Spain, which is traced from its origin under Lope de Rueda, through

the various forms of opposition it encountered, till it became firmly established in general favor at the beginning of the seventeenth century, after which it enjoyed a long period of splendid success. This is the most interesting portion of Spanish literature, because it is the most original. It is formed upon no existing models. It was the direct and immediate growth of the national spirit, and thus reflects most clearly all the features of the national character. In other European nations, the drama is more or less colored by foreign influences; but not in Spain. Here we find no trace of Greece, or Italy, or France, or England. Within the Spanish theatre, the dramatic scholar finds himself in a new world. He must lay aside all recollections of Sophocles, Shakspeare, or Racine. He must forget his choruses, his three unities, and his five acts. Every thing he sees and hears — the forms, the style, the tone of sentiment, the motives of action, the texture of the plot — is strange to him. It is intensely national. Thus the Spanish character and the Spanish drama illustrate each other as Greek art and Greek poetry do; and he who would understand the history of Spain must include in the range of his studies the plays of Lope de Vega and Calderon.

This part of Mr. Ticknor's work has apparently cost him the most labor, and will doubtless be read with the greatest interest. It would be doing him injustice to attempt any such imperfect abstract as our limits would of necessity restrict us to. In point of fulness and variety of information, it is infinitely in advance of any thing which has thus far been accessible to the general reader. His chapter on the old theatres of Spain, the actors, scenery, properties, and general mode of representation, is, especially, full of curious learning, which must have been gathered by bits and fragments, from a great variety of sources, such as only a very complete Spanish library could supply.

The three great writers of Spain, Cervantes, Lope de Vega, and Calderon, belong to the same period. Indeed, for sixteen years they were all living together. Cervantes died in 1616, when Calderon was sixteen years old and Lope de Vega fifty-four. They also all wrote for the stage, but with very different fortunes. Calderon is exclusively, and Lope de Vega principally, known by

his dramas; but those of Cervantes would hardly have preserved his name, had his claims rested upon them alone.

Cervantes is one of the greatest of writers, and he was also as natural and amiable as he was highly gifted. He appears to have been singularly free from the melancholy and querulousness which so often belong to the temperament of genius; even more so than his illustrious contemporary, Shakspeare, for Cervantes has left no such record of his inner life as Shakspeare's sonnets supply. He was always poor; five years a captive in Algiers; severely wounded and maimed for life while yet very young; once or twice in prison; never blessed with a sense of security and repose; till the last moment, writing for uncertain bread; yet to all this adverse fortune he opposed a front, not merely serene and tranquil, but gay, joyous, and triumphant. His sufferings left no stain of bitterness or defiance upon his mind. His good nature was as invincible as his spirit. His temper was without sediment, and the rough shocks of life could not cloud or sully it. The account of his amazing courage, fortitude, and magnanimity, while a slave in Algiers, moves the deepest springs of sympathy and admiration, but we scarcely venture to compassionate so heroic a soul. We are hardly using extravagant language when we say that the qualities he then and there displayed are nearly as rare as the genius which produced *Don Quixote*.

Beside this immortal work, Cervantes wrote several plays,—one of which, the *Numantia*, abounds with scenes of terrible power and deep pathos,—and a variety of prose fictions, of remarkable literary merit; but all are thrown into the shade by the splendor of his great romance. Upon this work, the most popular in European literature, which has been translated into all languages and read by every body who has read any thing, any critical remarks of ours would be superfluous and uncalled for. Our mite of praise could add nothing to that universal tribute of admiration which has ever been paid to the felicity of the original conception, the admirable contrasts presented by the two principal characters, the comic power of the incidents, the rich, idiomatic beauty of the style, and the air of good sense and natural cheerfulness which hangs over the whole work, like the sunny atmosphere of the region in which its scenes are laid.



A curious literary discussion has arisen as to the object which Cervantes had in view in writing *Don Quixote*. One theory is thus stated by Mr. Ticknor:—

“His purpose in writing the *Don Quixote* has sometimes been enlarged by the ingenuity of a refined criticism, until it has been made to embrace the whole of the endless contrast between the poetical and the prosaic in our natures,—between heroism and generosity on one side, as if they were mere illusions, and a cold selfishness on the other, as if it were the truth and reality of life.” — Vol. II. p. 104.

This theory, to which Sismondi has given the sanction of his great name, and which he has expounded with much eloquence and ingenuity, is doubtless of German origin. Our Teutonic cousins, if not the inventors, are the great masters of that suggestive school of criticism, which applies to the productions of genius a creative faculty akin to that which gave them birth. This principle leads sometimes to very admirable, and sometimes to very questionable results. Goethe's observations on *Hamlet*, in his *Wilhelm Meister*, are of the former class. They are equally profound, original, and just. Some of Dr. Ulrici's explanations of the plays of Shakspeare are an instance of the latter class, in which we do not know which to wonder at most, the absurdity of the views or the solemn air of authority with which they are propounded.

But, as Mr. Ticknor justly observes, this explanation of *Don Quixote* is opposed, not only to Cervantes's express statement, but alike to his own character and that of the age in which he lived. That was not an introspective period, nor was that the complexion of the mind of Cervantes. No great writer ever had more of that element of unconsciousness, which some contend to be the invariable accompaniment of genius. His main object in writing the first part of *Don Quixote* was, undoubtedly, to obtain bread for himself and his family, and he was not prepared for the great popularity with which it was received, so much beyond that of his former productions, whose inferiority he himself was not likely to have perceived or acknowledged. But this very success emboldened and encouraged him. His intellectual offspring became dearer to him from the favor which they enjoyed,

and in his second part he often lost sight of his original plan, and wrote from the strong interest he had begun to feel in his subject and in his characters. In the same manner, Spenser in his "*Faerie Queen*," as he goes on, is constantly forgetting his allegory and becoming absorbed in the adventures originally intended only to illustrate it. And, furthermore, it is true as a general remark, that every work of genius is susceptible of applications of which the author did not dream. A man cannot measure the height and depth of the inspiration which comes from the breath of God. The tones of the singer awaken echoes sweeter than themselves, and from the penetrating wisdom of genius are derived lessons of which the teacher himself was unconscious.

In a similar spirit of criticism, *Don Quixote* has been pronounced to be the most melancholy book that ever was written, because its whole effect is to discourage generous devotion and heroic self-sacrifice, and to favor a heartless selfishness and indifference to human suffering. *Don Quixote*, we are told, is a being tender, heroic, and disinterested, actuated by the highest and purest of motives, whom we are compelled to respect, yet who is always making himself ridiculous and never succeeding in any thing he undertakes. But in this statement there is a want of accurate discrimination. It is not true that we always respect *Don Quixote*. We sympathize in his motives, we admire his sentiments, but his conduct does not, by any means, command our unqualified respect. Indeed, that headlong and fantastic benevolence which discards all considerations of time, place, and circumstance, which rejects the conditions which are essential to success in all human enterprises, is not a quality worthy of respect or imitation, and we know of no law in our moral constitution which forbids the application of a little wholesome ridicule to correct its wild extravagances. It seems to us that this wise and genial book can never leave a melancholy impression, except upon an essentially morbid nature, or one whose crude enthusiasm has not been mellowed by time or lessened by experience.

The name of Lope de Vega is familiar to many who know nothing of his works, from his prodigious fertility of invention and the amazing number of his productions,

in which he surpasses the writers of every age and country. He would have been a voluminous author had he never written a drama, for his miscellaneous works fill twenty-four quarto volumes. Among these are no less than five epic poems (one a burlesque), pastorals, eclogues, romances, sacred poems, sonnets, epistles, and prose novels. None of these have any marked merit. They show scholarship, facility, metrical skill, and poetic feeling, but they want originality and genuine power. They are tame transcripts of exotic forms, and have nothing of that national spirit and indigenous flavor, without which no literary production ever attained extensive popularity or permanent influence. We doubt if any one has read them through for the last hundred years, except to win a wager or perform a penance.

Besides these miscellaneous works, he wrote upwards of two thousand dramas, of which only about three hundred have ever been printed. His facility of composition cannot be fairly comprehended from vague, rhetorical statements, but appears most astonishing when presented in the naked details of arithmetic. "According to his own testimony," says Bouterwek, "he wrote on an average five sheets a day; it has therefore been computed that the number of sheets which he composed during his life must have amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand two hundred and twenty-five, and that, allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vega must have written upwards of twenty-one million three hundred thousand verses." If this calculation be correct, it would require him to have written from his thirteenth year to the time of his death at the rate of more than nine hundred lines a day, which, when we consider his various active employments and his extensive learning, becomes, as Lord Holland justly observes, almost impossible. But, with all deductions, enough is left to show an activity and fertility of mind which makes the brain of a common man giddy with amazement. Compared with him, the most prolific writers of other countries — Voltaire, Goethe, Scott, Cobbett — seem to have been mere literary idlers, who now and then took up the pen to amuse themselves of a rainy forenoon.

Lope de Vega, born in 1562, began to write for the stage before he was thirty years old, and he continued to

maintain an unbounded influence over it till the time of his death, which took place in 1635, when his dramatic sceptre passed, by natural and undisputed succession, into the hands of Calderon, at that time thirty-five years old. There were many points of resemblance in their career. Both were precocious writers; both enjoyed the favor of the court and of the nation, and were rich and honored; both served as soldiers, and became ecclesiastics; and in both the poetic talent continued to advanced age.

Lope de Vega was really the founder of the proper national drama of Spain, for though others had written plays before him, yet they paled before the splendor of his productions like stars before the sun. He gave the Spanish drama the form and spirit which it maintained so long as it had an existence. He planted it so deeply in the national heart, that no efforts of bigotry and intolerance could uproot it. All its characteristic merits and defects may be studied in his plays. The prodigious influence which he exerted may be estimated from the fact which Mr. Ticknor mentions, that, when he began to write for the stage, he found at Madrid only two companies of strolling players, who acted in court-yards, and that he left there at the time of his death no less than forty companies, comprising nearly a thousand persons.

As we have before said, he who would understand the Spanish drama must approach it without prepossessions or even recollections. As we see it, in its highest forms, in the works of Lope de Vega and Calderon, we mark no division into tragedy and comedy, but tragic and comic elements are so intermingled as to defy all attempts at classification on that basis. The Spanish plays, considered in regard to their subjects, may be ranged under two heads, the religious and the secular. The former class, which are peculiar to Spain and curiously characteristic of the national character, were a peace-offering to the grim genius of the Inquisition. Their subjects are taken from the Scriptures and the Lives of the Saints, and their treatment was such as to seem often scandalous and irreverent to Protestant apprehension, though no such feeling was awakened in the devout Catholics of Spain who listened to them. Allegorical and ideal beings are also introduced, in a manner



that appears very absurd to our cold Northern temperaments.

If we give to the drama its primitive signification of action, we shall pronounce the Spanish secular plays to be the most dramatic of all compositions. Their writers do not attempt to awaken interest by tracing the growth of some overpowering passion in a single breast, to which all the conduct of the piece is made subordinate, as in *Macbeth* or *Othello*, but by crowding the attention of the spectator with the most rapid succession of effective incidents. Their plays are acted romances, and we listen to them, as children read novels, mainly for the story. Events follow each other with the most breathless rapidity, the plot is entangled with all sorts of misunderstandings and cross purposes, and darkened with disguises and masqueradings, the rules of probability are set at defiance, geography and chronology are wholly ignored, and the catastrophe is often huddled up in the most inartificial manner, as if the author were weary of his work, and summoned his characters before him in order to despatch them by death or marriage, as the case may be. Thus the Spanish stage hardly presents a single marked, consistent, and individual character, in itself a high effort of creative genius, like *Hamlet* or *Lear*. Indeed, the same characters are constantly reproduced. We have the lover and the fair object of his passion, watched by a father or brother with jealous care, an envious and scheming rival, and generally an underplot, in which the main action is burlesqued by valets and waiting-maids, or other persons of inferior position.

For the morality of the Spanish stage, in either of its departments, not much can be said. In the sacred dramas we are often shocked by the incongruous and repulsive union of religious sensibility with the most abandoned life. Religious faith and good morals seem to have no necessary connection with each other. But this is never felt to be an inconsistency, at least not to any great degree, in Spain or Italy, where the imagination of the people personifies the powers of good and of evil, and conceives them as always contending for the souls of men; and it is a very common thing to find persons leading the most hardened lives, — robbers and murderers, — and yet regular in the performance of certain devotional forms, and firmly believing in their efficacy.

Nor is it any better in the secular dramas. We find ourselves among a set of men and women as little governed by moral motives as in the comedies of Wycherley and Congreve, and standing quite as much in need of Charles Lamb's ingenious defence. The relations of the sexes are controlled by a fantastic and sensitive jealousy, hardly short of insanity. Mere imprudence or misfortune on the part of a wife is supposed to leave a stain upon the honor of the husband, which only blood can wash out. And yet we find in this same drama disguised ladies engaged in no very reputable intrigues, claiming and receiving the protection and coöperation of gentlemen, who would not hesitate to put to death with their own hands a wife or a sister whom they detected playing the same pranks. Above all, the Spanish plays seem dictated by the very genius of homicide. Murders, duels, and assassinations occur in them with a frequency revolting to humanity and shocking to good taste. Human life is a mere weed, to be thrown away upon the slightest provocation. Indeed, so atrocious are some of their plays, that it would seem as if the authors wished to give to the audience a species of excitement as near akin as possible to that awakened by a bull-fight, and thus strewed the stage with dead bodies to gratify a taste already familiar with blood.

These general remarks upon the Spanish drama apply alike to the plays of Lope de Vega and of Calderon. To weigh the comparative merits of these great writers is a task for which we are not qualified, and which we shall not attempt. But the praise of mere distinct originality must, we think, be accorded to Lope de Vega, for he would have done all he did had Calderon never lived, but Calderon was under great intellectual obligations to Lope de Vega. If Calderon did surpass him in the race, we must remember how much of the way he was carried on Lope de Vega's shoulders. The Germans, with their usual confidence of tone, and especially the two Schlegels, have lavished the most extravagant praises upon Calderon, and given him a higher seat upon Parnassus than his rival; but we believe this judgment is not confirmed by the Spaniards themselves, and we doubt whether it would be by a taste formed upon English models. Of the purely imaginative faculty, which soars out of

sight of the common earth, and brings before us ideal worlds, like those of the "Tempest," and the "Midsummer Night's Dream," peopling them with lovelier forms than the waking eye has seen, and bathing them in splendors beyond the light of day, Calderon doubtless had more. He was also a greater master in the expression of a certain fervid and rapturous mysticism, which absorbs all the faculties of the soul, and pours round the martyr's path the "sapphire blaze" of the heaven of heavens.

Frederic Schlegel, writing from a strong Catholic zeal, says that "Calderon is, of all dramatic poets, the most Christian, and for that very reason the most romantic," a very questionable *sequitur*, by the by. But what Schlegel would call Christianity, most Protestants would call mysticism, or fanaticism, no more like Christianity than chloroform or nitrous oxide is like air. Indeed, he leaves us an inevitable inference as to his meaning, by speaking of the "remarkable excellence" of "The Firm-hearted Prince," and "The Devotion to the Cross," as illustrating the Christian idea of spiritual purification by external sorrows. Now "The Firm-hearted Prince," *El Principe Constante*, is one of the noblest works of human genius, and worthy of most unqualified praise, but "The Devotion to the Cross" is "founded," we quote from Mr. Ticknor, "on the adventures of a man who, though his life is a tissue of gross and atrocious crimes, is yet made an object of the especial favor of God, because he shows a uniform external reverence for whatever has the form of a cross; and who, dying in a ruffian brawl as a robber, is yet, in consequence of this devotion to the cross, miraculously restored to life, that he may confess his sins, be absolved, and then be transported directly to heaven." What shall we say of a critic who praises so outrageous a production, and ranks it side by side with that noble effusion of generous self-devotion and heroic faith, "The Firm-hearted Prince"? On the other hand, the judicious Sismondi says of Calderon, that "no one ever so far disfigured Christianity; no one ever assigned to it passions so ferocious or morals so corrupt"; and he cites this very play in support of his severe judgment. F. Schlegel also says that it would be difficult to find two men more entirely and radically dissimilar, both

in mind and in act, than Calderon and Lope de Vega ; a remark which we quote only in illustration of the cool way the Germans have of making the most questionable or paradoxical statements, as if they were self-evident propositions, which nobody ever did or ever could question.

As was naturally to be expected, the splendid success of Lope de Vega and Calderon gave birth to a school of dramatic writers, who wrote in the forms and with the spirit of their great prototypes. Among these may be mentioned Guillen de Castro, from whom Corneille took the plot of his brilliant tragedy, "The Cid"; Tirso de Molina, who first exhibited in a distinct dramatic form the character of Don Juan, now so well known on every stage in Europe; Augustin Moreto, who, according to Bouterwek, possessed a higher degree of comic talent than Calderon; and Antonio de Solís, better known by his *History of the Conquest of Mexico*.

Contemporary with Lope de Vega and Cervantes was Quevedo, a man of genius and learning, and, like so many of the authors of Spain, engaged for many years in active life as a statesman and diplomatist. He wrote both in verse and in prose; in the latter, upon a great variety of subjects, including politics, theology, and metaphysics; but his fame principally rests upon his satirical works, which are full of spirit, boldness, and originality.

For a century, during the reigns of Philip the Second, Philip the Third, and Philip the Fourth, the press in Spain teemed with heroic and narrative poems, most of which are little better than chronicles in rhyme, and only one of which has attained a European reputation. We refer to the *Araucana* of Alonso de Ercilla, the only epic poet who has recorded in verse the achievements in which he himself took part, for the subject of the poem is the war of the Spaniards against the Araucans, a brave people of South America, in which the author served as an officer. He conceived the idea of his work, and began the execution of it, in the midst of the toils and dangers of the campaign, and often recorded at night the impressions of the day, sometimes upon scraps of paper, and sometimes upon pieces of parchment or skin, which he found in the cabins of the savages. These circumstances give a peculiar interest to the poem, and form one of the elements of its



celebrity. The style is pure, the descriptions spirited, and the speeches excellent; but its merits are rather historical than epic, and, as Sismondi says, "it is sometimes merely a rhymed gazette."

In lyric poetry at the end of the sixteenth and the beginning of the seventeenth century we find a brilliant list of writers; among them, the two brothers Argensola, who wrote with taste and correctness in the spirit of Horace, Villegas, who inherited the airy genius of Anacreon, and Herrera, whose ode on the battle of Lepanto is one of the grandest strains of patriotism and devotion in all modern literature, and glows with all that exulting fervor under which the harp of Judah burns and trembles when it celebrates the triumphs of the Most High. To the lyric poets also belongs Góngora, who is more remembered for his bad taste than for the genius which made it so contagious a disease. He introduced into Spanish literature a fantastic and affected style of writing, — not unlike that of the Euphuism of his contemporary, Lyly, in England, now known to all the world in the delectable discourses of Sir Piercie Shafton, — and became the founder of a school which lasted for a considerable period, and whose influence even Lope de Vega and Calderon did not entirely escape.

In the several departments of satirical, didactic, and descriptive poetry, no considerable name occurs. The nature of the political and ecclesiastical government of Spain gave no encouragement to that freedom of thought essential to excellence in the first two we have named; and a strong sensibility to natural beauty has never been a trait in the Spanish character, in spite of the romantic contrasts of the scenery of their own country, and the grandeur and sublimity which their conquests in America unfolded before their eyes.

Romantic fiction was cultivated with spirit and success in more than one department. Pastoral romance was introduced into Spain by Montemayor, a native of Portugal, whose "*Diana Enamorada*," published in 1542, in good Castilian, immediately attained great popularity, and led to many imitations, to which the climate and rural habits of Spain gave a nearer approach to probability than those of more northern regions. In 1599, Mateo Aleman published the first, and in 1605 the second

part of his "Guzman de Alfarache," a novel in the *gusto picaresco* style, written with great acuteness, knowledge of life, and comic power. It was received with universal favor, translated into all the languages of Europe, and has not yet lost its original popularity. In "The Civil Wars of Granada," by Gines Perez de Hita, published at about the beginning of the seventeenth century, we have the earliest specimen of the historical romance, pronounced by Mr. Ticknor to be "one of the most attractive books in the prose literature of Spain; a book written in a pure, rich, and picturesque style, which seems in some respects to be in advance of the age, and in all to be worthy of the best models of the best period." Short stories or tales were also produced in great numbers in Spain during the latter part of the sixteenth century and the whole of the seventeenth, and the names and merits of their writers are recorded by Mr. Ticknor with careful accuracy, in a chapter full of curious and minute research.

Of forensic and deliberative eloquence, there is literally nothing in the literature of Spain. The political and ecclesiastical institutions of the country were unfavorable to its growth. A plant which can only live in the air of freedom soon languishes and dies upon the soil of Spain. A religion, also, like that of Spain, which appealed so much to the senses and wielded so formidable a power, could dispense with persuasive exhortations addressed to the conscience and the understanding, and thus we find in Spanish literature no distinguished models of pulpit eloquence. In that graceful department of literature, which Cowper, Walpole, and Madame de Sévigné have made so attractive, Spain has almost nothing to show, except the remarkable letters of Antonio Perez, the secretary and for some time the favorite minister of Philip the Second, of whose checkered career a brief and interesting sketch is given by Mr. Ticknor. Didactic prose, also, never took vigorous root in the Peninsula, for that requires a freedom in the expression of opinion never granted to writers in Spain, and he who wrote with the spectre of the Inquisition at his elbow was not likely to put that heartiness and earnestness into his page, without which that class of compositions is like salt that has lost its savor.

In history, the great names during this period are those of Mariana and Solís, neither of whom in European estimation stands on a level with the great historians of England and France. Mariana was a Jesuit, but a man whose independent spirit sometimes made him obnoxious to his own Order. His *History of Spain*, which he wrote first in Latin and afterwards in Spanish, was the labor of thirty or forty years of his life, and from the commendation which Mr. Ticknor bestows upon it, we judge that its literary reputation is not so high as it deserves to be. Solís, who wrote plays and lyrical poems in his youth, became an ecclesiastic in mature life, and devoted himself to the composition of an historical work on the *Conquest of Mexico*, of which the style is the chief merit. Robertson says of him, "I know of no author in any language whose literary fame has risen so far beyond his real merit," — a remark which Southey somewhere states is equally true of Robertson himself.

The third period into which Mr. Ticknor divides his *History* comprises the literature that existed in Spain between the accession of the Bourbon family and the invasion of Bonaparte; or from the beginning of the eighteenth century to the early part of the nineteenth.

The eighteenth century rose upon Spain in clouds and darkness. Charles the Second, who died on the first day of November, 1700, by a secret political testament made shortly before his death, declared the Duke of Anjou, second son of the Dauphin, and grandson of Louis the Fourteenth of France, to be sole heir to his throne and dominions. This led to the well-known War of the Succession, which, with varying fortune, raged for thirteen years upon the soil of Spain, and proved, as all wars in that country have done, the truth of the saying, that no country is so easy to overrun or so hard to conquer. The treaty of Utrecht fixed the Bourbon family upon the throne of Spain, who bought a very indifferent king by giving up Naples, Sardinia, Milan, the Netherlands, Sicily, Minorca, and (perhaps hardest of all) the rock of Gibraltar, which has never since been plucked from the paw of the British lion. Spain, stripped of so large a part of her European possessions, and weakened by the long struggle she had passed through, was not in a condition to encourage literature or literary men; and the new king,

Philip the Fifth, a Frenchman by birth, and educated at the court of his grandfather, was naturally prepossessed in favor of the literature of his own country, always so unlike that of Spain. The great literary project of his reign was the formation of a Spanish Academy, which accordingly went into operation in November, 1714, and has continued ever since, being especially charged with "the cultivation and establishment of the purity of the Castilian language." The fruits of its labors have been a good Dictionary and an indifferent Grammar. It has also published careful editions of different works of recognized authority, particularly a magnificent one of *Don Quixote*. It has also offered prizes for poetical compositions, and occasionally printed meritorious works. The Academy has been, on the whole, a truly respectable institution, and though such a body can never create original genius or find it where it does not exist, it has never attempted to shape and mould the national taste, and has no such stain upon its records as the attack by the French Academy upon the *Cid* of Corneille.

That the iron bigotry of the Church and the Inquisition suffered no relaxation may be learned from the appalling fact, that during the reign of Philip the Fifth no less than a thousand persons were burned alive for heretical or heterodox opinions, and that at least twelve times that number were in various ways subjected to public punishments and disgrace.

But during the darkness of this period, the light of literature was not entirely extinguished. The name of Benito Feyjóo would have been an honorable one in the literary annals of any country, at any time. He was a Benedictine monk, who in 1717 established himself in a convent near Oviedo, and lived there for forty-seven years, engaged in the assiduous cultivation of letters and the tranquil pursuit of knowledge. He was not a man of original genius, but one of that class of minds, not less important, who are admirably fitted to be the conductors and interpreters of genius. He was a man of various and exact learning, and what was better, of strong good sense and penetrating acuteness. He had a happy gift, like that of Franklin, of writing upon scientific subjects with precision, and at the same time in a popular style, and could also touch social follies with the delicate



lash of Addison. From his monastic post of observation, he saw clearly the darkness which rested upon the minds of his countrymen, and with equal sagacity discerned the means by which it might best be removed; and to this object he devoted himself with great singleness of purpose, urged more by considerations of the good he was to do, than of the fame he was to earn. In his numerous writings, which were mostly in the form of essays and dissertations, he endeavoured to make his countrymen acquainted with the scientific discoveries of England and France. He had imbibed the spirit of the Baconian philosophy, and learned from Bayle a wise historical skepticism. He told the reading public of Spain, that the Trojan war did not rest upon the same ground of evidence as the civil contest between Cæsar and Pompey; that Dædalus was not a real personage, like Demosthenes; that the sacred oil of Rheims was not brought down from heaven by a dove; that no mortal man had ever seen Prester John or the Wandering Jew; and that Luther, monster as he was, was not born of a devil. He laughed at astrology, alchemy, magic, and all forms of popular delusion. Upon the rights of women he wrote in a noble and generous spirit, in advance alike of his profession and his age, and had his countrywomen erected a statue in his honor, it would have been a more becoming and appropriate offering than the naked athlete set up in Hyde Park by the women of England, as a tribute to the Duke of Wellington, and called by the name of Achilles, leaving the world to wonder alike what there was in the statue to suggest Achilles, or what there was in Achilles to suggest the Duke of Wellington.

With all this, Feyjoo was a good Catholic, and if not countenanced by the Church, (indeed he was more than once summoned before the Inquisition,) he was never actually silenced by it. His influence was thus impaired by no qualifying circumstances, and became very great. His writings hit the general mind between wind and water, and at his death, which took place in 1764, he had the satisfaction of knowing that he had given a powerful impulse to the intellect of his country, and in the right direction. Strange to say, the name of this excellent writer and estimable man is not mentioned either by Bouterwek or Sismondi.

The accession of a French dynasty to the throne of Spain naturally drew the two countries into closer relations than had before been known, and in 1737 a distinct effort was made to introduce into Spain a poetical system founded on the critical doctrines prevalent in France, by the publication of Luzan's "*Art of Poetry*," an elaborate work of more than five hundred folio pages. Luzan had been well educated in the learning of the times, and spoke and wrote both French and Italian with ease and elegance. His work is an excellent summary of the French school of criticism, written with sound judgment and from the stores of a full mind. His general view of poetry is essentially narrow, for he regards it as subsidiary to some other end, and does not recognize in the grand and beautiful creations of genius a law and purpose of their own. He is thus generally right in pointing out the literary faults of his countrymen, their affectation, their extravagance, and their bad taste; but his critical system made him do imperfect justice to their peculiar excellences, especially in the drama. Thus he blames the Spanish dramatists for violating the unities of Aristotle, which is just as reasonable as it would be to find fault with a rose for not being a lily.

In the reign of Ferdinand the Sixth, which lasted thirteen years and ended in 1759, some signs of improvement in the state of Spain began to be visible. The power of advancing intelligence over the Inquisition was shown in the fact, that only ten persons were burnt alive during this reign, and these were relapsed Jews. The general policy of the government was peaceful and salutary. Velazquez, in 1754, published a work on the history of Spanish poetry, of which Mr. Ticknor says, that "it is a slight work, confused in its arrangement, and too short to develop the subject satisfactorily; but it is written in a good style, and occasionally shows acuteness in its criticism of individual authors."

Charles the Third, who ascended the throne in 1759, was a man of energy and good sense, and in general material prosperity, Spain made much progress under his government. But, occupied as he was in the cares of government, correcting abuses and restoring ruins, he could spare but little time or thought for letters or men of letters, and a sovereign, though he may encourage ge-

nus when it appears, cannot call it into existence. So long a blight had hung over the human mind in Spain, that a period of more than one generation was requisite to restore it to its natural productiveness. Indeed, it had long been settled in the opinion of all impartial observers, that the existence of the Inquisition was quite incompatible with a vigorous and original literature. Still, there was the evidence of literary vitality, and the scholar and the patriot had alike reason to look forward to the future with hopeful anticipations.

In 1758 was published, without the sanction of its author, Padre Isla, the first volume of "The History of the Famous Preacher, Friar Gerund," a remarkable work, and, in point of original genius, superior to any thing produced in Spain during the eighteenth century. It is a satirical novel, directed against the coarse and irreverent style of preaching then prevalent in Spain, written in a style which Cervantes and Quevedo had made so popular, combining sound sense and penetrating wisdom with rich humor, good-natured satire, overflowing animal spirits, and quaint caricature. Its author is a decent and presentable Rabelais. A book so full of wit, and showing such knowledge of the national character, met with great success, and has always enjoyed a popularity second only to that of Don Quixote. No higher compliment could be paid to it, than the horrible outcry which it awakened among the rabble rout of preaching friars, — that flock of unclean birds, — against whom it was aimed. The wolves of the Inquisition would gladly have fleshed their fangs in the blood of the champion who had dealt them so staggering a blow, but, thanks to the favor of the king and the people and to the advancing intelligence of the age, they could only wreak their vengeance upon the book, — which they suppressed as far as they could, — and the author was personally unharmed.

Padre Isla is also well known in literary history as the translator of "Gil Blas" into Spanish, claiming the work as stolen from that language, and further vindicating his country's pretensions by writing a long and not very happy continuation. This curious discussion has been revived within the present century, and the Spanish claim maintained with great earnestness by Llorente,

the well-known historian of the Inquisition, but we believe it has made no converts beyond the Pyrenees.

The efforts of men of letters, during the reign of Charles the Third, flowed in two directions; one class supporting the old national literature, and the other inclining to that of France. In the latter class was found a larger proportion of men of ability, such as the elder Moratin, a poet and a dramatist; Cadahalso, a poet and an essayist, author of a well-known work, "The Moorish Letters," of the class of "The Citizen of the World," and written with taste and good sense; and Yriarte and Samaniego, both popular and successful writers of fables.

In the drama, the same contest prevailed, and the two schools struggled for victory upon the stage; as a general rule, one favored by the cultivated classes, and the other vociferously upheld by the multitude. Among those who attempted to introduce and naturalize the more regular forms of the French theatre were Montiano, Moratin the elder, Cadahalso, Jovellanos, and Moratin the younger, the latter a man of genuine dramatic talent, who, under favorable circumstances and in peaceful times, might have done much for the stage. Of the national school, the most successful writer was Ramon de la Cruz, who produced a great number of what we should call farces, founded on the manners of the middling and lower classes, but never rising into the higher region of poetical invention.

In such a state of the literary world in Spain, it is not surprising that minds of an eclectic cast should have arisen, and made an attempt to combine excellences not absolutely irreconcilable. Such, in point of fact, was the case, and the proper founder of this school was Melendez Valdes, who was born in Estremadura, in 1754, a man of fine genius, whose sad and instructive biography is briefly and happily sketched by Mr. Ticknor. Tempted by the opportunities opened to him through literary success, he left his happy and tranquil retreat at Salamanca, where he was a professor, and embarked upon the stormy ocean of public life, from which came a transient gleam of distinction and prosperity, but in the end, ruin, poverty, exile, and death; thus illustrating most forcibly the beautiful words of Landor, — "How many, who have



abandoned for public life the studies of philosophy and poetry, may be compared to brooks and rivers, which in the beginning of their course have assuaged our thirst, and have invited us to tranquillity by their bright resemblance of it, and which afterwards partake the nature of that vast body whereunto they run, — its dreariness, its bitterness, its foam, its storms, its everlasting noise and commotion."

The poetry of Melendez is chiefly lyric and pastoral, and is marked by tenderness and delicacy of feeling, a lively sense of natural beauty, fine powers of description, and graceful turns of expression; merits which seem the more touching, and make the more impression upon us, from their contrast with the hard fate and unhappy end of the author.

Among the men of letters in Spain, whose names shed an honorable light upon the latter part of the eighteenth century, are Escoiquiz, the translator of Young's "Night Thoughts" and Milton's "Paradise Lost," and author of a dull epic on the Conquest of Mexico; Cienfuegos, a poet and a patriot; Quintana, who still lives in a serene and honored old age; and Moratin the younger, already mentioned as a dramatic poet, and author also of a volume of lyric and miscellaneous poetry, of much merit, and who is also to be praised as a man of virtue and honor when virtue and honor were rare things, and was rewarded, as men of such qualities were then rewarded in Spain, with poverty and exile.

Our "chronicle and brief abstract" of Mr. Ticknor's work may be fitly closed with the name of a truly great man, Gaspar Melchior de Jovellanos, a wise magistrate, an enlightened statesman, an accomplished scholar; one of those men whose fame, like a palm-tree in a desert, seems loftier and greener from the barren waste of public and private degeneracy around them. Living at a period when vice had ceased to pay to virtue the poor tribute of hypocrisy, — when the criminal passion of an abandoned queen, and the hardly less criminal insensibility of a besotted king, had raised a private soldier in the guards to be prime minister of Spain and the most powerful subject in Europe, — when, in a profligate court, place and preferment were venal and bought with the honor of man and the chastity of woman, Jovellanos presented in his

life and person the noble and patriotic virtues of the best ages of Spanish history. The path of such a man, at such a period, could not be always in sunshine, for his pure and elevated course was a silent reproach to the baseness around him. He was twice exiled to the mountains of the Asturias, and was for seven years confined in an unhealthy prison in the island of Majorca, exposed to privations and sufferings from which his constitution never recovered. But neither good nor adverse fortune could change the firm temper of his spirit, or abate the singleness of purpose with which he devoted himself to the interests of his country. Notwithstanding the various duties of his active career, he wrote much, on different subjects. His essays on legislation and political economy are full of wisdom, sagacity, and sound observation, and penetrated with a spirit of philosophical statesmanship long unknown in Spain. Elegant literature formed at all times the favorite amusement of this admirable person. He wrote a prose comedy, which was presented with remarkable success, a poetical tragedy, epistles in verse, satires, and burlesque ballads; all of them good enough to dispense with the protection which so great a name would have extended to even ordinary productions.

From our imperfect analysis of Mr. Ticknor's work, which resembles the original only as an index-map resembles the sheets of a voluminous atlas, the reader may form some notion of the literary rank it is entitled to claim. We should have failed of our purpose, if we had not conveyed some impression of its fulness of research, its comprehensive plan, its careful accuracy, and the good taste and sound judgment of its criticisms. We shall be surprised if the best Spanish scholars do not give it most emphatic commendation. In summing up upon its merits, we have only further to say, that it is a book richly deserving the confidence of the literary public. It is stamped with the impress of careful and conscientious preparation. There are no indications of hasty cramming, or of hurried getting up. Mr. Ticknor has had the rare virtue of literary patience, the want of which sends so many half-fledged books fluttering into print, that either fall to the ground by the mere force of gravity, or are shot on the wing by the critical sportsman. He has gone on, year after year, adding to his stores of learning,

and laying more deeply the foundations of his literary structure, and thus his work has the mellow flavor of fruit that has ripened on the bough. He had learned the extent and capacities of his subject before he began to write, and was not obliged to vary his scale of proportion as the work went on.

Nor is this History of Spanish Literature a mere chronicle of the names and works of men of letters, but it is a record of the growth and progress of the mind of Spain, as shown in its books. This, we need hardly say, is the true mode of writing literary history, and the only mode by which its vitality may be preserved. Upon any other plan, it is literary chronology, and not literary history. A mere list of names, dates, and editions is as little suggestive as a catalogue of Egyptian kings copied from the lid of a sarcophagus. In regard to the literature of Spain, we wish to know in what manner that portion of the human family which was there planted — which had its own way of building houses, composing music, painting pictures, and fashioning garments — also wrote its books; with what voice and in what words did they speak when the emotions common to all mankind took the shape of literature; what was their touch upon the “hero’s harp” and the “lover’s lute.” In this spirit Mr. Ticknor has written his history.

As to the distribution of his subject, — the space given to particular periods or individual writers, — there may be a difference of opinion. For ourselves, we should be glad to have had more about Cervantes and Don Quixote, and especially a distinct parallel between Lope de Vega and Calderon, both as to general poetical power and the purely dramatic faculty; but this is because these are familiar names. A Spaniard acquainted with all the rich and varied literature of his country, and anxious to have full justice done to the gods of the lesser as well as of the greater houses, would probably say that these writers enjoyed quite as large a space as they had any right to claim.

Another quality which we observe in this work is its general moderation of tone, and the absence of any marked personal element. It is as little subjective as such a book can well be. Mr. Ticknor has no taste for paradox, and the character of his mind makes him averse

to all extremes of opinion. Free from any partisan feeling, he abstains from taking sides on controverted points, and seeks to do justice to all men and to every form which literature has assumed. We have the impression constantly, that we are reading a conscientious book, in which the writer's views have not been warped by personal prepossessions, or by obstinate adherence to unbending theories. He is just to Racine, and no more than just to Calderon. Men of extreme opinions and enthusiastic temperament will value his volumes less than those whose cast of mind is dispassionate and judicial. Perhaps it is only making the same remark in another form, to say that it is a work without pretensions. It abstains from strong statements and positive assertions. It is free from any air of offensive dogmatism. There are no portions which will awaken a spirit of resistance, or provoke opposition. This moderateness of tone, though it may lessen its immediate popularity, cannot fail in the long run to enhance the weight of its authority, and secure it a higher place in literature.

The style of the work is not marked by any traits of decided individuality, and the reader's attention is not forcibly arrested by it as he reads. It is simple, perspicuous, and correct, — a transparent medium of thought, — doing entire justice to what is meant to be told, but not adding to its attractions by any peculiar felicity of its own. Good sense is the prevalent characteristic alike of the substance and the form of the work. Mr. Ticknor has evidently a strong aversion to fine writing. We will not quarrel with so estimable a literary trait, especially in an American writer, but in his determination to avoid those "purple patches" of rhetoric, of which we are all too fond, he sometimes comes too near the opposite extreme of dryness and coldness. We should have liked, occasionally, a more animated movement and a warmer tone of coloring, such as his excellent poetical translations show that he must have at command.

The work is throughout illustrated by copious notes, which will give a more complete comprehension of the wide range of Mr. Ticknor's reading than even the text itself; and in the Appendix will be found some very elaborate and learned discussions on points of inferior interest to the general reader.



This elaborate and every way excellent History of Spanish Literature will much increase the debt which Spain already owes to us, from the classical labors of Irving and Prescott. These are no more than becoming tributes on our part to the land which despatched Columbus on that memorable voyage, the results of which have so far exceeded the most enthusiastic dreams of the illustrious navigator. We close Mr. Ticknor's volumes with a feeling of sadness. Its last words sound like the dying strains of a solemn requiem. We feel that we are watching the going down of a great light. There is a beautiful passage in a letter of Sulpicius, the jurist, to Cicero, in which he speaks of the ruins of the once flourishing cities he had lately seen, and draws from such a spectacle a moral which rebukes the querulousness of human grief, and suggests an elevated strain of consolatory reflection.\* How trivial do the reverses of a single life, the disasters that darken our little day, seem, when compared with the decay of such an empire, the fall of such a state, as that of Spain! And yet we recognize in such a retribution alike the goodness and the wisdom of God, and pity is not mingled in the emotions which it calls forth. The reader of English poetry will recall some vigorous lines by Cowper, suggested by that sublime picture in the fourteenth chapter of Isaiah, in which the prophet paints, with a pencil grander and more tragic than that of Æschylus, the powers of hell as moved to meet the coming of the king of Babylon, and the kings of the nations as rising up to give him their stern and awful greeting.

“ O, could their ancient Incas rise again,  
How would they take up Israel's taunting strain!  
Art thou too fallen, Iberia? Do we see  
The robber and the murderer weak as we?  
Thou that hast wasted earth and dared despise  
Alike the wrath and mercy of the skies,  
Thy pomp is in the grave, thy glory laid  
Low in the pits thine avarice has made.

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\* “ Ex Asia rediens, cum ab Ægina Megaram versus navigarem, cœpi regiones circumcirca prospicere. Post me erat Ægina, ante Megara, dextra Piræus, sinistra Corinthus; quæ oppida quodam tempore florentissima fuerunt, nunc prostrata et diruta ante oculos jacent. Cœpi egomet mecum sic cogitare: ‘ Hem! nos homunculi indignamur, si quis nostrum interiit, aut occisus est, quorum vita brevior esse debet, cum uno loco tot oppidum cada-vera projecta jaceant.’ ” — *Cic. Epis. ad Diversos*, Lib. IV. 5.

We come with joy from our eternal rest,  
To see the oppressor in his turn oppressed."

History is ever justifying the ways of God to man, and never more forcibly than in the fortunes of Spain. If the power has been taken away from her, it is because it was abused; if the sceptre has been wrested from her grasp, it is because it was converted into a scourge. To no men it is permitted to do wrong with impunity; least of all to the rulers of the earth. The selfishness of tyranny is punished by the weakness to which it leads, and bigotry extinguishes in time the religious principle from which its power to do mischief is derived. In her present weakness, Spain is reaping the harvest of wrongdoing. If her ships, colonies, and commerce are gone, if agriculture and manufactures are neglected, if she has no railroads, no active press, no generally diffused education, it is because her rulers have been tyrants, her ministers of religion iron-hearted and narrow-minded bigots, and her nobles indolent and profligate courtiers. In her desolate estate insulted humanity is avenged, and the retributive justice which has overtaken her speaks in a voice of warning to the oppressor and of consolation to his victim.

And is there hope for Spain? Will the night pass away and the morning dawn? To hazard even a conjectural answer to these questions requires far more knowledge of the country than we possess. No traveller has visited Spain without bringing away a strong sense alike of the virtues and the capacities of her people. With God all things are possible; and for mourning Iberia the hour may yet strike and the man may yet come. Who would not rejoice to see that prostrate form reared again, and the light of hope once more kindling those downcast eyes,—the golden harvest of opportunity again waving over her plains, and the future once more unbarring to the enterprise of her sons its gates of sunrise?

G. S. H.

## NOTICES OF RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

*The Genius of Italy.* By REV. ROBERT TURNBULL. New York: G. P. Putnam. pp. 332.

MR. TURNBULL has become known to the reading community as the compiler of various works of this description. One on the Genius of Scotland was quite favorably received. The volume before us will give to those who have not much acquaintance with the subject some useful information. And, in the main, it is to be relied upon, since it is chiefly drawn from trustworthy sources. The patronizing remark which is made in the Preface, about Mariotti's most excellent book on "Italy," is borne out by the whole tenor of Mr. Turnbull's sketches. They might have been written by one who had never visited Italy, but could not have been written by one who had not read Mariotti. The author states, in the beginning, that he does not intend to inflict upon his readers another tour in Italy. We think that a careful perusal of his book would prove that it is not at all the record of a tour. We have looked in vain in histories of painting for any notice of the Martyrdom of St. Jerome, and the Annunciation of the Virgin, by Domenichino, which, our author says (p. 139), are "among the most striking and beautiful paintings in Italy." The two great works of that eminent painter are the *Communion* of St. Jerome, and the Martyrdom of St. Agnes. The singular blunder, several times repeated, in the title of Pellico's charming book, (*Le Mie Prigione*, p. 52,) leads us to doubt if Mr. Turnbull has read the original, or is familiar with the language to whose authors he refers so freely.

It is rather too bad for our author to stigmatize, in a slight footnote at the beginning of his chapter on Tasso, the title of Leigh Hunt's work as awkward and inappropriate, and then proceed to borrow, in the most wholesale manner, Leigh Hunt's sketch of the life of the poet, even to the blunders. The date of the poet's death, of 1575, instead of 1595, which, in Hunt's account is a mere oversight, has no such excuse in Mr. Turnbull's notice. We might present whole columns of passages to show the wonderful similarity of expression between the two writers. The criticism of the *Jerusalem Delivered*, by Mr. Turnbull, will give a more correct idea of that poem to those who have not, than to those who have, read the original.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Turnbull is not always exact in his very numerous references to foreign writers. The "acute Villemain" would hardly recognize the title of his work on page 194.

And he often fails to make these references where courtesy, not to say justice, would demand them. On page 210, for instance, three stanzas from Mr. Roscoe's fine translation of Lorenzo de' Medici's Orazione are given. Of course, Mr. Turnbull did not intend to put forth stanzas so well known as these as his own version. And yet no reference is made to Mr. Roscoe, either in this connection or in the Preface.

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*An Historical Geography of the Bible.* By REV. LYMAN COLEMAN. Illustrated by Maps, from the latest and most authentic Sources, of various Countries mentioned in the Scriptures. Philadelphia : E. H. Butler & Co. 1849.

THIS work brings the geography of the Bible into close association with the history of the Bible, so that, as mutual aids, the inherent interest of each is communicated to the other. Beyond a naked gazetteer, or a dry treatise upon sacred geography, it furnishes help to the study of the Bible, by giving each historical event its geographical locality, and then by illustrating each locality by the concentrated lights of ancient learning and modern travel, convenient maps, or a graphic description. Running parallel with the Bible as the text-book, it commences with Eden, the terrestrial paradise, and closes with Patmos, the scene of the revealed visions of the celestial paradise ; giving an attractive prominence to the places made memorable by patriarchs and prophets, by the wanderings and the abode and dispersion of Israel, by the life and death of Christ, by the travels and preaching of the Apostles. At the close of the work is a Chronological Table, which gives to the historical facts locality in time, as the Geography does locality in space. Thus, if "geography and chronology are the two eyes of history," no one who has this book need complain that he has no eyes for the study of the historical parts of the Bible.

In defence of the mode which he has adopted, the author states, that "in the universities of Europe geography is taught chiefly, if not entirely, by associating it with history. Ritter, the great geographer of the age, pursues this method. His learned and voluminous works are *historical* geographies of the countries of which they treat. Röhr's Historico-Geographical Account of Palestine has had a wider circulation in Germany than any kindred work."

He moreover states, that diligent reference has been made to the latest and most authentic sources of information, in the works of such writers as Rosenmüller, Weiner, Von Raumer, Röhr, Arnold, Weiland, Jahn, Ritter, &c., together with the



travels of Drs. Olin, Durbin, and Wilson, Mr. Stephens, Messrs. Irby and Mangle, Burckhardt, Lamartine, and especially Dr. Robinson.

A work like this, coming from a ripe scholar like Dr. Coleman, as the fruit of thorough investigation, we think, ought to be welcomed as a valuable addition to the accessible stores of Biblical knowledge. And we shall be surprised if it does not come into extensive use, not only among teachers of Sabbath schools, but among the youth of our land generally, in schools, academies, and colleges, who study the geography of the Bible as a part of education.

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*The Boston Book. Being Specimens of Metropolitan Literature.*

Boston : Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. 1850. 12mo. pp. 364.

THIS volume forms the fourth series of the Boston Book, and contains selections, alternately in prose and verse, from fifty-five writers, whose names are in a greater or less degree associated with this city of our affections. Most of the pieces have already appeared in print; but we notice several which are now published for the first time. Among the new pieces are a fine poem by Dr. Holmes, two new poems by Dr. T. W. Parsons, Jr., the translator of Dante, an amusing tale by the Hon. George Lunt, and a chapter of personal recollections of Dr. Chalmers, by the venerable Dr. Sharp, of the Charles Street Baptist Church. An article on Goodness, by the Rev. F. D. Huntington, is also, we believe, new. Among the other selections are a paper on The Old Latin School-House, by Mr. Hillard, written in his usual graceful and happy manner, a very picturesque and beautiful article, entitled The Seen and the Unseen, by the Rev. Dr. Peabody, a poem by Mr. Everett, Mr. Longfellow's Resignation, a poem by Mr. Andrews Norton, at once one of the greatest theologians and one of the sweetest poets in the land, Mr. Fields's lines On a Book of Sea-Mosses, an extract from Dr. Frothingham's Sermon on the Death of Dr. Greenwood, an eloquent extract from one of Mr. Choate's ablest and most practical speeches, the conclusion of Mr. Russell's Oration on the Merchant, and well-chosen selections from Messrs. Webster, Winthrop, Whipple, Sprague, Epes Sargent, Prescott, Sparks, and other able and popular writers. In these selections the editor, who has very modestly withheld his name, has displayed great discrimination; and he is entitled to high praise for the judicious and impartial manner in which he has executed his task. He has given sufficient variety in his selections to please widely different tastes, by skilfully blending tales and light essays with graver discussions. The volume is ornamented by a beautiful engraving of the fountain on the Common, from the pencil of Mr. Hammatt Billings.

*A Review of Trinitarianism ; chiefly as it appears in the Writings of Pearson, Bull, Waterland, Sherlock, Howe, Newman, Coleridge, Wallis, and Wardlaw : with a Brief Notice of sundry Passages of the New Testament, bearing on this Controversy.* By JOHN BARLING. London : Chapman. 1847. 12mo. pp. 240.

THE title of this book is a sufficient index to its contents. The extreme and middle views which leading theologians have expressed on the doctrine of the Trinity are presented in their own words, are compared and weighed, and their inconsistencies and weak foundations are exposed. The author shows candor and acuteness. He has chosen one of the least repulsive features and methods of a controversy, with which it is now high time that the world had done for ever.

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*A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History.* By DR. JOHN C. L. GIESELER, Consistorial Counsellor and Ordinary Professor of Theology in Göttingen. From the Fourth Edition, revised and amended. Translated from the German, by SAMUEL DAVIDSON, LL. D., Professor of Biblical Literature and Ecclesiastical History in the Lancashire Independent College. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1849. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 396, 397.

GIESELER'S History is known to most of our professional readers by the translation of it by the Rev. Francis Cunningham, published in Philadelphia in 1836. It is in the strictest sense a compend, the text being very brief and condensed, containing merely a summary of facts, incidents, opinions, and general information, while most copious foot-notes illustrate and confirm the writer's statements. It is fit only for students, but has a very high value for them. Its introductory matter embraces a vast deal of information. Its exposition of the evangelic narratives is very elaborate. It brings its subject down to the Reformation, and furnishes in its classifications and authorities the evidence of the most unwearied research and toil, attended with impartiality and candor. The translator, in claiming to have improved upon Mr. Cunningham's labors, ought to have been careful to spell his name rightly, as he has not done.

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*Journals of the Rev. Thomas Smith and the Rev. Samuel Deane, Pastors of the First Church in Portland ; with Notes and*

*Biographical Notices ; and a Summary History of Portland.*  
By WILLIAM WILLIS. Portland : Joseph S. Bailey. 1849.  
8vo. pp. 484.

THE diaries of the two clergymen which are printed in this volume, with rich illustrative notes, cover nearly a century, and, with the parochial information which may properly be given under an account of the ministry of their living successor, the Rev. Dr. Nichols, extend over a period of one hundred and twenty-three years. The volume is rich in antiquarian lore, sanctified by a devotional spirit, and eminently worthy of its most industrious compiler. The excellent portrait of Dr. Nichols will make its value complete to many of our readers.

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*A History of the Town of Duxbury, Massachusetts, with Genealogical Registers.* By JUSTIN WINSOR. Boston : Crosby & Nichols, and S. G. Drake. 1849. 8vo. pp. 360.

THIS volume is more valuable as a chronicle of earlier than of later days. There is much of interest in the localities and in the men of the ancient town of Duxbury, because of their connection with the Old Colony of Plymouth. Ecclesiastically the volume confines its narrative to the history of the First Parish. Though such volumes have a limited interest for general readers, they may claim an honored shelf in all our libraries, and will be henceforward of supreme importance to each successive annalist of New England.

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*Annals of Salem.* By JOSEPH B. FELT. Vol. II. Second Edition. Salem : W. & S. B. Ives. Boston : James Munroe & Co. 1849. 12mo. pp. 664.

MR. FELT is a most indefatigable and painstaking antiquarian. He has had the best opportunities of any man among us for researches into New England annals, as he was employed by the Legislature of this Commonwealth to arrange its ancient archives, — which task he performed most ably, — and has been for years the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society. He has thoroughly chronicled all the historical incidents of Salem and Ipswich, and years of toil are here condensed in their fruits on single pages. He preserves in his style the moralizing spirit of the old Puritans whom he loves.

*The American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge, for the Year 1850.* Boston : Little & Brown. 1849. 12mo. pp. 348.

THIS is the twenty-first in the series of volumes which have been issued under the same title in as many successive years. It is equally valuable to Americans to keep with them at home, and to take with them abroad. Its astronomical department has been under the charge of Professor Peirce, as heretofore. The usual tables, statistics, and information relating to public affairs in the general and State governments, are given with the most faithful endeavours to secure accuracy. The volume contains an account of the Fairmount, Croton, and Cochituate Water-Works, in the three great cities of the Union. Such particulars relating to the other hemisphere as are of general interest, and a Chronicle of Events, and Obituaries of the departed during the previous year, at home and abroad, fill up the labored pages of this valuable annual. Who ever appreciates the toil which is given to such a volume ?

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*A Copious and Critical English-Latin Lexicon, founded on the German-Latin Dictionary of Dr. Charles Ernest Georges.* By the REV. J. E. RIDDLE, M. A., and the REV. T. K. ARNOLD, M. A. First American Edition, carefully revised, and containing a copious Dictionary of Proper Names from the best Sources. By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1849. 8vo. pp. 754.

*A System of Ancient and Mediæval Geography, for the Use of Schools and Colleges.* By CHARLES ANTHON, LL. D., Professor of the Greek and Latin Languages in Columbia College, New York, and Rector of the Grammar School. New York : Harper & Brothers. 1850. 8vo. pp. 769.

DR. ANTHON'S books grow in size, as their numbers multiply, and we think they become more and more thorough and valuable. The rising generation of pupils, at least the less diligent portion of them, cannot but be grateful to him for all that he has done to make the labor of classical studies light and easy. All his works seem to have that end in view. His edition of the English-Latin Dictionary, the original portion of which consists principally of the valuable Lexicon of Proper Names, is a great improvement upon the old, meagre, and dingy pages devoted to that service in Ainsworth. The bulky volume on Ancient and Mediæval Geography required a faithful use of the rich materials which have



been gathering during the last forty years. The author has availed himself of the most of them, and has given the valuable matter of a great many volumes.

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*Miriam, and Joanna of Naples, with other Pieces in Verse and Prose.* By LOUISA J. HALL. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1850. 12mo. pp. 404.

THIS volume does not contain all the published pieces of the highly esteemed authoress. If she omitted such of them as have appeared in the pages of the Monthly Religious Magazine, or in forms designed to serve the uses of benevolence, because she did not think them worthy to be gathered in, she mistook the judgment of those who have read them with so much pleasure and interest. Two editions of "Miriam" have given to it a wide circulation, with nothing but approving criticism. "Joanna of Naples" is a narrative truly and touchingly told. The miscellaneous pieces have their value, partly from their subjects, and partly from the fidelity and simplicity with which they are treated.

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*The Whale and his Captors; or the Whaleman's Adventures, and the Whale's Biography, as gathered on the Homeward Cruise of the "Commodore Preble."* By REV. HENRY T. CHEEVER. With Engravings. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1850. 16mo. pp. 314.

FROM the graphic pages of this little volume, and from its startling engravings, we have actually learned more about the excitements and perils of the whale fishery, than from more ambitious and extended volumes. Whether the author was engaged in what, by a large license, he may regard as an apostolic calling, when he wrote this book, is rather doubtful. But he has made a book for the young which will have many most absorbed readers. It is well thus to have "sailors' yarns" indorsed by more deliberate witnesses. We would commend the book most highly to parents and the collectors of juvenile libraries.

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*General History of the Christian Religion and Church.* From the German of DR. AUGUSTUS NEANDER. Translated from the First, revised and altered throughout according to the Second Edition. By JOSEPH TORREY, Professor of Moral and Intellectual Philosophy in the University of Vermont. Volume

Third : comprising the Third and Fourth Volumes of the Original. Boston : Crocker & Brewster. 1850. 8vo. pp. 626.

NEANDER now stands at the head of all our church historians. The portions of his great work which have successively appeared in this country have been noticed from time to time in our pages. When the work shall be completed, we shall aim to present a fair estimate of its value, and to do justice to the faithful labors of Professor Torrey. This volume, which is the eighth part of the original work, leads us through the dark and perplexing fortunes of what is called the Christian Church, during the period from A. D. 590 to A. D. 1073. The arrangement of the intricate materials, by divisions and subdivisions of general subjects, is a natural one, and will facilitate a perusal as well as a reference to the volume. The table of contents at the beginning, and the indexes at the end, are full and carefully prepared. Neander pursues the course dictated by justice and charity in taking the middle way between the exaggerated, and therefore false, delineations of the darkness of the Middle Ages, and the other extreme view of some moderns, who have depicted those ages in the hues of a fanciful perfection. We feel that we may trust the pages before us on all matters where a spirit of candor is needed.

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*The Unitarian Congregational Register, for the Year 1850.*  
Boston : Crosby & Nichols. 12mo. pp. 60.

BESIDES the almanac, which is as good in this as in either of its many other forms, this fifth number of our denominational register contains full information about all our religious, literary, charitable, and ministerial associations, a complete list of the pastors of our churches, with the dates of their respective settlements, and twenty pages of choice reading in prose and poetry.

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MESSRS. TICKNOR, REED, & FIELDS, who seek most successfully to give to the gems of literature which they publish all the attractions of clear, strong paper, and fair type, and a beautiful page, have issued several new volumes, which are now diffusing an improving influence among many of our homes. An edition of the Poems of Oliver Wendell Holmes seems to be called for each year, and the publishers succeed in adding one or two new pieces from his graceful and most poetic pen in each successive issue. The new edition (1850, 16mo, pp. 286) is complete now, but we hope will be superseded by the close of the year. — Professor Longfellow's new volume, "The Seaside and the Fire-

side," (1850, 16mo, pp. 142,) contains some exquisite lyrics, which, while they exhibit the sweetness and fancy of the poet, show a strength and ardor of conception and an energy of expression beyond what we have heretofore marked in the author. The closing passage in "The Building of the Ship" is in the very loftiest strain of the lyre. — The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague (16mo, pp. 206) need no introduction to our readers. A circle of attached friends around the author alone know his most estimable traits as a man, but the beauties of his style and the tenderness of his lyrical pieces have given him a most enviable introduction to the multitude of the lovers of true poetry. — Poems by J. G. Saxe (1850, 16mo, pp. 128) is the simple title of another of the volumes of Messrs. Ticknor, Reed, & Fields. In the poems of this author the satirical vein predominates, but it is chastened by a pure taste and a kind spirit. There is, however, something better than satire in the volume. Fine touches of sentiment, pathos, and real genius meet us on its pages, and entitle the writer to a place among our poets. — Of the beautiful edition of Browning's Poems by the same publishers, we shall give a more extended notice in our next number. — "Greenwood Leaves, a Collection of Grace Greenwood's Stories and Letters," (1850, 12mo, pp. 406,) is the title of a pleasant, and often humorous volume, with the contents of which the readers of some of our best newspapers are more or less familiar. The authoress has a facile pen to accompany a keen eye and a lively mind. There is a humanity, a love of truth and of good things, and a geniality of nature, manifested in all her writings.

All these volumes, some of which are called for by the hundred, — faster, indeed, than they can be prepared, — indicate the prevalence among us of a pure literary taste, and also a friendly relation between authors and publishers, which always marks a period of peculiar culture. The same firm will very soon issue other volumes of equal merit, which are looked for with interest. The Lectures, Essays, and Miscellaneous Writings of Henry Giles; a Collection of Orations and Public Addresses, by Charles Sumner; A History of the Acadians, by Professor Felton; a new volume by Nathaniel Hawthorne; The Angel World, and other Poems, by the author of "Festus"; A Few Thoughts to Young Men, by Horace Mann; The Noonning, by James Russell Lowell; and Songs of Labor, by John G. Whittier, are among the volumes promised.

## INTELLIGENCE.

## RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

*The American Unitarian Association.* — The officers of this Association are using their best endeavours to enlist the sympathy and aid of Liberal Christians, with the least possible exercise of a merely sectarian spirit, in missionary agencies of the highest character. The Unitarians of this neighbourhood contribute far more each year to moral, religious, and charitable objects, apart from the uses of their own denomination, than they do for the extension or maintenance of their own doctrinal opinions. This is an offence to some persons, and a marvel to others, but it indicates one of those exercises of an irresponsible freedom which no one can control in another. Many of our churches out of the city have contributed according to their means to the purposes for which the Association asks their aid. Now it is desired that our churches in this metropolis and its immediate neighbourhood should give a patient hearing to the appeal of the Association for funds, to be employed in circulating religious books and in sustaining preachers in distant places. What less can they do who appreciate their own privileges, than help, and that not stintedly, but liberally, towards enlightening and cheering others who lack such privileges? The last thing of which our denomination or our "household of faith" needs to stand in fear, is a sectarian spirit. Indeed, the best security against such a spirit will be found in giving liberally towards the spread and support of agencies which shall enlighten and elevate men and women through the instrumentality of pure Christian truth.

*Domestic Missions in England.* — This is the title under which our brethren in England express the benevolent agency which is known among us as the Ministry at Large. The London Inquirer, which, as the organ of the English Unitarians, is edited with remarkable ability and faithfulness by Mr. Lalor, contains in its issue for November 17, 1849, a very full report of a conference of domestic missionaries, held at Leeds, October 31st, and November 1st and 2d. It was the fourth annual conference, and was attended by seven missionaries, as well as by other ministers who have charge of societies. The discussions, as reported by the Inquirer, were of the most vigorous and improving character, going directly to the root of the matters debated, proving that those who engaged in them had a thorough practical knowledge of their vocation, were heartily interested in their Christian work, and seriously felt its trials, though without being in the least discouraged by them. The systematic order of the discussion, under a definite arrangement of topics, which were kept apart as they were debated, and were so treated as to lead to practical results, very much facilitated the objects of the conference. We wish that our brethren could read the whole report, which seems to us to be a model account of a model meeting, for if we



have as good speakers, we certainly do not often have as profitable conferences as this. We copy the heads or topics of the discussion : —

“ What are the best Means of bringing Christian Influences to bear on the Working Classes? ”

“ Topics for Preaching.”

“ What is the Value of Visiting as an Influence of Good, compared with other Agencies connected with our Missions? ”

“ Juvenile Congregations.”

“ The Causes and Extent of Juvenile Crime.”

“ How to raise the Character and improve the Management of our Sunday Schools.”

“ Is it desirable to form Adult Evening Classes? ”

“ The Literature in Circulation amongst the Poor, and an Improved Series of Tracts.”

*Ordinations.* — MR. WILLIAM F. BRIDGE, a member of the last class graduating from the Divinity School at Cambridge, was ordained as Pastor of the Second Congregational Church at Lexington (East Lexington), on November 7th, 1849. Introductory Prayer, by Rev. Joshua Young, of this city. Selections from Scripture, by Rev. Hasbrouck Davis, of Watertown. Sermon, by Rev. Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury. Prayer of Ordination by Rev. H. A. Miles, of Lowell. Charge, by Rev. Cazneau Palfrey, of Belfast, Me. Fellowship of the Churches, by Rev. Fiske Barrett, of Lexington.

MR. RUSH R. SHIPPEN, of the Theological School at Meadville, Pa., was ordained at that place on November 11th, 1849, as an Evangelist. Introductory Prayer and Selections from Scripture, by Elder W. A. Fuller. Sermon, by Professor Stebbins. Prayer of Ordination and Charge, by Professor Folsom. Fellowship of the Churches, by Professor Huidekoper.

#### LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

*University Hall, London, and the Irish Colleges.* — An important, though an indirect, agency in the cause of Liberal Christianity in England has lately gone into operation in the opening of University Hall, London. This is a collegiate edifice, erected by funds subscribed by Unitarians, to whom the institution also looks for support. Rooms and other accommodations, such as a dining-hall, a library, and a chapel, are provided for the use of young men who are availing themselves of the literary and scientific advantages offered by the London University. The new institution is to supply instruction in other departments of learning, and is expected to mingle a religious influence with academical pursuits. There is a generous basis recognized in the institution, and as those who avail themselves of its almost domestic advantages will enjoy all the innumerable opportunities which London offers for a knowledge of the world, for converse with men, and for the most liberal culture, we may expect that those of its pupils who shall enter the Christian ministry will be thoroughly furnished to meet the necessities of the age.

Other institutions, whose liberal and catholic influences must operate,

however indirectly, towards the freest and highest Christian improvement, are the Queen's Colleges lately established in Dublin, Galway, and Cork, Ireland. Most, if not all, of the collegiate and academical institutions of Great Britain heretofore existing, have been exclusive and sectarian. Even those which the Unitarians have controlled, by being sustained and patronized only by Unitarians, have contributed towards the subdivisions of Protestantism. The new colleges of Ireland are to be free of all religious tests, and are to furnish only academical and literary instructions. Professors and officers of all religious denominations, Roman Catholic and Protestant, are united in their administration, and pupils from each Christian fold are to look to their respective religious teachers for spiritual advice. There are forty free scholarships in each college, thirty of which are of the value of £ 30 each per annum, and ten of £ 50 each. The colleges were opened on October 30th, 1849. Their prospects are encouraging. No trouble is apprehended in the operation of either of them, except it may be in that at Galway, the head of which is a Roman Catholic partisan. The Rev. William Hincks, former editor of the London (Unitarian) Inquirer, — whose visit to this country, two years ago, introduced him to many of our brethren as a man of learning and of high excellences of character, — has been appointed Professor of Natural History in Queen's College at Cork. By a letter from him we learn that he has entered on his duties, and that, though the cares and responsibilities of the institution will by no means lie lightly on himself and his colleagues, yet they have given themselves to the work in good hope. If these Irish colleges do indeed prosper, their influence will be greatly felt over that unhappy land.